







A BREMEN FAMILY



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TO THE  
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DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, THE SIXTH OF THE NAME

*Photo : C. Vandyk*

# A BREMEN FAMILY

BY

GEORGINA MEINERTZHAGEN

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

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CALIFORNIA

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TO THE  
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# A BREMEN FAMILY

## CHAPTER I

### THE PEDIGREE

WHEN a few years ago I pieced together a number of old letters and diaries of my ancestors, and remembered sundry old tales of my childhood, I managed to collect sufficient material for a short memoir of the Potters of Tadcaster that much pleased my family and friends; so much so, that I naturally turned to see what I could do of the same nature for my husband's family, the Meinertzhagens of Bremen, as theirs is the name that I hope my sons will pass down to future generations of Englishmen.

It is curious how completely a foreign family once naturalised in England becomes more English than the English. This Island of ours has a habit of absorbing and absolutely naturalising any people who make their home here in an incredibly short time. My husband and his brothers and sisters have so identified themselves with our England of the past, that I have often heard them talk of Shakespeare, Milton, Nelson, Pitt, and other great English-

men with as great a feeling of pride as if these heroes belonged to the past history of their fathers ; whilst as a matter of fact, when these our great men lived, their ancestors were occupied in Cologne or in Bremen as citizens, and often prominent ones, in the Senates and Rathhouses of these big German towns. In the early days of my married life I once offended them deeply by suggesting that they should be singing the praises of Charlemagne, Frederick the Great, Goethe, Schiller, and the like, as our men did not belong to them at all.

My husband's father came to England in 1826, and was married in 1833, deciding after seven years' experience of our happy Island to make it the home of his family. He always retained an affection for his native town of Bremen ; and indeed when he was a wealthy partner in the house of Frederick Huth and Co., and when there was a financial crisis in Bremen in 1857, and they required some outside help to tide them over the bad time, he came to the rescue, and was rewarded in 1859 by having the Freedom of the great Hanseatic town given to him, an honour he valued very much.

But how to write a record of this family was a difficulty ? How to make bricks without straw—unless indeed I could use the “ stubble ” of my own imagination instead of straw. I inquired if there were any old papers or letters with some account of the lives of former Meinertzhagens. But nothing was forthcoming except sundry medals of gold and

silver weddings, old seals with coats of arms, old miniatures, and a big roll of parchment with long pedigrees written in German or Latin. These pedigrees were quite ununderstandable to me, though I could see dates that ranged from 1473 to 1800. But a pedigree with nothing else is not of very general interest, though it may be of some value to the pride of the family therein noted. I spread the large sheets decorated with coats of arms on a table, and, with my two sisters-in-law, whom we will call the good ladies of Glemham, two delightful people full of every Christian virtue, and of much humour and liveliness to boot, we pored over them for some time.

The Meinertzhagens therein enumerated are endless. Now the Christian names of these worthies made me smile rather maliciously: not only were there thirteen Daniels, but Jacobs, Abrahams, Isaacs, Rebeccas, Saras, *ad galore*, abounded on every line. I smiled, for I knew the Meinertzhagens were touchy on this point.

“What!” I exclaimed, pointing to one line of some ten children, nearly every one of whom had an Old Testament name; “are my children——”

The good ladies flushed up and frowned on me.

“Certainly not,” they answered.

Now I perfectly well knew that there had been no Jewish blood in the family for over two hundred years, for had I not seen the Meinertzhagen coat of arms carved in stone over the porch of the little old Church of St. Michael in Bremen in 1897? It came



about in this wise. I was spending a week in Bremen with a son who was learning German there, when one day he said to me :

“ I should like to show you our crest I have found over a church porch in the town.”

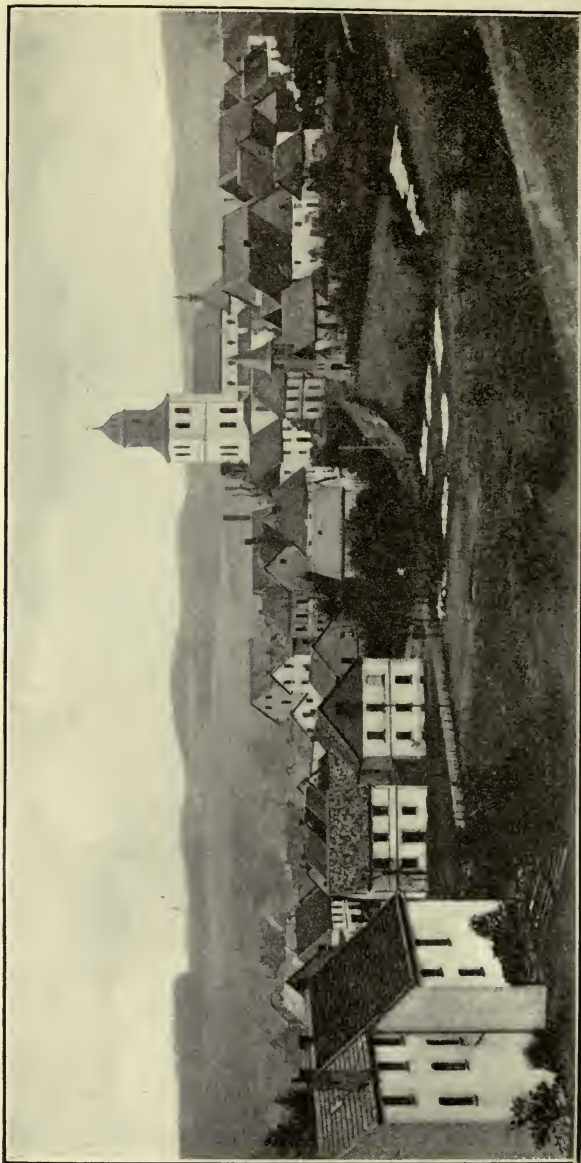
So we walked off there, and, sure enough, there was the stone dated 1693. I asked for the minister of the church to find out how it came there, and a portly old pastor welcomed me most genially ; and though we neither of us understood much of each other's language, we carried on an animated conversation, and I made out that the little church was to be pulled down very shortly to make room for a larger one. So I hurried off to one of the Senators whom I knew and begged him to arrange somehow or other that, when the church was taken down, the stone might be restored to the family in England. So it arrived in England a few months later, and I fixed it up in the little Church of Mottisfont in Hampshire, where we were living, and in whose churchyard now lie buried the two last of the seven Daniel Meinertzhagens in a line from father to son. It stands there a memorial to the old Bremeners for their future descendants in England.

Now to return to the pedigree and my good sisters-in-law.

“ Then how do you account for all these very Israelitish sons and daughters of Jacob Meinertzhagen ? They might have stepped straight out of the land of Canaan.”







THE VILLAGE OF MEINERZHAGEN

The ladies of Glemham looked stern, and the elder one said with some scorn :

“ You only show your ignorance. That family lived when the Reformation was in full swing in Germany and a wave of Puritanism was passing over the land. Perhaps you will notice the father of this family is Canonicus at Cologne, and several of the sons Senators, and one a Professor of Divinity. If you approach the subject with such levity, you had better leave our pedigree alone.”

“ All right,” said I. “ I am quite satisfied, not to say disappointed. So many good things have come from the Chosen People, that their qualities are not at all to be despised. Canonicus Meinertzhagen cannot be a Jew certainly ; but I cannot read German, you see.”

The first man that appears on the pedigree is Tilman Meinertzhagen in 1474. He comes to Cologne from the little town of Meinerzhagen some twenty or thirty miles off.

“ Who was his grandfather ? ” say I. “ Shem, Ham, or Japhet ? Shall we say Shem ? ”

The ladies of Glemham are rather deaf, or will not see my poor little joke. There is no doubt they know their Bible from beginning to end, for have I not often listened to their morning prayers in the big dining-room at Glemham, and felt so impressed at their fine delivery of the prophetic and poetic lines of the Old Testament, fascinated with the grandeur of the stories of Israel's heroes, almost

wishing I had myself some enemies, that I might rise up and smite them "hip and thigh"; and other mornings again, subdued to the patient devotion and humanity of the New Testament, ready to turn one cheek to the smiter of the other?

But when the ladies of Glemham disapprove, they do not hear. However, we will begin at Tilman 1474.

"He must have been a kind of Goth or barbarian, for Germany was hardly civilised in 1474. So let us pass on."

The first one about whom one can find any facts is Johannes, merchant in Cologne, born in 1532. I have found out all I can from learned people in Cologne, keepers of archives, and those who love records of the past. A certain Dr. Krudewig, a savant in Cologne, has in his possession no fewer than thirty wills made by Meinertzhagens between 1474 and 1787. Altogether there are thirteen Meinertzhagens who filled the position of Senators in Cologne; and there is hardly a church, including the cathedral, where masses are not still said for the souls of these worthies at the present time.

In the archives of Cologne we find in 1510 one of the family, Diedrich Meinertzhagen, learned doctor recommended by the Burgomaster to Count von Königstein as "Tagfahrtegesandte" (oh these German names!)—it means, I gather, a kind of Queen's messenger. So in 1510 the family had learned doctors amongst its members. We have also amongst family



relics an old book written in Latin on theology by Frederico Meinertzhagen in 1583. I do not know if it is worth translating. I should think not; though one evening two of my sons and their friends found something in it that made them all laugh a great deal. They said it was not proper for an old lady to read, so it is put away.

Then in the middle of the seventeenth century some of the family branch off to Rotterdam and Utrecht. These succeeded well in business in Holland. One member of this Dutch branch turns up at Capetown in the middle of the eighteenth century. He was Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Meinertzhagen, Commander of the Dutch forces. One of my sons who had occasion to stay at Capetown for some months heard that there was such a man mentioned in the archives of that town, and he had the curiosity to look him out, and made a copy of his will, made in 1768. It is a curious old document, and Colonel Isaac must have been a rare old dandy. I hope his nephew was grateful for the sumptuous wardrobe he inherited with the £2860 from his uncle.

*Extract from Capetown Archives, 1768*

“Meinertzhagen (Isaac) Lieutenant Colonel and head of the Military here. Executors L. Warmick and D. Westerhoff (Merchant and Garrison Book Keeper) submit that I. Meinertzhagen had bequeathed in his will to his nephew Johann Tobens Advocate in Utrecht, his clothes and linen that may be of sufficient value to send away. They wish to send the whole

away in a case, and add to the parcel for the heir of the deceased, the latter's portrait, and his seals, also a small case of thirteen pairs of porcelain cups and saucers with covers, which, having the initials of the deceased on them, could hardly be sold.

They also wished to send the heir £2860. 15s. 3d. still due to the deceased's estate by the Company. Extract from will enclosed, and also list of articles to be sent away as follows:—

- 2 dark blue silk cotton lined Moorish coats.
- 1 white flowered silk doublet embroidered with gold.
- 1 red satin doublet with gold galloons.
- 1 French coat of flowered material with gold wire buttons.
- 1 black "Portesvoye" coat and doublet.
- 1 dark brown unshorn Chinese velvet coat gold embroidered, with gold wire buttons.
- 2 ditto plain trowsers.
- 1 light blue silk doublet gold embroidered.
- 1 dark blue velvet coat with gold "allemasson."
- 1 dark red silk doublet gold embroidered.
- 1 blue velvet doublet gallooned with gold.
- 1 yellow cloth doublet gallooned with silver.
- 1 pair of red velvet trowsers.
- 2 pair of blue velvet trowsers.
- 1 pair of red "Portesvoye" trowsers.
- 1 pair of satin ditto.
- 1 pair of green shot ditto.
- 1 hat with gold "point d'Espagne."
- 1 ditto with plain silver lace.
- 1 blue cloth mantle with gold "allemasson."
- 1 black velvet cap.
- 46 shirts with lace ruffles.
- 23 ditto without ruffles.
- 3 pair of cotton stockings.
- 9 knitted cotton caps.
- 22 red handkerchiefs.
- 16 blue ditto.
- 22 white doublets and under waistcoats.
- 2 chintz chamber cloaks for night use.







SEAL OF THE LIPPE-MEINERTZHAGEN UNION

3 chintz nightgowns.

1 pair of slippers, velvet embroidered with silver.

1 green silk sash.

3 pair of white drawers.

One would hardly have thought that even the Head of the Military at Capetown in 1768 would have had use for so much finery. So much for the gallant old Isaac.

Now we come to the great man of the Meinertzhagen family, Edler Gerhard von Meinertzhagen, born in 1682. Amongst the silver medals is one commemorating his marriage with Elizabeth Schluiter in 1711. He was raised to the dignity of Reichsritter by Francis I of Austria. His son Abraham, born in 1717, seems to have held all sorts of positions under Charles VII, for I see after his name in the pedigree Marshal der Kurfurst Gesandtschaft, Legationrath at Frankfort, Landreutmeister and Reithsritter. Another son, Isaac, was Canonicus at Cologne. The daughter of Abraham von Meinertzhagen, Elizabeth, married Count Lippe, and the seal of this union bears the arms of Lippe and Meinertzhagen joined together. These were the Meinertzhagens who remained in Cologne, having inherited from Frederick Johann large copper mines in the domain of Commorn. They were rich and important citizens of Cologne, and their fortunes went with Elizabeth, the last descendant, into the Lippe-Detmoldt family.

Another branch of the family (our branch) left Cologne for Bremen in 1680. It was there that the

unbroken line of seven Daniels began in the person of Daniel Meinertzhagen, born in 1657. This was the one who left his mark on the little church in Bremen built in 1697. He became Senator, and started a merchant's business. His descendants were active and much-esteemed citizens of the large Free town for some one hundred and sixty years. So much for the pedigree. It tells us this much, and no more. It does not make history. Any family which has lived in decent circumstances for a few hundred years can work out a pedigree; but you cannot make anything of a Memoir out of births, deaths, and marriages.

This reminds me of an old gentleman friend of mine who had read with great interest my own family *Memoirs of the Potters*, and was bitten with the desire to do something of the same kind for his family, which was a very large one. He had spent some years hunting up ancestors in all the church registers where he fancied the records might be stored away, and had collected a formidable array of dates of births and deaths for some two centuries back. These lay strewn over the table near which he sat when he sent for me to talk it over. I asked what he wanted me to do.

"I want you to write me a nice little history of my people, something like the one you have just written of your own. Something interesting and amusing for future generations."

I examined the papers and replied :





TILMAN MEINERTZHAGEN (records in Cologne, 1403).

N. N. MEINERTZHAGEN (records, Cologne, 1473).

FREDERICK MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1480, Cologne.

JOHANNES MEINERTZHAGEN, Merchant, *b.* 1532. Senator.

NICOLAUS MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1567.

FREDERICK JOHANN MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1601. Senator.

JACOB MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1649.

DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1657, came to Bremen. Senator.

EDLER GERHARDT VON MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1682.  
Made Reichsritter 1748.

DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1697. Senator.

ABRAHAM V. MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1717.  
Marshal der Kurfurst Gesandtschaft.

DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1733. Senator.

DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1772.

ELIZABETH, *b.* 1752; married, 1770, Count Lippe.

DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1801; removed to London, 1826.

DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1842.

DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, *b.* 1875.

“ Yes, my dear H., I see you have births, deaths, and marriages enough almost of themselves to make a volume, but where are the letters or diaries to tell me of the lives, manners, and ways of these good people ? ”

“ Oh, the letters,” he answered, and a whimsical smile, half mocking, half appealing, came over his face, “ well, I thought—perhaps—you might write those ; I am sure you would do it so well.”

I hardly know if I felt flattered or not when I refused the task.

Well, the ladies of Glemham and I could get no further than the pedigree, so it was carefully put back in its round lead box, the medals and seals locked up in theirs, and all relegated to their quiet corner in the family cupboard, and there they might remain for years, only occasionally brought to light to satisfy some moments of curiosity or family pride in future generations. It was disappointing. But now the Meinertzhagens are English perhaps it is not essential to remember the German lives of former generations, but to start afresh in 1826, when Daniel, the fifth of the name, took up his quarters in England.



## CHAPTER II

### THE FIND

AND so it came to pass that I forgot all about the old German Meinertzhagens. Months slipped by, and I only thought of the present and future generations.

Now I have a good, or some people would say a bad, habit of turning out old cupboards, undoing old parcels, and even finding keys to old boxes that have not been opened for years. I cannot rest till I see the inside of things. I have often got into trouble for it, but I am a true daughter of Eve, and cannot be cured.

"What is that old parcel of books on the top shelf of your bookcase tied up with dirty pink tape?" I said one day to my youngest son.

"Oh, they are some old school essays and account books, mostly in French and German. I think they must have belonged to father's father," he answered.

"Very old," I remarked, undoing the parcel and examining the contents; "this is in 1797—all in French; and here is one in German, still older, 1756. Why, they look like diaries! Yes, they certainly are, as the dates of the months run down the side. . . . Yes, this one is evidently a diary, though I

cannot read German. And the writer is travelling. See, here he is at Harwich, and here in London. Look! Tower, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, St. James's. It is certainly a tour through England. Why, I believe, Louis, this is just what I have been wanting for ever so long. Look! here he gets to Maidenhead, Oxford, Bicester, and now back to London. "A Declaration of War with France," written all in English, in 1756. That must have been the war in which Wolfe was killed storming Quebec. Now he is at Hull. Now at York—York Races! Cockfight! Tadcaster! Just see the home of my ancestors. Now Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool; now Cheshire, Birmingham, Worcester, Gloucester. Why, he must have passed within a mile of the house where I was born. Bristol, Bath, Salisbury; Stockbridge, where his great-grandson so often fished. Now Winchester, Portsmouth, Petersfield. Where did he *not* go?"

I became more and more excited, but could read none of it, as it was all in German.

"I shall certainly get this translated. Then he evidently goes to France, for here is Paris, Orleans, Nantes, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, all in the time of the gorgeous, crumbling old monarchy of Louis XV, just before the Revolution. What a lovely find! Why did not someone know about this? You Meinertzhagens are funny people not to prize these old books."

Then I turned to the four other old volumes, all written in French in another hand, forty-two years

later, in 1798. France during the Directoire five years after the great Revolution. These I *could* read, and they filled me with interest. So in a few days I was busy translating and writing out what the readers will find in the latter part of this Memoir. The 1756 diary I sent off to my sister-in-law, Mrs. H. A. Hankey, begging her to translate it for me, and telling her of my grand Find. This first diary was written by the third Daniel when a young man, and the 1798 one by his son, the fourth Daniel. They evidently go over the same ground in their travels in France; but what a different France it must have been. One under the reckless tyranny of the Bourbons; an endless course of luxury and idleness for the upper classes, and abject slavery and helplessness for the poor. A time of intolerance for every religion except the orthodox one. When no man dared resent openly ill-treatment from Church, King, or Nobles. But the sparks were already alight in men's hearts, and only awaited the coming winds of Destiny to fan them into a blaze that made a huge furnace of France, consuming all before it, good, bad, and indifferent. Slowly this fire was gathering force, though the doomed powers were as yet unconscious of their coming fate.

In the second diary, forty-two years later, the whole country stood bruised and bleeding, recovering from the Fever of Anarchy, the Reign of Terror, gazing in dazed amazement on the charred remains of their ancient Regime and Religion. Truly, a



Dance of Death, that they were still dancing with tired steps till the master hand of Bonaparte pulled them together, first to defend their country against a shocked and aggressive Europe, and then to give them a success in war that inspired them to feats that made them sometimes hated, sometimes admired, but always feared. The air of 1798 was charged with electricity, storms, and changes. Every hour was making history. One is only astonished at the gay humour of the Frenchmen, who could still play and make merry, with the memory of such a grim tragedy in their hearts—an astounding buoyancy of nature that carried them through to a finer and better-ordered life.

These diaries must speak for themselves, so I will give the translations just as they are, only leaving out absolutely uninteresting facts. They are written by two very different men. The first Daniel, painstaking, accurate, and serious, more interested in facts than in people. The second Daniel, a light-hearted, pleasure-loving, but exceedingly kind and generous young fellow ; keen to see and enjoy everything ; full of curiosity and bonhomie, and evidently a favourite wherever he went, especially with the ladies. They were written solely for his own amusement, and all kinds of funny little adventures are chronicled. When I had finished my translation, I wrote to one of the good ladies of Glemham : “ Really in some ways your grandfather is rather a Samuel Pepys, and before I print what I have written you

may want some slight expurgations. Life during the Directoire in Paris was, to say the least of it, slightly demoralising to a strictly brought up youth." She wrote back: "We will have none of your wicked inventions, and shall certainly read the originals to verify the accuracy of your translation."

So I had to spend a few days with her to have the fruits of my work examined before daring to publish any Memoir of this illustrious family of Bremen. They are a people who hate, and always have hated, publicity in any form. But as I assured them that none but family and friends would ever dream of reading about them, and they of course would be kindly indulgent, I was allowed to make my book my own way.

I do not dare show these ladies this my preface, or they would cut it down to half a dozen lines. They would say I had been dreaming. So I have been dreaming for some months—dreaming of these quaint good people, living their simple German lives, straight and useful ones. Sixteen of them figuring as Senators in their native towns of Cologne and Bremen, intermarrying with other burgher aristocrats, and sending their sons to travel abroad for knowledge and interest, but always home again to settle in the family business, until the last Bremen Daniel came to England, and married and settled in London. He was a delightful personality; a hard worker, enterprising and far-seeing, and generous almost to a fault. I never knew him, but my father, who was

a co-director of his in the Hudson's Bay Company in the 'sixties, had an unbounded admiration for him. I remember when my father brought the news of his death in 1869 he said: "I almost think he was the best man I have ever known," and I have heard many people express the same opinion of him. The glamour of the father fell on the son in my eyes, and as a girl when first I met the latter he was to me "the son of the best man in the world." Nor was I disappointed in the character of the man I married, nor yet in the character of our son, the seventh Daniel in a line, who, if he had lived, would have upheld the good type of his fathers to a full degree. Of these two last I shall not speak in this Memoir, but only of those I have never known.



## CHAPTER III

### FIRST DIARY (1756)

I HAVE little to say of the first two Daniels of Bremen. I only know they were both Senators of that town, where the father started a merchant's business towards the end of the seventeenth century. The second Daniel learnt business at Utrecht before joining his father, and it was his son, the third Daniel, who writes the diary in England and France in 1756, he being then a young man of twenty-four, taking a grand tour before settling down to the family business in Bremen.

These travels are not very exciting, and sometimes read rather like an intelligent Baedeker; but what is interesting to me is the way that in those days, when few travellers were about, everyone was prepared to receive a stranger in a friendly and hospitable manner, more, as I should imagine, as the Colonials do now. Of course one can quite understand that nowadays, when armies of tourists are arriving all day and every day at any place of interest, the inhabitants can hardly be expected to greet them with much hospitality. They have neither the time nor the means to do so. Still, on the whole, a traveller got much more for his trouble then than

now, and the pleasant intercourse he had with the natives made more than amends for the extra discomfort of tedious journeys by coach or chaise. The way these Bremeners were asked to dine here, to sup there, taken to fêtes and theatres, is truly delightful. They seemed to have called indiscriminately on people in all positions of life, and invariably met with great courtesy, even from crusty "John Bull."

In my own experience I can only twice record visits from uninvited strangers who asked for hospitality, on both of which occasions I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. One was so amusing that I like to tell the story. We were living in rather an interesting old house built over the ruins of an ancient priory, and people of all sorts, passing by the gate, would ask permission to look round the place. Once, when we were a large family party at lunch—some seven or eight of my ten children, their friends and governesses—our butler came in, and said there was a gentleman on horseback at the door who asked if he might see round the place, and he sent in his card with a to me unknown name. I said to our man :

"What kind of person does he look ?"

Now our butler was a Cornishman, the son of the gamekeeper on one of the large estates there, and of course, like all Cornishmen, he deemed all good that came out of that "End of all Lands."

"He is quite a well-known gentleman, ma'am, from Cornwall," said he.

"Oh, very well, ask him to put up his horse and come in to lunch."

So presently a fine burly fellow, with a West-country voice, marched into the room, boisterously greeted me, and thanked me for my kindness. He plumped down on to one of our best old Chippendale chairs, which unfortunately was not equal to the strain and gave way under him, landing him on his back half under the table.

Of course my children giggled, squirmed, and exploded. But the "Cornish Gent.," as Holbein would have called him, was nothing daunted. He rose to his feet, and placing the remains of the chair on one side, he said genially :

"I don't think much of your chairs, but I'll try another."

He was soon eating a plain but hearty lunch, keeping my party in fits of laughter with his lively talk. Presently he said :

"Oh, by the by, do you mind sending round to your stables to tell them to give my horse a good feed, as I have another twenty miles to ride."

"You need not trouble," said I, "our coachman is sure to do that."

"Yes, I have no doubt," said he, "but still I would rather you sent the message. I shall be here for two hours at least."

We made great friends after lunch over the ruins and the gardens, and before he left he



told me to mind and come to see him at his place in Cornwall. It was all very pleasant and unconventional.

The second time my hospitality was demanded was when two elderly ladies of pleasant appearance drove up in a phaeton and asked if I would be so good as to give them tea, as there was no inn anywhere near. I said, "Yes, by all means."

They were equally as amusing and agreeable as the "Cornish Gent.," and when, after I had talked to them for some time, I found that one of them was a charming and well-known Countess, I really felt, in spite of my Radical tendencies, or perhaps on account of them, quite pleased with myself for being so nice and hospitable to strangers.

I paid a return visit to the old Countess when I was in her neighbourhood a year or two after, and was immensely struck by the beautiful manners of the *grande dame*. She had by choice parlour-maids and not men-servants, and wanting tea served a little earlier than usual, when the maid answered the bell she said in a magnificent voice :

"Mary Anne, will you be so kind as to let us have tea as soon as you can get it, because this lady cannot stay very long."

Mary Anne bowed graciously and obeyed. Such pleasant little episodes in life were probably more frequent in old times than nowadays.

But all this is an egoistic digression, and I must return to Mr. Daniel and his travels, and how to

print the Diary of 1756 so that it satisfies the family, and does not bore the public.

I can do nothing without consulting my sisters-in-law, the good ladies of Glemham ; so we must have another meeting.

"Now, my dear A., how shall I arrange about these diaries ? Shall I put the diary in small print, and my notes in large print ? as is usual, you know, or vice versa. It is very confusing to have the same type for both."

"Certainly, the diary being the most important, that should be in large type. That is what we all want to read and remember."

"Yes, I know that, but I don't quite see myself taking second place. You must remember the diaries would be nothing without me. I have found them and galvanised them into life. Now, just look at any book ; take this one, for instance, Froude's *Life of Erasmus*. Now Froude prints himself large."

"You are not Froude," says Sister A., smiling.

"No, nor was any Daniel Meinertzhagen, Erasmus. But I must make some distinction. What do you say to putting a line down the side of everything I write ? There won't be many lines," I add humbly.

"Well, we don't mind that," said Sister B., "if you don't mind looking odd ; you always were odd, you know."

"Then people can miss over what is marked with a line if they find me dull as well as odd," I say.





THE  
LIFE  
OF  
DANIEL  
MEINERTZHAGEN,  
THE THIRD OF THE NAME



DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, THE THIRD OF THE NAME

“ But, on the whole, brackets will do just as well as a line.”

So *brackets* were decided on, and I must try to make the stuff inside those brackets as readable as the old diaries. Certainly there will be very little of it, but some notes will be necessary, especially where I curtail or explain the diary. I saw a letter from a well-known publisher lately, returning a manuscript: “ We always return diaries *sans façon*, as the public does not want them,” which rather depressed me. But never mind, the Meinertzhagens *do* want these ones, and perhaps their friends do; so I am going to *print* them at any price, publisher or no publisher. I have spent hours getting them into order, so to speak pruning them into shape.

“ I hope,” says Sister A. suspiciously, “ you have not added anything to them.”

“ Well, of course,” I answer smiling, “ when you prune a tree, new shoots, as a fact, do immediately appear. But, joking apart, do you think I should ever dare to add a word when you can compare them with the original at any moment? I am much too cautious to play tricks on such honest and truthful people as you old Bremeners, so you will have to trust me.” So they did.

### Year 1756

*March 18th.*—I started on my travels from Bremen with my friend Bauer. We arrived at Wildershausen, an ancient town best known for the

charitable institutions of Bishop Willorico. We continued our journey to Cloppenburg, where we arrived in the evening, but found only bad accommodation.

*March 19th.*—We passed by Lastrop, where, erected in a cornfield behind the houses, we saw three enormous stones standing perpendicularly, with another laid across them, probably to mark the grave of some ancient German.

*March 20th.*—We drove along an excellent road and arrived at Lingen, a nice little town; and as the Dutch cleanliness commences to be seen here, partly on account of that, and partly on account of the good roads and pleasant surroundings, our stay here was a very agreeable one. In the morning, having sent our coach and driver back to Bremen, we drove in a private postchaise to Nordhom. There we had an excellent dinner, the host being Burgomaster of the town, and he treated us in a very friendly fashion. From here we took another postchaise to Almelo, where we arrived late, and saw it by bright moonlight. We visited at midnight the castle of Count von Roththeren, the President of the town, and, as far as we could judge, it was massively built, with a beautiful moat crossed by a stone bridge, and with splendid avenues of trees, which by moonlight were very imposing. We put up at an inn which was fairly good, but the proprietor did not understand moderation in his charges—at all events as far as we were concerned. For two decent rooms, some beer-soup and



two small pike, which he had already killed, he asked us five thalers, but after some expostulation he came down to one ducat. At one o'clock at night we drove in a shabby little chaise to Devonter. It froze hard all the night.

*March 21st.*—We arrived at Devonter, a place with big fortifications, and then drove on to the Orange country-seat of Loo. This castle was built by King William III of England, and now belongs to the Stadtholder. We went through all the rooms that were on view, some of which were splendid, and full of fine pictures and tapestry. The garden, though not large, was beautiful, surrounded by avenues and woods. We stopped the night in a good inn at Loo.

*March 22nd.*—In the morning we drove through many tobacco plantations to Amersfort.

*March 23rd.*—We drove to Naerden, passing the pretty country seat of Soesdyck. The house is not nearly as large or as costly as Loo, but, as far as one can judge, far pleasanter. In front of the castle is a lovely avenue of lofty lime-trees, at the end of which runs the canal, which goes all the way from Amersfort to the Zuyder Zee, so that as one stands in front of the castle one sees the pleasant sight of passing ships. The road from Soesdyck to Naerden is a delighted one; almost all the way it runs under avenues of trees. We arrived at Naerden, where Herr Nagel from Amsterdam made us very welcome. Naerden is a pretty town with considerable fortifications. We dined there, and took the one o'clock



track-boat to Muyden, a town with first-rate flood-gates and sluices into the Zuyder Zee. Here we took another boat, which brought us to Amsterdam. On both sides of the canal all the way to Amsterdam the country was extremely pretty.

*March 24th.*—We paid a visit to H. P. D'Erberfeld, and afterwards to Herr Knebels, who took us to the Exchange, which in spite of its size seemed too small for the number of merchants present. We dined with President D'Erberfeld, who drove us at five o'clock to a concert in the Manège, which was remarkably good, and in which many amateurs in music and young men of good family took part.

*March 25th.*—We visited our Cousin Meinertzhagen, Cousin Vanderwelden, and a Cousin Daniel Gildemeister. We dined with Cousin Vanderwelden, and at four o'clock Daniel Gildemeister took us to a party at his son-in-law's, Paul Christian Meyer, where we supped.

*March 26th.*—We dined with Johannes Scherenberg, who afterwards drove us to a promenade where there is a hotel called "De Blanc Jean," where many wild beasts and foreign birds are kept. We saw lions, tigers, monkeys, seals, and birds from the East and West Indies.

*March 27th.*—We dined with Herr Scheependorff, and afterwards went to the Dutch theatre, where the tragedy of *Faust* was capitally given, followed by the play of *Spilpenny*, performed amid much applause.

*March 28th.*—We went to see the old and new churches, in which are many splendid monuments of the old sea-heroes. The copper screen in the new church is magnificent. We then went to the Quaker church, where, after a long silence, an old shoemaker said the spirit had moved him, and he got up and made a long speech, which had about as much coherence as a handful of peas. He accompanied his address with about a thousand sighs interspersed with tears, all of which seemed to make a great impression on the other Quakers.

*March 29th.*—Herr D'Orville took us to see the town-hall. The architecture of the interior with marble pillars is quite extraordinary. The Council rooms are decorated with beautiful pictures by the best Dutch painters. A very artistic cabinet, which is shown on payment of a small fee, painted by Courland, is inlaid with mother-of-pearl and figures of wood. It has secret drawers—altogether a real work of art fitted to adorn a royal palace. The maker asked fourteen thousand thalers for it, but had to content himself with seven thousand. From here we visited the House of Correction, where eighty persons of bad character were condemned to hard labour. We then saw the Lunatic Asylum, which can accommodate fifty patients, but now only contains about half that number. We dined with Herr Christopher Capelle.

*March 31st.*—We drove to Herr D'Orville's garden near the Haarlem gate. The time of year and the

bad weather made it unpleasant to stand about in the open ; but the gardener took us into the hot-houses, where we saw strawberries and apricots nearly ripe.

*April 2nd.*—We were taken by Herr D'Erberfeld to the Admiralty, where we saw the stores and provisions for the men-of-war, also several men-of-war, of which the largest was the *Haarlem*, carrying seventy-four cannon. Five new ships were lying, partly on the timber slips and partly in the docks. These last were only built nine months ago.

*April 3rd.*—We dined with Cousin Meinertzhagen, and afterwards Herr and Madame Veinebrugh took us to the theatre, where we saw the tragedy of *Iphigenia*.

*April 8th.*—In the morning we drove in the phaeton to Utrecht, passing along well-kept roads and pretty villages. We inspected the country seat of Herr Balder. The garden is charmingly laid out, surrounded by avenues of trees, and also contains a menagerie. We also saw in Maarsen the garden of Herr De Witt, the beautiful situation of which rejoices the eyes. As in most Dutch gardens, it owes much to the skill of the gardener. Even at this time of year strawberries and grapes were nearly ripe, as well as lettuces, which they managed to grow all through the winter. The road from Amsterdam to Utrecht was extremely pleasant ; almost the whole way one passes through beautiful gardens and delightful scenery.



*April 9th.*—At Utrecht we dined with Herr Van Rogen, after which he took me to call on my relatives living there, in order to make their acquaintance. We then inspected the costly silk-looms of Herr Van Molon, which are cleverly worked by water-power. In the evening we supped with Herr Ritter Van Rogen.

*April 10th.*—We paid a visit to Cousin Herr Professor von Wachtendorff, who hurriedly showed us, as far as his time allowed, his cabinet, which contained precious stones, minerals, petrifications, botanical and natural history specimens, which he had collected for his own pleasure. We also saw the *Hortus Medicus* (Herb Garden) behind his house, where he grows all kinds of rare plants. Afterwards he took us to the Anatomical Museum, where, amongst other specimens of a medical nature, there were skeletons for the use of students. In the afternoon we drove in a chaise to the village of Seyft, which is a well-known Moravian settlement established by Seyft. He has formed it into a sort of small republic. Three hundred persons have their dwellings there, all beautifully built. On one side live the widows and maidens, on the other the married couples. The first of these is not shown, but we inspected the other. Almost all professions are represented; there are bakers, shoemakers, seal engravers, watchmakers, bookbinders, wigmakers, and many others, all of whom are thoroughly skilled workmen, so that their work is well known and much sought after.

Their church service is somewhat similar to the Quakers'.

*April 11th.*—We travelled on the track-boat back to Amsterdam.

*April 12th.*—We dined with Herr Jacob Weuix, and then went to the East India Company's sale, where, in two and a half hours, cinnamon worth three and a half million (presumably ducats) changed hands.

*April 15th.*—We went in the passenger boat to Saardam. This village is famous for its rich inhabitants, also for its economical way of living and extreme cleanliness. It consists of over seventeen hundred houses, and there are five hundred mills, partly oil-mills, partly paper-mills and saw-mills, which we inspected. The shipbuilding works are very massive. We returned by the same boat with a favourable wind to Amsterdam.

*April 16th.*—We took the boat to Haarlem, and found comfortable quarters at the "Gouden Vlies," where we met with much civility, though the meals were nothing special, and badly served.

*April 17th.*—We dined with Herr Jacob Barnaard, and afterwards went to the Library, where we saw the first Bible printed, when the art of printing was invented in Haarlem in about 1440. We also saw many ancient books, one of which was written on parchment, with notes in the Gregorian style. We visited different gardens of the so-called "Bloemisten," which were quite wonderful, and



where a lover of hyacinths, tulips, auriculas, and narcissi would see a sight quite matchless.

*April 18th.*—We went to the magnificent church, said to be the largest in Holland, in which is a most wonderful organ decorated with paintings, which was built about ten years ago, and is said to have cost a hundred thousand thalers. In the afternoon we travelled in the track-boat to Leyden.

*April 19th.*—We paid a visit to my Niece Frau Gaubius, and met there Professor Halm from Utrecht, who took us to the Herb Garden, in which is a matchless collection of rare plants, also many cabinets containing antique curiosities and a collection of foreign birds and fishes. In the afternoon we went to see the “Burg,” an ancient building, which must have been used as a fortress in olden times. There is a spring here, out of which at the time of the Spanish siege of Leyden a fish was caught and held up for the enemy to see, which convinced them that the town was not yet suffering from starvation, and caused them to move on. In the memory of this event, the 3rd of October is still celebrated in Leyden.

(First bracket! How patient I have been! I want to get Mr. Daniel out of Holland and into England, and he *will* go on talking all about pictures, churches, and gardens. So I am going to hurry him up a little. He evidently likes the people in Holland very much; so did I when I travelled there some forty-five years ago with my father, who was one of the Directors of the Dutch-Rhenish Railway. They

seemed to me more like the English than any people I have known. Like the good old East Anglians, solid, straight, and wholesome. But still I think I may venture to curtail the diary, and only jot down a few more items of interest before I start the travellers safe on board their ship for England.

After another day at Leyden, which he spent with Professor Halm at the Academy and the Senate, dining with Professor Gaudius, he went on to The Hague, where he made many friends—Herr President Kleefker, Baron von Deneke, De Chaussey, von Heller, and others. They dined out every day, and one day made an excursion to Scheveningen, a village facing the North Sea, inhabited by fishermen, where they spent their time on the quiet seashore watching a wrecked galleon that had been on its way to Scotland. Mr. Daniel did not have as much fun there as I had, when I was a girl of seventeen. I and my sister were the only ladies at a nice little, or rather long, dinner there, where all the Directors of the Dutch-Rhenish met to discuss business and other good things. There was plenty of wine, and many speeches in broken English, and the pleasant old gentlemen drank to our health, calling us “Minna” and “Brenda,” to show how well they knew their Scott. Then we all went out on the silver sands and had a donkey-race by moonlight, and of course we girls won, as a Dutchman weighs heavy, and some of them came off. That was more amusing than gazing at stranded vessels.

Then they pass on to Delft, and admire the fine churches there, with the tombs of Prince Maurice and Admiral Tromp. Then on to Rotterdam, where young Herr Van Dam showed them over the splendid docks, and took them to dine at home with his people. On April 30th they started in a boat for Helvoetsluys, to take passage for "Engerland." When they arrived at Helvoetsluys the wind was contrary, and they could not start for some days, so they had to put up at the "Golden Lion"—"luckily in the good company of other passengers in this uninteresting little place."

Several Dutch and two English men-of-war were anchored at Helvoet, amongst them the *Princess Charlotte*, carrying sixty-four guns, which was commanded by the Schout by Nagt von Berkenroode, and was going to fight against the Algerians. "We went on board this boat to see it, and the captain was very civil, and treated us to a cup of chocolate, and entertained us with some good music of drums and trumpets."

On May 3rd it was calm, although the wind was still north-west. All the same, the captain resolved to start, hoping that as the day went on the wind would become more favourable. So this is the last of Holland and the Dutch names. Herr "Schout by Nagt von Berkenroode" has about exhausted my powers, and my ink. I wish him luck with the Algerians, and thank him for the chocolate and music served so graciously to my great grandfather-in-law. Now they are off towards the "Happy Island," where I, at any rate, shall feel more at home.)



So we left Helvoet at five o'clock in the morning. Our captain's name was Harrison; the packet-boat was armed with twelve cannon, and carried a crew of twenty-two men. A poor fellow with his wife, who seemed to be a thorough coquette, crossed with us. He pretended to be an illegitimate son of the King of Sweden, Charles XII, and said he could prove, by a number of documents, not only that he was of such high birth, but also that Finland belonged to him. He carried, in a box on his back, a live cat and a dove, so that he had the appearance of a juggler. A London merchant, an English courier travelling from St. Petersburg to London, three Dutch officers who intended going to America in the English service, and finally our party of two persons with two servants were on this voyage.

At first we moved slowly, but between eight and nine o'clock we passed the island of Goeree with a strong north-west wind, so that we did not get very far. At nine o'clock in the morning the wind went more to the east and very cutting, so that during the night we sailed so quickly that in the morning of May 4th we sighted the English coast. However, the wind then turned again to the west, and we had to tack. We met several merchant ships and men-of-war. The wind continued unfavourable, so that we only arrived in Harwich harbour at eight o'clock at night, and, thank God, landed happily and in good health.

The passage from Helvoet to Harwich cost a

guinea each, and men-servants half a guinea. We lodged at the "Three Cups."

A quarter of a mile from Harwich an officer came on board to examine our clothes, to see if we were smuggling anything, and after that our luggage was taken to the Customs' House, where next morning it was opened and thoroughly examined, for which unpleasant business we had to pay money.

*May 5th.*—We took a two-wheeled postchaise and drove by Manningtree, Colchester, and Romford to London. We left our luggage at the "Three Cups," and had it sent on by the stage-coach on the following day. For every pound weight we had to pay one penny.

We took our knapsacks and waterproofs with us in the postchaise, and as this conveyance was only made for two people, our servants had to ride on horse-back. The expenses of this journey are as follows:—

From Harwich to Manningtree for a postchaise	
at 9 <i>d.</i> a mile . . . . .	9 shillings
One riding horse for the man-servant at 3 <i>d.</i> a	
mile . . . . .	3 "
From Manningtree to Colchester at 1 <i>s.</i> . . . .	10 "
Colchester to Whitham at 1 <i>s.</i> . . . .	14 "
Whitham to Ingerstone at 1 <i>s.</i> . . . .	14 "
Ingerstone to Romford at 1 <i>s.</i> . . . .	12 "
Romford to London at 1 <i>s.</i> . . . .	12 "
Porters and postboys at every station 6 <i>d.</i> . . .	9 "
Lodging at Harwich and food on the road about	6 "
	<hr/>
	£4 9 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i> <hr/>

This makes from Harwich to London 74 miles.



We arrived in London at eight o'clock at night, where we took lodgings at Mr. Swindel's, in Fenchurch Street.

*May 6th.*—We went at midday to the Royal Exchange, a splendid building, surrounded by arches and decorated with statues of different kings. This building is said to have cost seventy thousand pounds sterling. In the evening we went to the play at Drury Lane, where, in the presence of an astounding number of spectators, a beautiful tragedy was performed by the great Garrick. We were profoundly impressed.

(Here follows a long description of The Monument. They lunched with Mr. Hermann Meyer. On May 8th they went to the opera *Sirve* at the Haymarket, which was beautifully performed.)

On May 9th we dined with Mr. Bather, and as we were anxious to improve our English by living in an English family for a time, his sons took us to a pretty village near London, called Tottenham High Cross. There we went to the local clergyman, Mr. Francis Maxwell, and with him made an arrangement for a month's lodging, including food, drink, and instruction in the language for three guineas. We paid two guineas deposit on arrival, but at the end of the first week we thought the clergyman was rather sleepy over his lessons, so we decided to pay another guinea in order to rouse his interest. We gained a good deal by this, as our host became brighter and gave us every day an hour's extra lesson in reading and

writing. Milk, tea, sugar, and washing we had to provide ourselves.

*May 18th.*—This was the day on which the long-expected Declaration of War against France was to be made. We therefore went to London early, and saw the ceremony carried out in the following order.

(I had no idea that a Declaration of War was such an imposing affair. But perhaps nowadays the ceremony would not be so lengthy, only perhaps a paragraph in huge letters occupying a column of the *Daily Mail*, some excited newsboys bawling it in the streets, and everyone paying double price for the papers to run home with them. The man in the street in those old days wanted his attention roused by a procession, with Court heralds, heralds of this county and that county, and probably went home quietly and remarked, “War again with France; how tiresome!” I wonder what they would have said to a war of a million miners against their employers, or a procession of lady window-smashers along Piccadilly or St. James’s, or a well-dressed young girl smacking a Cabinet Minister across the face. That would have made them feel that the end of the world was coming. We are marching along, anyway, to different times, perhaps better, perhaps worse.)

#### THE DECLARATION OF WAR

The officers of arms with their serjeants rode to the door of St. James’s Palace, where the Garter King of Arms read the King’s Declaration of War, and

Norroy King of Arms loudly proclaimed it. The procession went in the following order to Charing Cross. One division of the Royal Guards on horseback went first, in order to make way for those who followed. The beadles of Westminster with staves in their hands walked in couples. The Quartermasters with their staves, the High Bailiff with his white staff on horseback, the Secretary and High Bailiff of Westminster followed. Then, at the right hand, the Deputy Steward, then the officials of the Knight Marshal, then the Royal Marshals, the Drum-Major with the trumpeters, the Serjeant Trumpeters with their copes bearing the sceptre, the pursuivants of the Heralds, Blue Mantle, Rouge Dragon, the Portcullis, the Richmond Herald, the Windsor Herald, the York Herald between two officers of arms, the Somerset Herald between two serjeants of arms, Norroy King of Arms with his serjeants, Garter King of Arms with his serjeants, then a troop of Guards on horseback. Then in Charing Cross the Declaration was read by Norroy King of Arms, and loudly proclaimed by the Somerset Herald.

In this order the procession continued as far as Temple Bar, where the Westminster officers turned back.

Within the City gates the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, the Recorder, the Sheriffs in their scarlet robes, awaited the procession, and after Blue Mantle and pursuivants had shown the Lord Mayor the warrant,



the town procession followed. The Declaration was read at the end of Chancery Lane, and loudly proclaimed by the York Herald. This was repeated also at Wood Street, where the Cross formerly stood, where the York Herald read it and the Windsor Herald proclaimed it. Finally, the ceremony took place in front of the Royal Exchange, where the Windsor Herald read the Declaration, and the Richmond Herald proclaimed it. The crowd of spectators, who tried to show their pleasure by cheering, was overwhelming.

The following is the exact text of the Declaration :

“The unwarrantable proceedings of the French in the West Indies and North America since the conclusion of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the usurpation and encroachments made by them upon our territories and the settlements of our subjects in those parts, particularly in our Province of Nova Scotia, have been so notorious and so frequent that they cannot but be looked upon as a sufficient evidence of a formed design and resolution in that Court, to pursue invariably such measures as should most effectually promote their ambitious views without any regard to the most solemn treaties and engagements. We have not been wanting on our part to make from time to time the most serious representations to the French King upon these repeated acts of violence, and to endeavour to obtain redress and satisfaction for the injuries done to our subjects, and to prevent

the like causes of complaint for the future. But the frequent assurances have been given that everything should be settled agreeable to the Treaties subsisting between the Crowns, and particularly that the evacuation of the four neutral islands in the West Indies should be effected (which was expressly promised to our Ambassador in France). The execution of these assurances, and of the Treaties on which they were founded, has been evaded under the most frivolous pretences; and the unjustifiable practices of the French Governors, and of the officers acting under their authority, were still carried on: till at length, in the month of April, 1754, they broke out in open acts of hostility, when in time of profound peace, without any Declaration of War, and without any previous notice given or application made, a body of French troops under the command of an officer bearing the French King's Commission, attacked in a hostile manner and possessed themselves of the English forts on the Ohio in North America.

“But notwithstanding this act of hostility, which could not but be looked on as a commencement of war, from our earnest desire of peace, and in hopes the Court of France would disavow this violence and injustice, we contented ourselves with sending such a force to America as was indispensably necessary for the immediate defence and protection of our subjects against fresh attacks and insults. In the meantime great naval armaments were preparing in the Ports of France, and a considerable body of French



troops embarked for North America, and though the French ambassador was sent back to England with specious professions of a desire to accommodate these differences, yet it appeared their real design was only to gain time for the passage of those troops to America, and in consequence of the just and necessary measures we had taken for that purpose, the French ambassador was immediately recalled from our Court, the fortifications at Dunkirk, which had been repairing for some time, were enlarged, great bodies of troops marched down to the coast, and our Kingdoms were threatened with an invasion.

“ In order to prevent the execution of these designs, and to provide for the security of our Kingdoms which were thus threatened, we could no longer forbear giving orders for the seizing at sea of the ships of the French King and his subjects. Notwithstanding which, as we were still unwilling to give up all hopes that an accommodation might be effected, we have contented ourselves hitherto with detaining the said ships and preserving them, and (as far as it was possible) their cargoes entire, without proceeding to the confiscation of them : but it being now evident, by the hostile invasion actually made by the French King of our island of Minorca, that it is the determined resolution of that Court to hearken to no terms of peace, but to carry on the war, which has been long begun on their part with the utmost violence, we can no longer remain, consistently with what we owe to our own honour, and to the welfare of our

subjects, within those bounds which from a desire of peace we had hitherto observed.

“ We have therefore thought proper to declare War, and we do hereby declare ‘ War against the French King,’ who hath so unjustly begun it, relying on the help of Almighty God in our just undertaking, and being assured of the hearty concurrence and assistance of our subjects in support of so good a cause : hereby willing and requiring our Captain General of our Forces, our Commissioners for executing the office of our High Admiral of Great Britain, our Lieutenants of our several counties, Governors of our Forts and Garrisons, and all the officers and soldiers under them, by sea and land, to do and execute all acts of hostility in the prosecution of this war against the French King, his vassals and subjects, and to oppose their attempts.

“ Willing and requiring all our subjects to take notice of the same, whom we henceforth strictly forbid to hold any correspondence or communication with the said French King or his subjects. And we do hereby command our own subjects, and advertise all other persons of what nation soever, not to transport or carry any soldiers, arms, powder, ammunition, or other contraband goods to any of the Territories, Lands, Plantations, or Countries of the said French King, declaring that whatsoever ship or vessel shall be met transporting or carrying any soldier, arms, powder, ammunition, or any other contraband goods to any of the Territories, Lands, Plantations, or Coun-

tries of the said French King, the same, being taken, shall be condemned as good and lawful prize.

“And whereas there are remaining in our Kingdom divers of the subjects of the French King, we do hereby declare our Royal Intention to be, that all the French Subjects who shall demean themselves dutifully towards us, shall be safe in their persons and effects.

“Given at our Court at Kensington, the 17th of May, 1756, in the twenty-ninth year of our Reign.”

On May 23rd we were invited to dinner at Mr. Sperling's in his garden-house at Tottenham.

*May 24th.*—We went to London in order to visit the largest ship in the English Navy, called the *Royal George*. She was already in the Thames, and was going to be launched in a few days. We therefore went to Greenwich and had a look at the splendid hospital for pensioners. From there we went to Woolwich, where we saw the Royal Marine Artillery, and at the same time saw a company of constables drilling.

Then we saw below Woolwich, and one mile distant from the shore, the *Royal George*, that masterpiece of English shipbuilding. We went on board and saw the interior arrangements. The length is 212 feet, breadth 51 feet, and depth 64 feet. The weight of the biggest of the six anchors was 98 cwt. It can carry 2000 tons, and 112 metal cannons—in case of need 120. The crew numbers 1200. The admiral's



and other officers' cabins were very smart, and the rear of the ship decorated with splendid carvings—altogether a beautiful sight.

After this we returned to London, and went in the evening to Ranelagh House, where we heard very good music, and met a number of refined people.

*May 30th.*—We were invited by Mr. Sperling to dinner, and were taken afterwards by his son and daughter to an assembly at Edmonton, where we met a party of over a hundred people, who amused themselves with dancing, games, and conversation.

*June 3rd.*—We dined with Mr. Furstenau, and supped with Mr. Wells.

*June 13th.*—We went a tour with Mr. Maxwell to Epsom and Guildford—this little town is situated between high and fruitful hills; then to Kingston, and by boat on the Thames to Hampton Court. (Here follows a description of Hampton Court. In the Cartoon Gallery he noticed “the very large drawings by the celebrated Raphael Urbino, which are considered priceless, and for which the Queen of France is said to have offered one hundred thousand pounds.”)

From there we drove to Richmond, a royal palace situated on a high hill, from which one has the most delightful views that can be imagined. The Thames is seen winding through beautiful fields and woods. The Royal Gardens at Richmond are perfect, according to English taste. The royal apartments are very small and plain, in spite of which the present



king is in the habit of dining there every Saturday during his stay at Kensington.

*June 25th.*—We again went to London and visited The Tower, which name includes a great many buildings which extend to the circumference of a mile. We saw the wild animals which have long been kept there—lions, tigers, bears, monkeys, and others. The small arsenal contains weapons, swords, pistols, that are said to be sufficient to arm sixty thousand men. The grand storehouse contains cannons, mortars, and many tools belonging to the art of engineering. In the Spanish Armoury are the arms taken by the English during the reign of Elizabeth from the so-called invincible Spanish Armada. The Royal Jewel House contains the splendid Royal Regalia. (Here follows a long list of the precious articles in the Jewel House.)

Lastly, we saw the prison where the State prisoners were kept. Going back to the City we saw, near the Royal Exchange, the Italian giant, who shows himself for money. He is eight feet high, eighteen years old, with well-proportioned limbs.

In the evening we went to Vauxhall, a pleasant place of amusement, where on fine days they perform good music in the presence of crowds of spectators.

On June 29th we witnessed an execution at Tyburn, when two culprits were hanged.

On July 6th we drove to Sadler's Wells, where we saw dancing, leaping, rope-walking, and acrobats who performed marvellous feats.

*July 12th.*—We made a tour to the country seat of the Duke of Cumberland in Windsor Park. The building looks neither comfortable nor beautiful, but the lovely surroundings make up for this. The Duke keeps here many wild animals and rare birds. We saw lions, tigers, wolves, dromedaries, also ostriches and eagles, which were better kept and cleaner than those we saw in The Tower. From here we went to the famous old castle to see all the interesting contents and take note of them.

Windsor itself is a pretty little town half-way up the hill, on the top of which the castle stands. (Here is a minute description of Windsor Castle, its contents, and St. George's Hall.)

We left Windsor and saw over Eton College, which was built in 1443 by Henry VI for the education and maintenance of seventy boys.

We then continued our journey to Oxford, by Maidenhead and Henley. The country between London and Oxford is very agreeable, and the roads incomparable. Oxford is such a well-known town that I need not describe it. The town itself is small, and the houses no way remarkable; but the public buildings, on account of their height and pointed roofs, give it a beautiful appearance when seen from a distance. There are eighteen colleges and six halls. The number of students is generally reckoned at two thousand.

Radcliffe's Library, a new and magnificent building, dome-shaped and built of square stones, was

built by a celebrated doctor of medicine named Radcliffe, who left his large fortune and library to the University. His portrait hangs over the door of the entrance-hall. The books are all in bookcases with doors of iron trellis-work, but they do not occupy an eighth part of the space destined for them. The Bodleian Library, on account of the magnificence and variety of its books and manuscripts, is one of the best in Europe. Each book is fastened by a chain to its place, so that one can read them but not take them away. (Sometimes I almost feel this would be a good practice in one's own library, people are so careless of books nowadays. They think nothing of taking out some cherished volume, leaving it in the garden, or up in their bedrooms, where it gets packed up in their boxes, and is left about in the next house they visit, or lent to some friend. I have, indeed, sometimes found my own books again, when paying a return visit, and often found other people's books amongst my own. Fortunately, books are not so rare now as in former days, and book-plates help to send them home to roost.)

From here we went to see a collection of very ancient Greek and Roman statues. A certain Lady Pomfret recently left the collection to the University. Amongst others there is a statue of Marcus Tullius Cicero, supposed to be two thousand years old. It is absolutely perfect, in white marble, life-size, and shows distinctly the superior art of ancient sculpture over the modern. This statue is fully described



when one says that nothing is lacking except life.

The theatre is a fine circular building, the interior being very suitably arranged. Here take place the public speeches and discussions. It accommodates easily five thousand people.

We saw the printing-house and museum, in the latter of which was a magnetic stone weighing 135 pounds.

In Trinity College we saw a silver punch-bowl weighing 32 pounds, presented to the college by Sir Watkin Williams Wynne.

Christ Church College, the largest in Oxford, occupies a large square, and has an immense hall. It also has the biggest bell in Oxford, weighing 1800 pounds, and is called by the students "Great Tom." Every evening at nine o'clock it is rung, as a signal to students to return to their colleges.

Magdalen College is an extensive building, and is surrounded by a beautiful avenue of lime-trees. Opposite is "Ye Physic Garden," where we saw a number of rare shrubs, amongst others an aloe, which is expected to bloom in two years' time, and a foreign thorn bush, the same as that from which our Saviour's crown was made.

*July 14th.*—We visited Exeter, New College, Lincoln, and University Colleges, leaving Oxford at ten o'clock, and went to Woodstock. This small town is close to the splendid palace of Blenheim, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough. One sees here the



determination of the English people to reward greatness, for this unequalled building was erected in honour of the late Duke of Marlborough, who will never be forgotten, to commemorate the Battle of Blenheim against the French and Bavarians in 1704. It contains 103 rooms, full of the most exquisite pictures and costly furniture, superior to that of many royal palaces.

We left this pleasant spot in the afternoon, and hoped to reach Stow the same day, but heavy rain made the roads so bad that we only arrived half-way late in the evening, and consequently had to put up for the night at the small town of Bicester.

*July 15th.*—We continued our journey to Stow by the help of a signpost. Stow is the name of a country-seat with an immense garden; the present owner is Earl Temple. The house is very extensive and magnificent, as agreeable to look at as Blenheim, but not so costly by far. The garden is said to be the largest and best in England. We spent four hours there admiring everything. Amongst the buildings is a Temple of Venus, an Egyptian Pyramid, St. Augustine's Cave, a Temple of Bacchus, and a statue of the present king. The Temple of Virtue of the present time is in ruins: the ancient Temple of Virtue in a flourishing state, with statues of Lycurgas, Socrates, and Homer. A Temple of the British Philosophers and Wise Men, with busts of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Locke, Newton, Raleigh, Drake, and Hampden, also a Temple of Friendship, the

interior of which is decorated with marble busts of Lord Cobham's friends.

We left Stow in the afternoon for London.

*July 24th.*—We left Tottenham after a stay there of eleven weeks, and returned to our lodgings in Fenchurch Street.

*July 28th.*—We dined with Mr. Willy, who afterwards took us to Vauxhall with Mr. Hermann Meyer.

*July 30th.*—We dined with Mr. De Ponthieu, his sons John and Henry, Egerton Wilks, and a young Mr. Clifford of Amsterdam, and afterwards went to the wonderful waxworks exhibited near Temple Bar, which had been made by a woman about fifty years ago. In the evening we took a walk in the Park, at the side of St. James's. In the middle there is a very pleasant lake, which adds to the beauty of the promenade. On a fine summer's night one sees an innumerable crowd of people of the highest rank, as also *dames de joie*, so that the place seems an Elysium as compared with gloomy London.

*July 31st.*—We visited Westminster Abbey with Mr. Edking—a church which, on account of its age, will hardly find its equal in Europe. The building is so exquisite that one is forced to admire the architecture of the old builders. It is divided into different chapels, amongst which that of Henry VII is especially beautiful. In all of them are found splendid monuments, the most remarkable being the tomb of Edward ye Confessor. Some of the monuments

are magnificently carved, the inscriptions on them very touching, and appeal to the heart. A printed description of this beautiful church with its famous antiquities would be of deep interest to a traveller.

We then visited the Houses of Parliament, in which it is difficult to find anything beautiful. The Upper House, or "Ye House of Lords," is a large hall hung with tapestry. At the upper end is the king's throne, on the right of which is an armchair for the Prince of Wales. At the entrance of this room is a division where the Speaker of the House of Commons must remain standing when he enters. The two Archbishops of York and Canterbury sit on a bench to the right of the throne. We afterwards visited the House of Commons, which is neither large nor beautiful. It holds over five hundred and fifty members, who sit on benches raised one above the other. In the middle the Speaker has a seat, at the side of which are the secretaries.

We then went to Westminster Hall, built in the thirteenth century. Here the most important meetings of the Court of Appeal take place, and the king dines there on Coronation Day. The flags and standards taken from the French at different battles hang here.

We then passed Westminster Bridge, which for its unequalled structure and grace is not to be surpassed in Europe. We then saw the Banqueting House, which is the beginning of the palace which Charles I had undertaken to build for the reception of distinguished



foreigners. The roof was painted by Rubens, but has fallen into disrepair. From one of the windows of this building the above-mentioned unfortunate king went to the scaffold.

*August 1st.*—We dined with Sir Joshua van Neck at his beautiful country seat at Putney, in company of Lord Walpole's son, Herr de Pulter, and Monsieur Blaquiere, with their wives and my Lady van Neck. We were sumptuously treated.

*August 4th.*—We went to Barnet to see the horse-races, an amusement which is much more general here than in other countries. To my idea it is a pleasure appropriate to the English character, which wants excitement; and we can but wonder what enjoyment they find in watching this desperate exercise. People lay bets of 50, 100, 500, or even 1000 guineas on one racehorse, of which there are sometimes five or six racing at the same time. The horses used for this purpose are specially bred and trained for it, and are splendid animals. The racecourse where this takes place is a firm, well-kept ground of some three English miles in circumference, round which the horses have to run twice, the first arrival winning the prize. One English mile is covered by a good racehorse in two minutes, so one can imagine the pace they go.

*August 8th.*—We dined with Mr. Weguelin at his country seat in Stockwell, and met Mr. Passeval and Mr. Passavent from Exeter.

*August 12th.*—We dined with Mr. Peter Cazalet,



and after dinner visited the lunatic asylum of Bedlam. This is a large building with its own revenues, and its own staff of doctors and attendants. The number of inmates now amount to two hundred and seventy persons, for whom one must feel much sympathy, though they rather alarmed us—all the more because those who showed us over the building seemed themselves mad. (Mr. Daniel was evidently rather nervous.)

*August 13th.*—We dined with Mr. Dixon, and visited St. Paul's Cathedral. There is no doubt that this church is one of the finest in Europe, and is said in some respects to surpass the celebrated St. Peter's in Rome. (Here follows a full description of St. Paul's as it is now, except that at that date the tomb of our great national hero, England's greatest admiral, was not there.)

*August 18th.*—We commenced our journey to the commercial towns of England, starting in a post-chaise with a hired servant who understood English *via* Barnet, Hatfield, and Stevenage to Stamford, where we stayed the night.

*August 19th.*—We drove *via* Colsworth, Grantham, Lincoln, where there is a splendid cathedral, to Brigg, where we spent the night.

*August 20th.*—We went to Barton, where we had to cross the Humber in a ferry in order to reach Hull. We had to wait five hours before the tide allowed us to start, but in the afternoon we got off in a good boat with a favourable wind, each person

paying sixpence, the passage being reckoned at five miles. Hull is only a small town, but on account of its extensive commerce with the Baltic and the West Indies one of the most noteworthy places in England. This is greatly owing to the Humber, for the largest ships can be loaded and unloaded easily and goods stored in the neighbouring warehouses.

*August 21st.*—We dined with Mr. John Booth.

*August 22nd.*—We dined with Mr. Wilberforce, and in the afternoon visited the church and the castle, which is large, but very much out of repair.

*August 23rd.*—We went in the morning from Hull to Beverley, a pretty little town in Yorkshire, with a splendid cathedral. An old inscription on a stone has given rise to the fable that St. John the Apostle was buried there.

From there we went to York, a large town, not beautiful, but celebrated on account of its antiquity. During the time of the Romans it was called Eboracum, and is the oldest town in England. It was a residence of the Roman Emperor, and the Emperor Severus lived and was burnt there. They say that the cave where his ashes lie was discovered recently with a lamp still burning; at any rate near the town there is a hill which is still called Severus's Hill, on which his body is said to have been burnt. Constantine Chlorus is also buried there, and what makes it more interesting is that Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor, was born there. (I wonder if Mr. Meinertzhagen's informant was

correct, or was only “making history” for the inquisitive foreigners?)

We arrived just as the races were beginning, which only take place once in the year, and as several entertainments were going on too, a large number of strangers were attracted to the place. Next to Newmarket these races are considered the most famous in the whole of England, and the racecourse on which these curious amusements take place is the finest of all. We went to the racecourse, where several thousand guineas were betted on different horses. The whole place was very much like Barnet, and the people greatly excited.

*August 24th.*—We saw a cockfight, an amusement very much appreciated by the English, but not by other nations. There is a special building for it, and the spectators are invited to the fight by the beating of a drum. In the building is an amphitheatre, which holds several hundred people, in the middle of which is a small elevation covered with grass, where two people, standing opposite each other, each hold a cock that has been fed and kept for some time on purpose for the battle, and let them loose at one another. These duellists have silver spurs on their feet in order to make the fight fiercer and more bloody. In most cases the cocks come from the estates of the nobility, who travel long distances to admire the courage of their respective birds. It is quite extraordinary with what passion the birds make for one another, but still more extraordinary is the



folly of the spectators, where the most distinguished My Lords bet with the farmers for £20, £30, £50 for the winner of the fight. The day we were there some hundred guineas were lost or gained, and the spectators were extremely noisy. Each has to pay two and a half pounds sterling as entrance fee.

After this we visited the splendid cathedral, a magnificent old building in Gothic style, though the decorations outside show the hand of time. This is the largest church in England, and has an Archbishop. Amongst the ancient monuments is one to Constantine the Great. In the evening we visited a ball at the Assembly Rooms, which is only held during the horse-races. The ballroom is exceedingly large and beautifully built. The company is of the most select in the kingdom, over three hundred people who amuse themselves with dancing. The subscription to go there is one guinea each person.

*August 25th.*—We left York and went to Tadcaster, a quiet little town. (I must stop a moment in Tadcaster. It has a homely sound to me, for my ancestors lived there for many years. In 1756 my great-grandfather was a farmer just outside Tadcaster. Might not he have been walking or riding along the road to his work when the chaise with two foreign gentlemen and a servant trotting after them passed by? I can imagine the postillion winking at the Yorkshire farmer, pointing inside to the two young fellows who spoke a strange language, for foreigners were rare then in England, and looked



upon as kind of savages by our self-satisfied Islanders. And so on to Leeds.)

Leeds is a pretty town, but not very large, lying in a valley in Yorkshire. It flourishes on account of its manufactures of coarse cotton goods, which are exported in considerable quantities to Portugal and Germany.

*August 26th.*—We dined with Mr. Thomas Lee, and supped with Messrs. Koster and Dixon.

*August 27th.*—We visited the manufactories of cotton goods, and also those of woollen materials of Messrs. Oates.

*August 28th.*—At seven o'clock in the morning there was a market of cotton goods, to which we went. It is an important occasion in the town, because in about an hour many thousands of pounds are spent in the purchase of goods. The country-people stand in rows with their goods, which are not to be surpassed; the merchants examine them, and the sale goes very quickly. If the market is full they reckon that twelve thousand pieces of cloth are sold every market day, which occurs twice a week.

In the evening we left Leeds and went to Halifax, a town in Yorkshire, also flourishing from its beautiful manufactures of kerseys. We dined with Mr. Hill, whose address had been given us, and continued our journey to Littleborough, where we stayed the night. The road between Halifax and this place is a very bad one; one has to cross high and stony hills, which are hardly safe in some places.

[ *August 29th.*—We went through Rochdale to Manchester. This is a beautiful and daily increasing town in Lancashire, with splendid manufactories of linen, for which they import yarn from the Baltic Provinces, Ireland, and the lower part of Saxony, also potash from Königsberg. The town has a good library, in which is kept a skeleton left them by the Duke of Montague, which, with other curiosities, is well worth seeing. We dined with Mr. Birch, and went on to Warrington.

L *August 31st.*—We continued our journey to Liverpool, a very beautiful town in Lancashire, which through its increasing commerce has made such progress, that in three years they have built eight hundred additional large houses. The slave trade on the coast of Guinea is the most lucrative branch of its commerce. The slaves are sent to America, the ships on their return journeys bringing cargoes of West Indian goods, which are distributed among all the large commercial towns.

(Imagine excellent philanthropic Liverpool piling up money on the slave trade; and now they turn up their eyes over the Congo and wicked King Leopold. I remember when I was a child my Liverpool grandfather, Lawrence Heyworth, in his later days an ardent reformer and abolitionist, used to tell us how in his young days in South America he and his brother owned slaves, and thought it quite natural to do so. I remember one particular blood-curdling story which we were never tired of hearing him

repeat. His brother was rather hard on a particular slave, who was a strong, big fellow with a bad temper. On one occasion the brother flogged him. In the night after this happened my grandfather dreamt that this man was murdering his brother, and woke up in alarm. But as he heard nothing moving about the house he went off to sleep again. The same dream came again, with the same wakening, to hear nothing. Then my grandfather thought to himself, "If I dream this a third time I shall get up and see what is going on." The dream came a third time, and my grandfather, leaving his room quietly, found his brother's door ajar, and, on entering, there was the negro standing over his brother with a knife ready for murder. He seized him and locked him up. "What did you do then, grandpapa?" we asked. "Why, my dears, when it was morning I took the man out into the market-place and sold him; he was a powerful fellow, and sold well." It seemed all so mysterious to us that you could sell a man who wanted to murder you. This same grandfather was a hero of a shipwreck in 1812. The boat he was in was wrecked off the rocky coast of Ireland, and he swam ashore with a rope round his waist, and so saved some twenty men on board her. The story of the wreck is written in the *History of the Forest of Rossendale*; and we have an old picture of him with a storm and wreck in the background, a placid but firm-faced man in a frockcoat, looking quite unconcerned, whilst the elements rage behind him, after



the manner of the paintings of those days. Now back to Liverpool.)

The Exchange is a new and very massive building, and the harbour is so convenient, that the largest ships with their cargoes can anchor close to the merchants' warehouses. We dined with Mr. Heywood, who was very kind to us.

*September 1st.*—We continued our journey and went to Rock Ferry, where we hired horses and rode to Chester, the capital of Cheshire, celebrated for the excellent cheeses which are made in this county. The town of Chester is fairly beautiful, surrounded by a wall, on which one can walk round the town. It was built to defend the city in the time of rebellions, and is more a protection against arrows than against cannon balls. From here we drove through Whitchurch to Birmingham, where we stayed the night. This town is splendidly built, very populous, and one of the most renowned in England on account of its unequalled manufactories of steel-work.

*September 3rd.*—We travelled by Worcester, which has a beautiful town-hall and cathedral, and a manufactory of kid gloves, and continued our journey to Gloucester, which place contains a beautiful cathedral, and has a large manufactory of needles. The road from Liverpool to Gloucester is specially agreeable and picturesque.

(Gloucester is getting near home to me. I think the manufactory of needles has disappeared, prob-



ably gone to Birmingham. I wonder if the three German travellers stayed at the *New Inn*, that delightful *old* inn, then probably the only one in Gloucester, that figures as a background to one of "Tom Jones's" escapades. Fielding must have known it well about this date. Then the travellers go on to Bristol. That Gloucester and Bristol road is so well known to me, as I was born within a mile of it, and many a time have I clattered along it on my pony in childhood, and galloped across it later on out hunting. Once indeed I fell into a deep brook, or *ream*, as they call them in Gloucestershire, that runs along the side of this road, and lay there under my horse till my consciousness passed away in a dream that started painfully but became delightful, so much so, that I strongly resented the kind efforts that were successfully made to restore me to life. Curiously, my pleasant dream was not entirely unconnected with this Daniel's great-grandson. Drowning was not unpleasant after the first few seconds. And so our travellers drive on by old Berkeley Castle to Bristol.)

*September 4th.*—Bristol deserves to be called the second town in England after London, and carries on many trades, principally with the West Indies. The export trade is with Germany and other countries, the imports consisting of linen, hemp, flax, and iron; they also, like Liverpool, trade in slaves. The town lies very low; the Avon is a narrow, unimportant river, but very convenient for the trade of

Bristol, as all the large ships can anchor close to the town. At the ebb tide there is hardly any water in it, but in flood it rises thirty feet high.

*September 7th.*—We drove to Hotwell and tasted the water of the medicinal well ; it is much appreciated in England, and is also exported to many parts of Germany. It is lukewarm when it comes out of the well, but has no medicinal taste. Those who wish to go through the cure can find comfortable lodgings close by and many amusements, the public dancing room being a beautiful one.

*September 8th.*—We dined with Mr. Whistler, and saw the Radcliff Church, which contains excellent paintings over the altar. (St. Mary's Radcliff ! Perhaps little Thomas Chatterton was wandering round, poor, little neglected boy, dreaming his fancies of olden times that were to bring him to renown at first, and then to disgrace and death.)

We then visited several glass warehouses, where beautiful things are sold. We had a ride on horseback to King's Weston, which lies at the mouth of the Severn, on a hill from which one has an unequal view over the Bristol Channel and the Welsh hills, with the harbour full of ships leaving and returning.

*September 9th.*—We went to Bath, where there is a celebrated hot spring, which is much visited by the English in spring and autumn. While we were there but few people came, but their number increased daily, and it is said to be quite brilliant in November. Bath is prettily situated, in a valley

surrounded by fruitful hills, and is daily increasing in the number of houses erected. The accommodation for those who drink the waters is very good, and the entertainments a good deal varied, so that a stay there must be extremely pleasant. There are three baths, the water being hot as it springs out of the ground; they are so built that one can see the bathers at any time. The pump-house where the drinkers assemble is fairly well built. The assembly rooms and dancing rooms are splendid. About a mile from the town is the country seat of Mr. Allen; the building is magnificent, but the furniture is not in accordance with this. Not far off is a quarry belonging to Mr. Allen, where one sees an invention for bringing the stones down the hill to the town by means of waggons without horses.

*September 10th.*—We went to Wells, which town has a splendid cathedral with an unsurpassed front. Not far off is a cave called Wookey's Hole, from which issues a small river. From here we went to Taunton, where are large stocking manufactories.

*September 11th.*—Early in the morning we drove to Exeter, not very large, and only fairly well built. The castle is in ruins, but enough remains to show its antiquity; the cathedral is a fine large building. The river Exe passes the town. The larger ships remain at Exmouth, but the smaller ones come up as far as Topsham. The town flourishes on account of its splendid woollen manufactories, the productions of which are sent all over Germany, Italy, and



the West Indian colonies. The surrounding country is exceedingly fertile. On the day of our arrival we dined with Mr. John Tozer.

*September 12th.*—We rode with young Mr. Baring to Exmouth. He took us to dine with his mother, where we were most kindly received. Exmouth lies at the mouth of the river Exe, a small place consisting almost entirely of country houses belonging to Exeter merchants. It lies on the open sea, and is a delightful place. After dinner we rode back through Topsham to Exeter.

*September 13th.*—We dined with Mr. John Duntze, and supped with Mr. Pearce Bidefield.

*September 14th.*—We dined with Mr. Saunders, and in the afternoon left Exeter for Dorchester, a place well known for its excellent beer. From there we went to Blandford. Half a mile from here was an encampment of English soldiers, consisting of seven regiments of infantry and two of cavalry. We noticed that all the men were very well grown; in fact, as a rule, English soldiers are all handsome, but might be better disciplined.

*September 16th.*—We drove to Salisbury, a beautiful town with a splendid cathedral full of ancient and modern monuments; then through Stockbridge to Winchester, a fairly large town in Southamptonshire, with a magnificent cathedral. Hardly a mile from here was the camp of eight Hessian regiments who are in the pay of the English. The excellent order in this camp, the good looks of the soldiers,



their drill and their excellent behaviour and politeness, daily attracted spectators from all parts of England, so that during our stay at Winchester it was hardly possible to find lodgings. We inspected the camp and paid a visit to Lieutenant-Colonel Müller. He received us most politely, and we had to drink a glass of German wine to the health of absent friends.

*September 17th.*—We went once more to the Hessian camp and dined with Lieutenant-Colonel Müller, and then drove on to Portsmouth. On the way, through the carelessness of the postboy, we had our two-wheeled chaise overturned, but nobody was hurt. Portsmouth is not very large, but during war-time a very busy place, with fine fortifications inland as well as on the shore. The harbour is unequalled, so large that it would not be easy to find a similar one. The entrance is not very wide, and in case of need it can be closed by putting a chain across. There were over two hundred French vessels taken in the war lying in the harbour, some of which were in very bad condition, having been there so long. Over three thousand French prisoners are kept in gaol at Petersfield.

*September 18th.*—This morning we saw the splendid dockyard, over which Mr. Bucknall took us, for in time of war no stranger is allowed to enter without an introduction from a resident in the place. This dockyard is quite a small town in itself, and in case of need can be easily fortified and well defended.

The number of workmen daily employed is over four thousand, and we saw an old man-of-war with a hundred guns, a new one with the same number, another with ninety, two smaller ones, all lying in the docks. Everything was in full swing; the building where the rope and tackling for the ships were made was some thousand feet long, the working of the hemp being facilitated by a mill. The governor, superintendent, and other officers have comfortable rooms in these docks, which also have a school where young gentlemen are instructed in all naval matters by competent masters. In this school is a beautiful model of the warship *Victory*, about six feet long, and so accurately modelled that they say £1500 has been offered for it.

The Isle of Wight is five miles from Portsmouth, so that it forms a kind of harbour or roadstead which is called Spithead. Admiral Norris and Admiral Osborne with about twenty-four men-of-war, and more than two hundred merchant ships, mostly bound for the East and West Indies, were anchored in the roadstead, which we thought a magnificent sight. The country round Portsmouth for a certain distance is flat but very fertile, and in good years produces more cereals than are needed for home consumption, so that a good deal is exported to France. We left Portsmouth on our return journey to London *via* Petersfield, Liphook, and Guildford.

*September 19th.*—We returned to our lodgings at Mr. Swindel's.

After paying several farewell visits we left London on October 1st, and rode to Dartford, Rochester, where we saw an encampment of five regiments of English soldiers, Chatham, where there was an encampment of eight regiments of Hanoverian troops, and on to Canterbury. This town has an Archbishop who crowns the king. The cathedral is a splendid building of great antiquity, containing many ancient tombs, amongst which is that of Henry IV and Edward the Black Prince. One is also shown the spot where in old times an altar was erected to the memory of St. Thomas; the stones are hollowed out from the numbers who have knelt at this altar.

From Canterbury we went to Dover, a small town on the coast of the English Channel, where it is so narrow that France can be distinctly seen, and from which, in favourable weather, one can sail across in three hours. We arrived there in time for dinner, hoping to leave by the Ostend packet-boat, *The Flanders*, but the tide was not suitable, and the wind was rising so stormily, that the captain said that he could not sail till the next morning. We therefore spent the night there, but such a fierce storm arose that the captain found it impossible to start early without running great risks. The south-west wind was really most favourable for our crossing, so in the evening, when the storm abated a little, we decided to set sail, leaving pleasant England with regret. Our packet-boat was a good one, quite new, and a perfect sea-boat. There were twenty sailors



on board, and we were armed with sixteen cannon. The passage on account of its being war-time cost one and a half guineas each, and fifteen shillings for the servant. Besides our party there were three Englishmen, two officers from Ireland, and two Frenchmen, one of them a doctor of medicine from Paris. As soon as we lost sight of land we met a fleet of English merchant ships and some Dutch ships, and some men-of-war to convoy them. It was a splendid sight, all the more because the wind was so favourable to the fleet. The whole journey we had wet and stormy weather; the swell was so great that it was impossible for us to remain on deck; however, we advanced quickly, and arrived at noon off the heights of Dunkirk, which we saw distinctly, but did not dare approach too closely for fear of being captured by the French, though there was no real danger on account of the speed of our boat, especially as there was not a single French boat in sight. At three o'clock we got into the harbour at Ostend. Ostend is a small town in East Flanders, has an excellent harbour, though the fortifications have been destroyed. Its commerce has increased much, though the many wars have disturbed it a good deal. (From Ostend they travelled to Dunkirk, then by Sas, where he greatly admires the new sluice they are building on the canal leading to Brugge. "Seldom except in Holland do you see such fine work: the old sluice was so celebrated that the great Czar Peter travelled there to inspect it.")



The canal is kept very clean, and on both sides is a pleasant prospect of fruitful gardens and meadows. The boat is drawn generally by two horses, but the wind was so favourable that we dispensed with the horses, and by dint of clever management of our sails we arrived at Brugge in three hours. The same evening I dined with Herr von Outryve.

*October 9th.*—We took the boat to Ghent. This boat is built in the same style as the one between Ostend and Brugge, though the first cabin and the food were far superior here. One meets very pleasant and agreeable people, which, as the trip lasts for eight hours, adds much to its enjoyment. We dined on board the boat ; they treated us very well, and the price of the meal is included in the passage money. The wine is reckoned up separately for each person, and the “chapeaux” (gentlemen) are supposed to treat the “dames” (ladies). The country from Brugge to Ghent is particularly attractive, through villages and fruitful gardens, which make it as pleasant as one can desire. Ghent is a most agreeable town, and possesses beautiful buildings and splendid churches.

*October 10th.*—I dined with Herr von Maulemeester, and we visited, among other beautiful churches, the Abbey of St. Peter. The whole altar is made of beaten silver, and the pictures exceptionally good. The library is a most valuable one, for apart from the actual books, which are kept in most perfect order, the paintings on the ceilings are

most interesting. We then visited the Church of St. Bavo. The chancel first strikes one on entering, and is bewildering in its splendour, entirely built of marble, with beautifully sculptured statues. The pulpit alone is said to have cost over a million Brabant gulden. Ghent has an important trade in lace and linen goods, mostly sent to Spain and Portugal. The lace is of a most costly description, the "bonite" being the best of all.

*October 11th.*—We started for Brussels in a conveyance called a diligence, in which eight or ten persons are seated, two and two behind one another, which with unpleasant neighbours and in bad weather is most disagreeable. Brussels is a populous and beautiful town, the residence of the Governor of Brabant, Prince Karl von Lothringen. The castle is an old but not imposing building, though the court held there is said to be brilliant. The fortifications, which must formerly have been important, are now nothing but heaps of stones.

*October 12th.*—We dined with Herr Tripolitti, who took us to the manufactory of cotton goods of Herr Francolet, who showed us afterwards his collection of pictures by celebrated masters. We also saw the manufactory of gilt leather of Herr Knit. Brussels is a great mercantile centre with an important commerce, the laces and muslins being sent in great quantities to Spain, Germany, and Italy. The lace especially, which is cheap, attracts most people, but does not wear well.

*October 13th.*—We drove in the diligence through Mechlin, where beautiful lace is made, to Antwerp. This is a fine town, but thinly populated. In the sixteenth century she had an immense trade, of which now hardly a shadow remains. The splendid Exchange, now overgrown with grass, is a testimony to former prosperity. The fortifications must have been unequalled in their day, but they now lie in ruins. The town has churches and monasteries all extremely rich, and a lover and connoisseur of art would find himself here, so to say, in a labyrinth of magnificent pictures. The Church of Notre Dame is splendid, and a description of its treasures would fill a book. The picture of “Christ’s Descent from the Cross,” a work in which Rubens shows his great creative art, stirs one’s deepest feelings. Louis XIV of France is said to have offered a hundred thousand francs for this masterpiece, but had to content himself with having it copied. In the Beguin Monastery there is a van Dyck, which is a masterpiece, representing also the “Descent from the Cross”; the only pity is that the altar is covered with trumpery ornaments and flower-pots which detract from its dignity. After that we went to the Academy of Arts, in the upper part of the Exchange, filled with ancient and modern pictures, mostly excellent. There is also a large room in which young artists compete for a prize, which consists of a silver service.

The small trade now remaining in Antwerp consists chiefly of banking business and in the export



of the beautiful lace made there, the quality of which is considered first rate. The so-called "Austrian House" in Antwerp has a curious history; it is a large square house overlooking the Scheldt, and in the last century, when the commerce of Antwerp was thriving, it was the property of all the big Sea Towns, who shared it for purposes of trade. Now that the "Bund" (Union) only consists of three towns, it belongs to Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen. The house is very shabby, and divided into many rooms and shops, mostly used as storehouses. It still possesses great privileges, and owns the big space where the Bourse was formerly held. Amongst its many curiosities is a collection of musical instruments kept in a large cupboard, a number of which are bassoons, and others of such strange shapes that one cannot understand how they are to be used.

*October 16th.*—We drove in the diligence to Lille, passing through Menen, where we entered France. Lille is a beautiful and well-built town. The fortifications are celebrated throughout Europe, and the citadel quite unique. The arsenal and governor's and officers' houses are all contained within its walls. We supped in the evening with Madame Martel and her son.

*October 18th.*—We dined with Paul Grare, who took us to see the splendid citadel. The commerce of the town of Lille is of no small importance, with excellent manufactories of cotton and woollen goods. The fine thread used in making the Brabant and



Flemish laces is made here. We hired a postchaise from our landlady to go as far as Paris for two louis neuf, with the condition that the damage on the road should be included, on account of the chaise and wheels being old. To travel in France one must either buy or hire a chaise, for which there is plenty of opportunity offered. One can use the diligence, but with servants and luggage it is more advantageous to travel in a chaise, as the servants have to pay the same fare as their masters ; and every pound of luggage must be paid for too, to say nothing of the discomfort to which one is exposed in the diligence. The roads from Brabant to Paris are all paved and very pleasant, and one is very quickly served in the post-houses, all the more if one allows the servants to ride on in front, and gives the postillion a little extra tip, which has an excellent effect in helping the travellers on their way. With a chaise for two persons and two trunks, three horses are necessary, each of which costs thirty sols. A riding horse for the servant costs twenty sols. The last of the post-houses, the first post outside Paris, is called the "Poste Royale," and double charges and double tips are necessary. The ordinary tip to the postillion is twelve sols a post, but one has to increase this a little if one wants to travel quickly.

We arrived in Paris on October 21st, and took rooms in the Hôtel D'Espagne. Here we found a table-d'hôte, wine included, and paid thirty-six francs, for which we had excellent dinner and pleasant

company. Tea, breakfast, and firing we had to provide ourselves. Everybody knows that Paris is a large, beautiful, and populous town, but it would not be difficult to prove that London is much larger and more populous. Paris has far more beautiful public buildings than London, they being surrounded by large squares and spacious public gardens. The pavements are much better in Paris than in London, but the police arrangements for safety at night and order in the streets are far better in London. "The Morgue" is a proof of this, for it is seldom empty of the corpses of the murdered. Paris impresses one as far more cheerful than London: splendid carriages, with all that is gay both inside and outside them, drive by in great numbers. A great deal of state is observed here, and people are much occupied by the invention of new fashions. There are numberless social gaieties, but it is difficult for a stranger to get introductions to them. However, there are plenty of amusements—operas, plays, and balls; though the English excel them, to my mind, in certain points. Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the costly Italian opera, the theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden in London have all that can give pleasure to a foreigner. But such exquisite dancers, both male and female, and such unaffected and refined actresses as one sees here, are not to be equalled in London. Still, one does not find anywhere such an incomparable actor as the English Garrick. There are three official theatres here—the Opéra, the Comédie Française, and the

Italian theatre. In the first the acting is in French, the music is also French : a connoisseur would, however, give the preference to the Italian music. The Comédie Française has, in respect of actors and dancers, no equal in Europe ; and the classical plays by Racine, Molière, Destouches, and Corneille are there so excellently rendered, that one fancies it must be reality. The performances of Mademoiselle Clairon and Mademoiselle Berville, Monsieur Grandval and Monsieur Berville, are simply perfection. The sacred concerts were amongst the public entertainments that I attended : they are given four times in the year, on the first day of the three great feasts, and also on the fête day of the Virgin Mary. They consist of the choir and musicians of the Opéra, and are given in a large saloon in the Louvre, the whole of the music being sacred, the number of the audience is astonishing. The Bal de l'Opéra is a wonderful spectacle, given in the opera-house during the winter, but not very well carried out ; the music is poor, and the floor on which they dance unsuitable. The public promenades in Paris are very beautiful ; every person dressed in uniform may enter free, and one finds, when the weather is good, a great crowd of ladies and gentlemen of position. Some of the lower classes pay to enter, and seem to enjoy walking about and being seen there. The Tuileries is the biggest and most beautiful of these promenades, and belongs to the Louvre, which on the garden side presents a magnificent appearance. The garden



reaches down to the Seine, overlooking which is a fine terrace. Behind this are the Champs Elysées ; these, however, are not quite as beautiful as their name would lead one to expect. The Luxembourg is also a beautiful promenade, and as it lies a little outside the town, the air is pleasanter and fresher. The Palace of the Luxembourg is a splendid building. It belongs to the King, but most of the rooms are unfurnished ; some are used for keeping the pictures which the King himself has collected, which are shown to the public twice a week. The " Palais Royal " promenade is not big, but very pleasant, and in fine weather is frequented by crowds of promenaders. The Palace itself is inhabited by the Duke of Orleans, and contains one of the best collections of pictures in Europe : a lover of pictures can obtain engravings of these. The old and the new Louvre are splendid and extensive. The latter is not yet finished, but much of the decoration is begun. The rooms are mostly unfurnished, but some are used for the assembly of the members of the French Academy, scientists, and architects. . . . The Hôpital of the Invalides is a little out of the town, accommodating as many as five thousand invalids. As the French are not famous for cleanliness, one can imagine the state of the building where five thousand sick persons are lodged. Not far from here is the " École Militaire," which the present King is now building. It will shortly form an edifice that for all time will testify to the magnificence of the present monarch.



It will accommodate five hundred young noblemen, who will be taught every detail of the art of war by the most experienced teachers. The Bastille is an old ruined fortress, which is now used as a prison for persons of distinction. No stranger is admitted, but they say there is nothing interesting to be seen inside, except perhaps the prisoners. The Place Louis Grand is a large circular space, in the middle of which is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. The Place des Victoires, not so large, is surrounded by very fine houses. In the middle of it is a gilt statue of Louis XIV, with the female figure of Victory behind him, crowning him with one hand, while in the other she holds the palm branch. On the pedestal are figures of four slaves in chains, supposed to represent the four greatest deeds of the great king. (These statues are interesting, as they disappeared during the storm of the Revolution.)

The Cathedral of Notre-Dame is the largest and oldest church in Paris. It has two Gothic towers, and the interior is decorated with splendid pictures by the first French artists, and the statues and monuments are first rate. The marble statue of the Virgin with the Infant Saviour on her lap deserves particular attention : it is by Coustou, a splendid specimen of that master's art. The Church of La Sorbonne is small, but very beautiful, and contains a fine monument to Cardinal Richelieu in white marble, in which he is represented partly reclining, Religion in the form of a woman standing behind him, and

Science in like form weeping at his feet. Girardon is the sculptor, and all lovers of art must keenly admire the natural poses of the figures.

*November 4th, St. Hubert's Day.*—The King always has a large hunting party at Fontainebleau, and the Court has already moved there. We went in company of Herr Broen from Dantzic and Herr Richter from Leipsic to Fontainebleau in order to see this hunt. In the morning we went to the castle to see the royal family pass through the rooms on their way to the chapel. We saw the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin and their suite pass through to attend the Mass, which was celebrated with the most beautiful music. All the hunt equipages were drawn up in the court of the Palace. After the Mass, the King, Queen, and Dauphin, and “*Mesdames de France*” entered their carriages with some foreign ambassadors and many of the highest nobility of the Court, all following in this splendid procession to the forest of Fontainebleau. This forest is peculiarly suited for hunting, with paths and avenues cut through the trees. It happened to be most beautiful weather—one could not wish for better. The King, Dauphin, Princes, and Princesses here mounted their horses; the *piqueurs* and other servants of the hunt were all in waiting, and by four o'clock in the afternoon three stags had been hunted and killed. Here and there in the forest were more *piqueurs* with their dogs and fresh horses; and the train of carriages of those who were not following the hunt,

amongst which we found ourselves, were allowed to post themselves in the right places to see the hunt pass. The King took no refreshment all the time, but when the hunt was over dismounted and entered his carriage again, and what remained of the procession wended their way back to Fontainebleau.

*November 12th.*—As it was St. Martin's Day the Paris Parliament began its sittings, and all its members attended a solemn Mass. This is held in the Palais Marchaud, and is public. All the members were dressed in purple, the four presidents in purple lined with ermine. The vocal music was very fine, the service being recited by Abbé Sailly. At this Mass a great many ceremonial compliments passed between the heads of the Parliament as they approached the altar, and I consider that most of the spectators attend more out of curiosity to see these addresses and reverences than from any desire to join in the Mass.

*December 13th.*—The King held his so-called "Lit de Justice" to decide the differences between the Parliament and the Clergy. It had not been held for thirty years, and was therefore considered an important event. It is held in the Palais Marchaud, where the Parliament is now sitting. Nobody is admitted except the actual members; and the French and Swiss Guards were stationed early in the morning in double rows along the road from the Tuileries to the Palais Marchaud, and the King on arriving from Versailles passed between them. He



first attended a Mass at the Sainte Chapelle, while the cannons of the Bastille fired a salute. The procession was a splendid spectacle. The King was dressed in a Roman costume of black velvet, with a large white feather in his hat, the Dauphin in a similar costume. The gendarmerie, the bodyguard, the town guards, and the Cent Suisses were magnificently dressed and mounted on horseback. The trumpets, kettledrums, and hautboys made continual music. The King's carriage was drawn by magnificent horses, and the Dukes and Peers of France had no less splendid equipages, each drawn by six or eight horses. The procession took over half an hour in passing, and after the King had spent an hour and a half with the Parliament they all returned to Versailles with the same pomp and ceremony.

The Declaration made by the King is as follows :—

1. Le roi veut que l'on respecte la Bulle, comme un jugement de l'Église, sans cependant la regarder comme article de foi. Tous les Différents qui surviendront dans l'Eglise, seront jugé par la Jurisdiction Ecclésiastique, le roi donnant a la Grande Chambre le droit d'en connaître seule. Le roi annulle par la toutes les procédures, faites jusqu'à ce jour.

2. La suppression de la 4<sup>ème</sup> et 5<sup>ème</sup> des Enquêtes, et aussi de précédentes supprimées. Le Roi rembourse les charges.

3. Il ne sera plus reçu de Conseillers avant l'âge de 27 ans, et n'auront voix délibérative qu'après dix ans d'exercices, et par la même Déclaration l'on taxe



toutes les charges du Parlement pour la Finance, celle de Président font 50,000 francs, celle de Conseillers 9000 francs, ceux compris dans la suppression jouiront des honneurs comme anciens Conseillers de Parlement.

*December 17th.*—I started for Rouen, where I arrived about midday the next morning. It is a badly-built town with some good houses. The cathedral is a splendid building, in the tower of which is the biggest bell in the whole of France. It weighs 36,000 pounds, and is 10 feet in diameter. The Exchange is a new and well-arranged building. Ships of a hundred tons and more cannot get to Rouen, but remain at Havre le Grâce. Rouen is one of the most flourishing commercial towns in France. It trades in wool, wax, lead, &c., and exports to the West Indies its manufactured goods, and glass to a very considerable extent. The road from Paris to Rouen is a very agreeable one along the banks of the Seine.

*December 19th.*—Lunched with Monsieur Lesurier in company of Monsieur Lamotte. In the evening I dined with Madame la veuve Febore and son, and afterwards went to a concert at the Bourse.

*December 21st.*—Returned to Paris.

*December 24th.*—At midnight we went to the Church of Notre-Dame to hear the celebrated midnight Mass, which is renowned for excellent music. However we were disappointed in this, and the misuse of the church services was very evident, the

place being that night crowded with rowdy and loose characters.

*January 1st, 1757.*—I went early in the morning with Herr Broen to Versailles to see the Festival of the Knights of the Order of St. Esprit, and also to witness the offering of New Year's wishes to the King, which he is in the habit of receiving on this day. We went straight to the Court, where we witnessed the grand levée of the King, during which some hautboyists played, not particularly well. After this, the foreign and other Ministers offered their compliments and good wishes, chiefly consisting of low bows. At eleven o'clock the King went to the chapel in the uniform of the Order of the Knights of St. Esprit, which consisted of a coat covered with gold and precious stones, large trousers cut in Spanish fashion, and a voluminous wig. The Dauphin, Prince de Condé, the Duke of Orleans, the Conte de Clermont, and all the knights of this order, dressed in the same uniform, marched two and two in front. The Queen, who had received from the Princesses the greeting of a New Year's kiss, followed in company of the Dauphine into the chapel. The Mass was a very solemn one, and the music wonderfully beautiful. At the close the King withdrew into his own room with the knights. The Princesses and ladies of the Court paid their New Year's compliments to the King by deep curtseys. The Queen and Madame la Dauphine also received the same tribute, and after that the Queen retired into

her own room to dine alone with very little ceremony.

Towards evening I saw the Queen and Princesses with some gentlemen playing "Faro." In the evening there was a grand banquet, the table in the form of a horseshoe, on the right the Dauphin and two Princes, on the left the Dauphine and two younger Princesses. No one else was admitted to the King's table. During the banquet there was a grand concert by the royal musicians. There was nothing grand on the table or in the room where the banquet was held. The King was dressed in black velvet, with a magnificent star of precious stones on his breast; the Dauphin had a similar one, but wore coloured clothes. The Queen wore splendid jewels, and the Dauphine and Princesses wore rich dresses, covered with brilliants, that filled one with amazement.

The country round Paris is very agreeable, and the number of royal and princely country houses adds a great charm to it. Of these much the finest is Versailles, in which the King usually resides, and the road between this and Paris is beautifully kept. The Palace there is a building which, on account of its splendour, and the wonderful wealth of furniture and pictures, has been considered the eighth wonder of the world. In former times this may have been a true description of it, but at the present day it seems a little too bold a statement, in spite of the many treasures it contains, though the building itself



is enough to perpetuate the memory of Louis XIV. The King's audience chamber and other rooms are adorned with splendid furniture, priceless tapestry, and beautiful pictures, and one sees artistic clocks with curious astronomical movements. On the lower floor, which is built in semicircular form, are pictures representing the greatest feats of Louis XIV, also antique marble statues and busts of heathen gods, statues of celebrated men, while the whole of one wall is covered with mirrors, altogether giving an effect which is difficult to describe. The garden at Versailles, with its fountains, shrubberies, paths in endless variety, would require a visit of several days to see it properly. The fountains alone, of which there are over one hundred, are arranged with such taste and ingenuity, that one is lost in amazement. The Fables of Æsop are represented by different fountains in a covered avenue of trees, and are marvellous. The menagerie is on the other side of the garden, and contains lions, tigers, wolves, white deer, foreign goats, and animals of all kinds, as well as a collection of beautiful foreign birds, which are excellently kept:

Trianon lies on the right side of the garden, and was planned by the celebrated French architect Mausart. It is small, but in exquisite taste. A few of the rooms are furnished, but there is nothing very costly here except some pictures. The rooms in the pavilion on the right side are furnished, and it is said that only the King and the Marquise de Pompa-



dour hold the keys. King Stanislaus of Poland (the Queen's father) is in the habit of staying at Trianon when visiting the French Court.

The Castle of Marly is pleasantly situated, not very large, but prettily built. The big salon is a fine one, and contains pictures representing the sieges of towns in Brabant and Flanders. In the garden are four pavilions, which are sometimes occupied by the King and the Princes of the blood. The garden has beautiful fountains and a number of ancient and modern sculptures, amongst which one sees the admirable horses of Couston.

The waterworks at Marly are a most astonishing creation: they bring water from an arm of the Seine, and force it up to a perpendicular height of four hundred feet. This is worked by many wheels driven by the water of the Seine, and at the top is an aqueduct leading to the big reservoir at Marly. This great work is said to have cost unheard-of sums, which is not surprising when one sees such a daring conception carried out so skilfully. The Chevalier de Ville was the inventor of this construction.

St. Cloud lies between Versailles and Paris, and belongs to the Duke of Orleans. It stands very high, with the Seine flowing below, and is said to be the pleasantest of all the royal palaces. Between St. Cloud and Paris is Bellevue, pleasantly situated on a small hill, which belongs to the Marquise de Pompadour.

St. Germain is a castle overlooking the Seine.

The King only visits it occasionally for the wild-boar hunting, and only a few rooms are furnished. King James II of England lived here after his banishment from that country, and died here. There are still some English people living in the castle.

Fontainebleau is a very extensive palace. The King spends some time here in the autumn amusing himself with hunting.

Choisy-le-Roi lies between Paris and Fontainebleau, and has a castle erected by the present King, containing some beautiful rooms. In one of these is a dining-table for twelve persons, where the King generally dines. This table is covered with dishes in the basement, and is then raised by a mechanical contrivance into the dining-room. After the course is served the table again descends, and rises again fully served.

Chantilly is a country seat belonging to the Prince de Condé; it is a three-cornered building on an island. At the entrance is a bronze statue of the Connétable de Montmorency. The architecture of the building, the riding school and the stables, are very much to be admired. The stable is ninety-six roods long and nine wide, and can accommodate two hundred and forty horses. In the centre stands a beautiful fountain; such a stable as this is quite unique. The Prince de Condé owns a porcelain manufactory, where beautiful works of art are produced.

St. Denis is famous for its cathedral, where the Kings of France are buried. The interior is very

dark, as the glass windows are thick, besides being stained. The last King buried there always has his tomb draped with black cloth, with lamps burning, and Mass is said for him every day. The tombs are very numerous, but those of the older kings and princes are not striking. The treasure belonging to the cathedral is said to be the most valuable in Christendom, with the exception of the Loretto and St. Mark's in Venice. The relics are all kept locked up in chests of gold and silver, and amongst those shown us are the following :—

(As all these treasures were scattered to the winds during the Revolution and can no longer be seen, I will enumerate them in their order.)

Two crosses made out of the original Cross of Christ, which are ornamented with gold and precious stones.

A nail out of the Cross.

A piece of the pitcher from Canaan.

A bone of St. Simeon's arm.

A piece of the Saviour's winding-sheet.

A piece of faggot on which St. Lawrence was burnt.

A finger of St. Bartholomew.

A small cross made out of the true Cross.

The bones of St. Dionysius.

Relics of the Prophet Elisha.

The New Testament on parchment, 900 years old.

The jaw-bone of St. Louis, the king.

A chalice of oriental agate.



The bones of St. Benedict.

A bone of the Martyr St. Hippolitus.

The skeleton of the Martyr Placide.

Some hair of St. Margaret.

A small piece of the jaw-bone of St. John the Baptist.

The arm of the Apostle St. Thomas.

A thorn of Christ's crown.

A vase of oriental agate, so old that it is said to have been made for the Egyptian King Ptolemy Philadelpho, to celebrate the feast of the Bacchi. They tell one that this one treasure is more valuable than the whole of the rest of the Treasury put together.

One sees besides all these things the crowns of Louis XIII and XIV, and other things, some of which are very costly.

On January 5th the present King, Louis XV, had arranged to drive to Trianon, where he intended to sup, but as he was entering his carriage a man called François Damiens stabbed him in the left side with a dagger; fortunately the wound was not fatal. This terrible crime was known all over Paris the same evening, and caused immense excitement. In the Comédie Française the curtain was lowered, and all public amusements were put a stop to until this monarch was pronounced out of danger. The man Damiens was quartered alive on March 28th, and his body was burnt. We had intended to start on our journey on the 6th, but on account of this tragedy



all post-horses were required for the couriers carrying the news, and we had to postpone our travels to the following day, when we made a start in an Italian postchaise, which we bought in Paris for five hundred francs.

*January 7th.*—We left Paris and travelled to Orleans. This is one of the largest and most beautiful towns in the kingdom of France. The cathedral is a magnificent Gothic building, the exterior admirable, but the interior not at all remarkable. The sugar refineries here are the best in France ; besides these were manufactories of woollen and caps, and stockings made from the wool grown in the neighbourhood. It is said that the purest French is spoken in the country about Orleans. We dined with Monsieur Petineau, a prosperous merchant, and a very agreeable man.

*January 11th.*—We travelled on to Blois, a town pleasantly situated on the Loire, but the streets are dark and dirty, and the houses shabby. The former kings of France often resided here, and though their castle is still here, it is very much neglected. The rooms are unfurnished, and some of the windows bricked up. The prison where the Duke and Cardinal de Guise murdered many Huguenots and then burnt them is still shown ; also a hole leading to a covered-in well where they had a number of people of rank and quality thrown in, who disappeared altogether. We travelled on to Tours, a fine town, which in the time of the Protestants had much larger manufac-

tories than at present, and had double the number of inhabitants. Great quantities of silk used to be made here, and there are still a few manufactories left; the King has recently started one for weaving damasks and velvets. We drove afterwards to Pile St. Mark, which has a small but lofty tower, built in the days of the Romans, of extraordinary hard stone, so that they say even a cannon ball would rebound from it. In this neighbourhood the road passes solid rocks, in which thousands of people live. They have made holes in the rocks, which they use as their houses. These places gave me the impression of a large rabbit warren. These poor people support themselves by working in the vineyards. We went on to Saumur, which in the time of the Huguenots had double the population that it has now, with a large school and church of their own. There are still a few manufactories of silk goods.

Then on to Angers, where there is a large school of modern art. The instruction is excellent, and in times of peace a great many English come to Angers. A good deal of wine is grown in this neighbourhood.

From there we travelled to Nantes, a prosperous commercial town in Brittany. In the so-called Fausse, which is a suburb of the town, most of the merchants live in very fine houses. The town of Nantes is very populous and well kept. The Pierre Nantois is one of the curiosities of the town. It is a large hanging stone, on which, for a few sous, little boys will jump and cut capers.

On the 17th we dined with Monsieur Gullman.

On the 23rd we drove out to the country house of Monsieur Grève, where we dined in company of his two grandfathers, and in the evening went to a private ball, where people amused themselves with dancing, it being carnival time.

It had been our intention to go from Nantes to La Rochelle, but as the road is said to be the worst in France, we thought that in this miserable weather it would be impracticable. We were told that part of it was four or five feet deep in water, so we returned to Tours to take the regular post road to Bordeaux. The roads were shockingly bad; in some places the Loire had overflowed its banks, so that we had to make detours.

*January 31st.*—We arrived at Poitiers, a large town, but not thickly populated. Amongst its antiquities are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre. This town suffered a good deal during the civil wars of France. (From Poitiers they travelled to Bordeaux, arriving there on February 4th.)

Bordeaux is one of the largest, richest, and most beautiful towns in France. The old town is badly built, and has narrow, dark streets, but the suburbs are splendid. The Rue Chartron, by the side of the Garonne, where sometimes many hundreds of ships are seen, is one of the most magnificent streets to be found anywhere. The merchants have beautiful houses and offices there, and on the farther side of the river one sees beautiful country houses and vine-



yards. The Bourse is certainly the best in France, but the town-hall is nothing very remarkable, nor are the cathedral and churches noteworthy. The Carthusian monks have erected close to the town a very extensive and beautiful monastery, the church of which has a splendid marble altar ; one is struck too by four beautiful columns of Egyptian marble with natural veins of gold. The Palais Gallien is one of the antiquities of Bordeaux. It was erected by the Emperor Gallien long before the birth of Christ.

*March 13th.*—We went with Monsieur Harmensen to dine at his country house at Graves in company of two young Swedish Barons de Hildebrand.

*March 20th.*—We went with Monsieur Babut to Libourne, a pretty little town on the Dordonne, where the wine from the surrounding country is brought in small boats, and transhipped there to the big sea boats which come up the river as far as Libourne.

*March 21st.*—We dined with the Marquis de Robard at Libourne, and he drove us back to Bordeaux in a chaise.

*April 4th.*—We started on our journey to La Rochelle with Monsieur Lastrop. At Blaye we unfortunately could get no post-horses, so we had to stay there two nights, where we were not at all comfortable. I paid a visit to Monsieur Binaud, and he took me in the afternoon to see the citadel, with lofty stone walls all round it. Opposite the citadel is a small island in the middle of the Garonne, on



which Louis XIV had a tower erected, and on the far side of the river is another fortress, so that these three fortifications can absolutely prevent a foreign fleet from entering the river.

*April 5th.*—We managed to get horses, and drove on to Pons, where we dined with Monsieur Basset. Pons is a poor little town, but made agreeable by the kindness of our host. After dinner we drove on to Xaintogne, where there are an incredible number of Calvinists, who hold their meetings out of doors, which are attended by thousands. They also hold meetings in their private houses. A few years ago they began to rebuild their ruined churches, which the furious priests had nearly levelled to the ground. The King, however, forbade any preaching in them. Even now the preachers run great risks, as, if they are caught officiating at outdoor services, they run the risk of being put to death.

*April 7th.*—We arrived at Rochefort, a small but pretty town, and the country around very attractive. We paid a visit to Monsieur Lanolet, who took us to the “Hôpital des Malades,” which is very nicely kept, and where the invalids looked clean and well nursed.

It was impossible to get permission to visit the harbour; for no stranger, and even few of the inhabitants, except those belonging to the harbour, are ever admitted.

*April 8th.*—We drove to La Rochelle along the seashore, passing eight men-of-war and four armed

frigates, which we were told were awaiting orders to push on to Brest. The town of La Rochelle is well built; the Place du Château makes a first-rate promenade; they have begun to build a grand new cathedral on the same spot where the Protestants formerly had their church. The place is full of Protestants, who in the last century were left to themselves, but after the thirteen months' siege were terribly persecuted. They surrendered what was considered the most important fortress of the Huguenots after great suffering. Not far from the town one can see the remains of the famous chain which was placed during the siege right across the basin formed by the sea at La Rochelle, and which effectually prevented the inhabitants from getting any more succour from the English, and forced them to surrender to save themselves from starvation.

*April 15th.*—We rode back to Rochefort, and tried to see the arsenal and the rest of the harbour, but, since the explosion of two magazines, entrance to the harbour has been forbidden to every stranger, and even to the French themselves, unless they have business there. The authorities kept rigidly to this, in spite of the efforts of Monsieur Lanolet and the Commandant, who did their best to help us to satisfy our curiosity. The captain of a ship bound for Quebec, whose acquaintance we had made in Bordeaux, kindly took us on his ship without our being observed, and he took us round the harbour, where, at all events, we could see the exterior of the buildings

used for the equipment of ships. A warship, the *Florisant*, with seventy-four cannon, was in the port. Another, of sixty cannon, was laid up in the dockyard, which is a very large one, even larger than that of Portsmouth. The harbour itself is narrow and inconsiderable, but very deep, so much so, that a ship carrying a hundred cannon can easily enter.

*April 16th.*—We rode through Charente to St. Jean d'Angély, a small town, where a trade in brandy is carried on. The Benedictines have begun to build a fine church, but for lack of means have only made the front with two spires, which looks very curious. In the neighbourhood are two powder mills, said to produce the best powder in the kingdom. We stayed with M. Drahonet. His family and Monsieur and Madame de Noble made our time pass very pleasantly. He drove us one day to the Benedictines, who treated us to an excellent collation, and we afterwards visited the Nuns' Convent, where a pleasant demoiselle sang to us, which gave us great pleasure.

*April 21st.*—We rode to Cognac, a large town, where they make the best brandy in France. Every Saturday morning there is a public market held in the town, which is frequented by all the buyers and sellers of brandy in the neighbourhood. The castle is rather dilapidated, and is now used as a prison for many English prisoners. And so back to Bordeaux.

*May 11th.*—We dined with Jean and Jacques de



Meyore at a beautiful place near Graves, close to the Château Hautbrion, where the wines made are some of the choicest in France.

*May 16th.*—We travelled to Bayonne, which, considering the number of its inhabitants, is small : they reckon them to be sixteen or eighteen thousand just now, but in times of peace they would probably be quite a thousand less. This is on account of the arming of the corsairs, of which some forty have been built. They have already covered their expenses by the taking of English prizes. Bayonne is very well suited for this, as the Adour falls into the sea at the mouth of the famous Barre. The castle, which commands the river as well as the town, lies very high. A large suburb, St. Esprit, contains a great many Jews, who, if they wish to enter the town in the evenings, are only allowed to pass in certain streets.

*May 20th.*—We hired horses and rode to St. Jean de Luz, guiding ourselves by finger-posts. We dined there and passed on to Orroque, not far from which one crosses a small stream which divides France from Spain. From here one can see a portion of the famous Île de la Conférence, where, in the last century, stood a castle, in which Louis XIV, after a war of twenty-five years with Spain, signed the peace, one of the conditions of which was that the Infante of Spain was to marry a French princess, and that the castle should be destroyed. After crossing the stream one passes a hill, in Spain, on which are the



remains of another castle, which the king had to destroy on conclusion of the peace. (The travellers continued their journey into Spain to St. Sebastian, where they pay a visit to the commandant-general of the province, Don Luis de Guendica y Mendieta. "This gentleman spoke French, and introduced me to some of the best families in the town and to many officers. He was most polite, and drove us to the castle, where we saw everything of interest, and dined in the company of the secretaries and several officers, and were most courteously entertained; not only that, but he offered to have the town gates opened for us at any hour, as we were planning to leave early next morning. We greatly enjoyed the unexpected hospitality of this Spanish gentleman."

May 26th finds our travellers at Orthey, "where there are 12,000 inhabitants, three-quarters of whom are Protestants, as well as the greater part of the country people." Then on through Pau, Tarbes, to Bagnères, "where there are warm baths, much frequented in spring and summer. At that time there are as many as 10,000 persons there, and of course many amusements are provided for them, though one finds no such splendid buildings as in Bath, in England." Then on to Toulouse, "a large town, thinly populated, not at all commercial. Many noble families live there, and it has a Parliament and Archbishop of its own. The Church of the Cordelière has a subterranean vault, in which seventy dead bodies are on view: they are quite dried up,

which they attribute to the air of the vault; but I think the Bremen Bleikeller is more wonderful still in this respect. The 'Salle des Spectacles' is very fine in Toulouse, and even excels the one in Paris."

Then on to Carcassonne, populous on account of the varnish manufactories. The Languedoc Canal is greatly admired, bringing commerce inland.

Then to Narbonne, Cette, Montpellier, where he notices the women are very good-looking, and all the people very polite. "A great number of the people there are Protestants, and a still greater number in the country, but they dare not practise their religion.")

*June 11th.*—Arrive at Nîmes, famous for its remarkable antiquities. Learned men are agreed that this was a considerable place in the time of the Romans; it is only a third part as big as it was then, as is proved by the ancient walls, that can be traced everywhere. The splendid amphitheatre fills one with admiration for the ancients. It is built in the form of an oval. The exterior has beautiful pillars, erected in two stories. In the interior one stands in amazement at the size and hardness of the stones used, laid with extraordinary accuracy without mortar. It is not known for certain under which emperor it was built, though probably under Adrian. The seats of the spectators, numbering 30,000, are still mostly untouched, and are arranged in such a manner that each person could see comfortably the cruel sports which were carried on in the arena. After the amphitheatre we went to see the Maison

Carrée, a splendid building, still almost perfect. The learned men are not certain for what purpose it was built, but all agree that it was erected by the Emperor Adrian in honour of Plotina. There were no statues or any ornaments found in this house, from which it is supposed it was intended for the singing of hymns in honour of Plotina. Adrian is known to have thought it impossible to represent the deities. Architects admire specially the extraordinary accuracy with which each stone is placed, which makes the building a unique testimony to the skill of former ages. In modern times it has sometimes been used as a town-hall. Louis XIV wished to turn it into a church, and the Augustine monks occasionally hold their services in it at the present day.

(I think it wisest to curtail a great deal in the diary of the information on antiquarian subjects. In the first place, so many people nowadays know the places mentioned, and the old Roman remains are now just as they were 150 years ago, only much more is known about them. Probably also the information supplied to a casual traveller in 1757 is not as trustworthy as that which can now be obtained after many years of quiet research. To me the interesting part of these travels in the South of France is the fact that so many of the inhabitants were Protestants, who were kept in constant restraint, and unable to hold the services of their church. One appreciates the struggle that must have been going on there for years after the Reformation



had spread over the adjoining countries of Germany and England, but had always in France been kept down by the rigid Catholic rule of Crown and Church. The dying embers of the Inquisition were still ready to flare up at the slightest provocation. When freedom did come at last, with the Revolution, it was more than the downtrodden people could assimilate : it was like a mighty feast after a long fast : it shattered their faith to pieces, and left them as demoralised as it did their enemies of the orthodox religion. The second diary of 1798 shows how completely the struggle for anything good had been given up.)

The town of Nîmes has from time immemorial borne the coat of arms of a crocodile bound fast to a palm-tree. It is affirmed that this is on account of the Roman colony in Nîmes having contributed greatly to having brought Egypt within the dominion of Rome.

*June 12th.*—We dined with Messieurs Lagnier and Lazorel, two Protestant gentlemen. More than half the inhabitants of Nîmes are Protestants, and in the surrounding villages and towns there are hardly any Catholics ; indeed in some it is said that there is only the curé who is of that faith. The Protestants have their own preachers, and as Sabbath meetings and public services are strictly forbidden under very severe penalties, which are often rigorously carried out, they have to hold their services in the waste places and woods near the town, and even here they



are disturbed by detachments of armed soldiers. Those who fall into the hands of these soldiers are sent to the galleys for life, quite regardless of who they might be, and their lands and possessions are confiscated. Women of all ages are imprisoned in the fortresses, and children are placed in the monasteries and convents. If, however, a preacher is caught, he is hanged at once without appeal. Since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes forty-three Protestant preachers have met with this sad fate, to which, however, they went with sublime courage. It happened to be a Sunday, and we had a great desire to witness one of these services, and applied to the above-named gentlemen, who gave us some directions as to where to find the spot where the service was to be held. It was early in the morning, and as a detachment of seventy soldiers had been sent to disperse the meeting of the previous Sunday, another spot on the far side of the town had been decided upon, with a bypath leading to it. We made up our minds to walk on foot to it, and followed our guide, who walked in front. Presently we arrived at the assemblage, which consisted of about 2000 persons. Sometimes these Sunday meetings are attended by as many as 15,000 people; indeed they tell us that once 27,000 were counted. The fear of the soldiers, and also the fact that in a neighbouring village there was another meeting being held, was the reason that there were not so many present that day. All the way from the town to the place of meeting there

were hidden watchers placed, so that, in case there was any chance of the enemy, they could give notice quickly to the meeting, which could instantly disperse. It was held amongst bushes, in a spot well concealed; there was no pulpit, but two stakes, with a black cloth wound round them, took its place. We were introduced to the preacher, Monsieur Paul Rabout, a man whose appearance gave one the impression of real piety. He was surrounded by several members of his community, who showed their love for him by the tenderness of their care. He received us with the utmost kindness, and took us to the best place for hearing the service. They began by singing a psalm out of the French Reformation book, in which all joined; then they knelt down for a prayer with much reverence; after this Monsieur Rabout preached a very simple and touching sermon. The service lasted for an hour and a quarter, and afterwards Monsieur Rabout administered the Holy Sacrament to not a few of his congregation. Those who do not believe that a persecuted and crushed religion produces the most zealous and keen adherents should visit this neighbourhood. We then had a pathetic farewell with Monsieur Rabout; and Monsieur Bousquet having kindly lent us horses, we rode back to Nîmes. Here these same friends were so courteous as to show us the sights of the town, and then took us for a drive on the public promenade.

*June 13th.*—We left Nîmes and drove by the Pont du Gard, which is one of the Roman remains

that is still in almost perfect condition. It is, so to speak, three bridges built one over the other; the lowest of them has six arches over the river, the second bridge has eleven arches, and the third has thirty-six arches. The top of this bridge serves as an aqueduct, which carries water to the town of Nîmes. We continued our journey to Avignon, and then on to Marseilles, where we took rooms in a *chambre garnie* kept by Mademoiselle Lombard. We paid here for three rooms 15 livres a week, and arranged with a neighbouring *traiteur* to supply us with food. We found this place very clean and comfortable, which is not the case with the hotels. Marseilles is a large and flourishing commercial town, divided into the old and the new town; the first of these with narrow streets and small houses, the latter with fine and splendid buildings. The street that runs from the Porte d'Aix to the Porte du Rome is as fine a street as one could find anywhere, in the middle of which is a large square, frequented from morning to evening by a number of people strolling about and conversing. The harbour is very large and beautiful, guarded at the entrance by fortifications and citadels. The town-hall is very massive; the lower part serves as a meeting place for the merchants, or an exchange, and is called "La Loge."

The trade with the Levant and the coast of Barbary is a very important one, and large fortunes are made through it. They export varnish, indigo, and spices, and import wool, wax, and groceries.



The trade to the north is also important, as well as that with Italy. Formerly the king's galleys were kept here, but are now moved to Toulon. One can still see the rope-makers' shops, the magazines, and the docks which were used for these. Not far from the harbour is a small island for the citadel, where all ships coming from the Levant have to pass through quarantine.

*June 20th.*—We drove to Toulon and went to see the commandant, who inspected our passports.

*June 21st.*—We drove to Hyères, a small place in Provence, where the soil is extremely fruitful, and the land between it and the sea all laid out in gardens. One sees pomegranates, citrons, China apples growing everywhere, which, with their blossom and fruit, make a very pleasant and attractive sight. The king himself has a garden here, but it has nothing very royal in its appearance. By the roadside one sees mulberry-trees, olives, almonds, and fig-trees growing wild; and the charm of the country attracts a good many people from the north, who come to satisfy their curiosity. We then returned to Toulon.

Toulon is rather a large, well-built town, with about 30,000 inhabitants, though in time of war the number is far greater, and the life and movement infinitely greater. But what makes Toulon famous is the incomparable harbour. This is divided into two parts, the old and the new, in the former of which are all the merchant ships and other boats and dismantled men-of-war, whereas in the newer



parts are the dockyards, the arsenal, the *corderie*, and all that belongs to the building of men-of-war. It is surrounded by a wall, and guarded by soldiers. A stranger, without the acquaintance of one of the residents, is not admitted without special permission. We were fortunate in having Monsieur Cavasse with us, so we were shown everything. The *corderie* is a splendid, massive building, and the general magazines, where the sails and other articles are made, are excellent, even excelling those in Portsmouth. The academy, the hospital, and other buildings are also well worth seeing, but not so fine as those at Portsmouth. There were three men-of-war in the dockyard, carrying from sixty to sixty-four cannon ; there were also five warships in perfect order, ready to sail at any moment : they were under the command of Monsieur de la Clue, and carried from sixty to seventy-four cannon. The harbour is surrounded by high hills and rocks, so that the ships can lie there in perfect safety—all this an arrangement made by Nature. The entrance from the sea is not wide ; and placed on the hills and rocks are many fortifications and batteries, which could effectually prevent the attacks of an enemy. In the old harbour of Toulon are the king's galleys, brought from Marseilles five years ago. They now serve as the abode and sleeping place of the galley-slaves, the number of whom is said to amount to 15,000, consisting of all nationalities, the greater number of them thieves and rogues. They are chained together with heavy chains, gener-

ally three together. . . . But amongst them are many Protestants, whose only crime was attending their church services, for which they have to endure this horrible fate. We visited in the hospital a venerable old man, to whom Monsieur Perie of Montpellier had asked us to give a message of greeting: it was very sad to see him. He was of noble family, but a Protestant, and because he was caught attending a service, was condemned to slavery, his property confiscated, his only child sent to a convent, and his wife imprisoned for life.

*June 22nd.*—We went in company with Monsieur Cavasse and an officer of the Marines to see five warships which were lying in the roadstead. We went on board the *Lion* and were received by the officers in a most friendly fashion, and, after seeing everything, returned in our boat and supped with Monsieur Cavasse.

*June 30th.*—We went to Aix, the principal town in Provence, which lies in a valley surrounded by hills which are covered with olive-trees, the fruit of which is considered the best in France. There are warm baths here; and it is as well built a little town as any in France. It has no trade, but the town has its own Parliament, and many noblemen reside here.

*July 1st.*—We travelled to Avignon, a well-known town belonging to the Pope; it is fairly well built, but not populous. There is no lack of churches and monasteries here, and the Pope has a Vice-lega-

living at the Palace. They still have the Inquisition at work here, but not as rigorously as in former times. The Palace is an ancient and spacious building, in which seven Popes have resided ; the rooms are not very luxurious ; the Vice-legate lives there now, and he has his own Swiss Guard. The finest of all the many churches in Avignon is that of the Penitents of the Misericorde, which contains a marvelously carved ivory Crucifix, said to be the finest in Christendom with the exception of the one which the Pope has at Rome. The bridge over the Rhone is falling to pieces and can no longer be used. It must have been a curious erection, and is said to have been built by a shoemaker. The Jews have a synagogue in the town and their own curiously-constructed houses, and enjoy here some privileges. Protestants, however, are not allowed to acknowledge their religion, though there are many who practise it in secret.

*July 3rd.*—We hired a pair of mules, and drove them in our chaise to Châteauneuf and then on to Orange. This town belonged formerly to the Princes of Orange, who owned the land ; and one still sees on the hill above the town an old castle which was fortified by Moritz, Prince of Orange, which Louis XIV had dismantled. This little property has now been given to the House of Conti. There are many interesting antiquities to be seen in the neighbourhood, amongst others a triumphal arch erected by the Emperor Caius Marius on the occa-



sion of his winning a great battle over the Teutons and the Cimbri. There are also the remains of an amphitheatre and an aqueduct, and in some of the old houses there is some mosaic work still preserved. (From here they drove on through Valence and Vienne to Lyons.)

This is one of the principal towns on account of its size, population, buildings, and commerce. It is said to contain 200,000 inhabitants, of which some 80,000 are employed in the silk manufactories. These silk materials, velvets, and brocades form the principal part of the trade, and everyone must know how large this is. One can but marvel at the beauty of these works, and at the astounding invention of the designers, who bring out new patterns every year. The town-hall of Lyons is very fine, though the interior is not attractive. It contains an old heathen altar, with a bull's head carved on it, which was dug up not far from Lyons. The "Charité," in which a number of orphans are cared for and taught different trades, is an interesting sight, as also is the monastery and library of the Jesuits. The Cathedral of St. Jean contains a wonderful clock, made by the same man who made the one at Strasburg, and which has all sorts of different astronomical movements. We had intended to pursue our journey to Geneva on July 11th, but as the posts from Lyons are not frequent, we were advised to do what is generally done here, hire a driver and horses from the messagerie, and pay 80 louis for the journey,



which takes three days. We found out afterwards that if we had ridden on horseback, and had taken tickets which provide fresh horses on the road, we could have made the journey in one day, and saved ourselves a good deal of expense.

*July 16th.*—Arrived at Geneva, where we found good rooms at “Au Trois Rois.” These last journeys were very trying and disagreeable. One passes several hours through Savoy, and we climbed an extraordinarily steep and high hill called the Credo, engaging oxen at the foot of it to pull our carriage up; the road is full of flints, which make it most difficult to get on.

Geneva, the capital of the Swiss Republic, is not a large town, but well populated and handsomely built. There is a great trade carried on, and some of the residents are extremely rich. It is well fortified on the Savoy side, and the town garrison consists of some 800 men. The council consists of 250 persons, the inhabitants about 30,000, of which over 4000 are employed in the watchmaking business: no wonder, when one learns over 30,000 watches are exported every year from Geneva. There is a celebrated university in Geneva; the library is much frequented by students. We wished to visit this last, but as the Herr “Bibliothecarius” Pictel did not keep his word, we could not get in.

*July 21st.*—We hired a chaise for twenty days for 7 louis neuf, and, passing through Versoy, had to pay a small fine to avoid the searching of our

boxes, the place being French. We passed through Coppet and drove to St. Pret, where we dined with Monsieur Buxtdorf, and visited Monsieur and Madame Bruyère in their pleasant country seat, then on to Lausanne.

Lausanne is a fair-sized town with very steep streets. It has a university, very much frequented by foreigners, a good many of them being English.

*July 23rd.*—I hired a horse and rode to Vevey. This is a pretty little town lying on the lake of Geneva. I paid a visit to Monsieur Paul Ausset and was very politely received. The Pays de Vaud is one of the pleasantest countries one can imagine; in fact the whole road from Geneva to Lausanne is a sort of paradise, with the lake and the Savoy mountains opposite. One drives through pretty villages, fruitful meadows, small woods, and nothing could be more beautiful and agreeable.

*July 24th.*—We travelled through the Canton Freiburg to Murten, a little town famous on account of a great battle fought there in 1476, when the Swiss conquered Karl of Burgundy. One sees near the battlefield a small house, which is full of human bones, some of them of extraordinary size.

*July 26th.*—Berne, though not large, is a very beautiful town. It is the residence of all the best families in this canton, and is consequently full of life and society. It has hardly any trade. The arsenal is well arranged, and contains costly artillery and weapons, sufficient to supply a considerable

army. Indeed, the canton of Berne can send out an army of 100,000 men without interfering much with those employed in agriculture. In the arsenal are shown many costly weapons taken from the Duke of Burgundy in 1476, and in the library are the silk rugs which were captured in his tent. The Prince Bertoldus, who built the town, is said to have decided that he would name it after the first animal that he should kill out hunting, and this was a bear, so it was named Berne, and in memory of this they built a large bear-pit, which contains six fine bears. They seem quite happy, and every year increase in number.

For those who love natural curiosities a journey to the ice-mountains, or glaciers as they are called, is very interesting. The desire to see these wonders was so great that I made up my mind to undertake the trip, the more so as it is said to be just the right time of year for it. So we hired a chaise and started. We drove to Thun, and then on to Unterseen. The road there is only a footpath running by the lake of Thun, so overgrown with bushes that it was most fatiguing to get along at all. We rode the two horses of our chaise, and our driver, on a third, accompanied us.

*July 28th.*—Early in the morning we drove to Widelswiter, and then on to Grindelwald. The road there was only a path one can use for walking; it rises higher and higher, and the more one mounts up, the lighter and colder becomes the air, though fruitful and well-inhabited villages lie in the valleys



which are found amongst these mountains. The village of Grindelwald is big, and from here one has to walk for a good hour before one gets to the glacier. We took a boy with us to show us the path, but it took us some time before we reached the real ice. From a distance it looks as if there were only small streaks of it, but when one is on it, one is fairly amazed at the size. On each side are two enormous high mountains, the Mettenburg and the Eiger ; they are both rocky and quite bare at the summit. Both have been ascended, and in some parts the vegetation does not cease where the ice begins. We walked right on to the ice in order to realise fully this wonderful spectacle. The ice consists of huge blocks which have fallen down from the tops of the mountains, so that they are piled one on the other and look almost like towers. Some of them are 30 or 40 feet high. Here and there these blocks form a kind of arch, with large deep cracks between. If one throws a stone down one of these it makes a fearful noise, as if it fell into the deepest abyss. These blocks of ice are so big and so hard that the heat of the sun never melts them, and they lie there for ever. They say that in damp weather sometimes a tremendous crack is heard. When the sun shines on these blocks they have a colour like a blue sapphire, which is delightful to see. We went as far up the mountain as was at all safe to get a view of this marvellous sight. (Mr. Daniel was evidently rather nervous.)

Only a few paces from the ice we picked some delicious strawberries, which seemed to us very strange. Some learned men, and also some foolhardy adventurers, have dared to follow the ice to the summit of the mountain, to which they made a path at the risk of their lives, and found at the top nothing but enormous blocks of ice and everything covered with snow. Amongst these, however, they discovered streams of water, so that one may fairly consider in this sea of ice the big rivers have their source which flow down from Switzerland. The eternal winter reigns at the summit of these mountains, and in the hottest weather there is no sign of vegetation. It is quite impossible to scale them except in certain spots, but the hunters who shoot the chamois are very dexterous in this climbing.

After we had seen all these marvels we dined at a small inn, mounted our horses, and rode down to the village of Lauterbrunnen. This village is famous on account of the Stauback, which shoots down over a high rock over a thousand feet in height, falling so swiftly that it is really pure spray when it reaches the bottom. In fine weather, when the sun shines, most glorious rainbows are to be seen mingling in the foam. Herr Pastor Hahn, who lives there, very kindly invited us into his house, entertaining us in a most courteous manner. Towards evening we mounted our horses and rode to Untersee, and returned to Berne in our chaise.

*July 30th.*—Herr Fersen and Herr Advocat Gruner

took us to see a cabinet full of petrified stones. These gentlemen were so polite as to present me with some of them.

*July 31st.*—We left Berne and started on our journey to Baden, which belonged to the Principality of Baden, but since 1712 has been under the dominion of the cantons of Zürich and Berne. Baden is known as the place where the treaty of peace was signed; and is also celebrated for its hot baths. We drove in the afternoon to Zürich, along a very bad road. This is a large town, with many flourishing manufactories of silk, linen, and muslin, which make large fortunes for the residents here. The library contains a splendid collection of books, and a large number of rare manuscripts.

*August 2nd.*—We paid a visit to Herr Schuttes, who took us to see some silk manufactories, and afterwards to dine at his country house lying on the river Limmat.

*August 3rd.*—We drove to Schaffhausen, a pretty town lying in a valley, that has a large forwarding trade of goods being despatched out of the country.

*August 4th.*—We paid a visit to Herr Amman, and afterwards walked to Laufen to see the celebrated falls of the Rhine. This large river falls between lofty and precipitous rocks a height of 80 feet, with such a noise and foam that one is quite deafened by it. The people who live in the neighbourhood declare that on account of the excessive movement the surrounding air is so purified that



there is never a case of infectious illness known there.

*August 6th.*—We drove on to Bâle, a large and handsome town on the Rhine, with only a small number of inhabitants. It has large manufactories of ribbons, calico, and linen, which bring in good revenues. The nobility do not seem to meet with much favour in Bâle. The town-hall contains nothing noteworthy except a fine painting of the “Cross of Christ” by Holbein, who was a native of this town. I was delighted with the artistic work shown by this great master. In one room we were shown a collection of pictures all by Holbein, amongst others a sketch for his “Descent from the Cross,” a real gem. In the cathedral, amongst other epitaphs, there is one to the celebrated Erasmus of Rotterdam. What is very strange in Bâle is that all the clocks are an hour earlier than in any other place. Nobody can tell the reason why, as it is not mentioned in the chronicles of the town. Some people say that once upon a time the town was to be taken by treachery at a certain hour, and that through a miracle the bells all rang out one hour more, which so confused the enemy that they lost their heads. Others tell you, with more probability, that at the time of the “Concilium” the pastors from the surrounding villages could not arrive at the appointed hour, and that therefore the clocks were put on an hour, so that the Pope’s order could not be obeyed at the time mentioned, but all this is uncertain.

*August 9th.*—We went to Hunningen, a fortress which lies on the French bank of the Rhine, erected by the celebrated Maréchal de Bourbon. It lies near enough to Bâle for the cannon to reach it. The fortress is now only served by the militia, the regular soldiers having been ordered off to Germany. We dined with Herr Hagenbach, who took us afterwards to the Chamber of Physical Science, where Herr Dietrich showed us many optical, hydraulic, and electrical machines.

*August 11th.*—We travelled to Strasburg, a large and well-built town lying on an arm of the Rhine which flows into the main river. It is fortified all round with a number of small forts, so that it would require a large army to attack it successfully. The citadel is a splendid building erected by the famous Fauban. The cathedral is wonderfully beautiful, and the spire said to be the highest in Germany. Strasburg has very little trade, the inhabitants being reckoned at 60,000.

*August 21st.*—This is kept as a holiday in French countries on account of the siege of Harsenbeck, fought against allies. They sang a *Te Deum* in the new church, and after that there was some first-rate music in the cathedral, which was attended by the Archbishop of Strasburg, the Prince Constatin de Soubise, and a large body of clergy and nobility. When the music was over the Archbishop gave his blessing, and then dealt out crosses very liberally to the spectators. A few cannon were fired in salute

from the outer walls, and the militia in Strasburg responded with a few salvoes. In the evening there were bonfires in the squares, and every inhabitant was obliged to put a few lights in his window to look as if he was pleased.

*September 1st.*—We went across the Rhine to Kehl. This is a royal fortress belonging to the Margrave of Baden-Baden, and is well known from the fierce attacks it has had from the French; the fortifications now lie in ruins. Then on to Rastadt, the residence of the reigning Margrave of Baden-Baden. In the castle here the famous treaty of peace was signed between the Emperor and the French King. Then on to Carlsruhe. This town was only built forty years ago, but, on account of its tolerance for all religions, it is already very populous. Then on through Durlack to Stuttgart, and from there we drove to Eslingen, which is one of the circle of free towns in Swabia. This is a large place, but badly built, and not populous. The town-hall, however, is a fine building, and the Spital Cellar, in which the Neckar wines are stored, is, on account of its great size, reckoned one of the sights of the town.

Stuttgart, the usual residence of the Duke of Würtemberg, lies in a valley surrounded by hills and covered with vineyards. The Court is not in residence just now, as the Duke has gone with his troops to join the Bohemian army, otherwise it is said to be very brilliant, outshining many of the royal courts. There are two castles, the old and the new one; in



the former the stairs are built without steps, slanting up, so that, if one wished, one could ride to the top. Here is a very fine wine-cellar: the custodian took us into it and gave us a glass of the best old Neckar wine to taste. When we left we were honoured with being presented with the freedom of the cellar. The new castle is hardly finished, only ten or twelve apartments furnished. Everything that can be imagined in the way of magnificence is found in this building, and it is all in such exquisite taste, that when completed it will certainly rank as one of the most perfect castles in Germany.

We drove on to Heilsbronn, one of the free towns. It takes its name from a spring which rises in the market-place, which pours forth an immense quantity of beautiful clear water. The place is occupied by a detachment of troops, and the people much excited on account of the dreaded visit from the French, who are passing not far off.

*September 6th.*—Drove to Heidelberg, where we visited the new Lutheran church; a service was being held, and quite by chance I was fortunate enough to meet two compatriots, Wilhelmi and Nonnen, whom I embraced, and returned to supper with them in their lodgings. The town of Heidelberg has a university, which is patronised by both Catholics and Protestants. One sees here the terrible effect of the French guns, which have practically destroyed the castle. One sees, however, in a building adjoining it a vast arched cellar, in which the

celebrated Heidelberg cask is kept. The one that is there now was only completed in 1752, and can truly be said to be the largest known. It holds 236 measures of wine, and is said to have cost 90,000 francs; they had to use 200 pounds of iron to strengthen it. The Jesuits are building a splendid church in Heidelberg, but on the whole there are more Protestants than Catholics to be found here.

*September 8th.*—We travelled on to Mannheim, and paid visits to Herr Fuchs and von der Velder.

*September 10th.*—We drove to Heppenheim, and from there through Darmstadt to Frankfort. This road is called the Hill road, and is extremely pleasant where it is bordered on both sides with rows of walnut-trees. Frankfort is a large and flourishing town on the river Maine, and contains some 60,000 inhabitants. It is well built, and divided into two parts by the river. It is well situated for commerce, as goods can be despatched down the Rhine or sent up the Maine. There are large manufactures of English wool here. The town had, as everyone knows, the privilege of choosing and crowning the German Emperor. This took place in the town-hall, which is called the “Romer,” and the room in which the ceremony took place is a fine one. In the Government office is kept the famous golden casket which contains the rules of Charles V, which are to be observed at the election of the Emperor, written in Latin in a small book, in a shagreen case inlaid with silver. The Jews in Frankfort have a separate

street in which they are allowed the privilege of holding their religious services freely. In the afternoon we were taken by Monsieur Perret to a club, where one could amuse oneself with conversation and play; there I made many acquaintances. We paid visits to Pastor Busing, Councillor Kamp, and the Demoiselles Mulhausen.

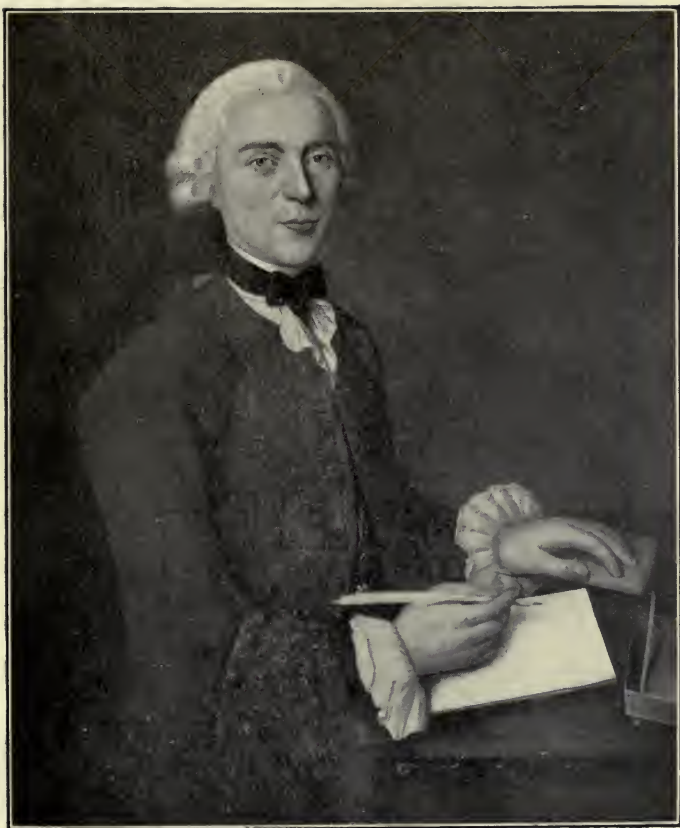
*October 6th.*—We made a trip to Hanan, and paid a visit to Consistorial-Rathin Hanel, and in the evening went to a party at Herr von Neufvilles'.

*October 7th.*—We were invited to a ball in honour of a newly-married couple, young Herr Hassel and Demoiselle Saussuse. It was given in the garden of Herr von Neufvilles. The company consisted mostly of young people, and we much enjoyed ourselves.

*October 9th.*—Left Frankfort with Dr. Behagel for Mayence. (Here follows a long rhapsodical account of the Rhine and its beauties, which were thoroughly appreciated by the young travellers.

From Coblentz they travelled to Obercassel, and there fell into the arms of the Meinertzhagen relations, the von Meinertzhagens of Cologne, who evidently had a country seat at Obercassel. Herr Geheimrath Meinertzhagen, Herr Canonicus, and many others received them in a most affectionate way, and they take up their abode in the house of the Geheimrath (*Privy Councillor*). They go down the celebrated copper-mines, and go to see some of the Elector's castles. In one of these they find the duplicate of the extraordinary table described in one of the King of France's castles,





ISAAC VON MEINERTZHAGEN



that is let up and down by weights to the kitchen, an arrangement that sounds anything but attractive. Imagine a table at an English dinner-party suddenly disappearing, leaving an empty hole surrounded by startled guests with their feet in the air. Then the scents from the kitchen would not be inviting; no wonder the fashion was not continued. The Elector of Cologne seems to have kept up great state and to have lived in most sumptuous buildings. His State carriage, used at the crowning of his brother, the Emperor at Frankfort, is fully described: "built in Paris, lined with red velvet embroidered in the richest way, the outside adorned with gilt figures." They witness a hunting-party of the Elector at Hertzogs Freude. They hunted from nine to six, but to the great disgust of His Highness, never a stag was found. "This was attributed to the neglect of the *piqueurs*, who had failed to put the dogs on the scent." They visit Herr von Gobach and Herr von Eck at Konigswinter, and not far from Pappelsdorf call on Count von Metternich, who, I take it, was the father of the great man of that name, afterwards Prince Metternich, Prime Minister of Austria for many years, and one of Napoleon's most active antagonists. In the second diary of 1799 the son of this Daniel Meinertzhagen, travelling on the same tour, finds himself at Rastadt during the Congress, and being introduced to Prince Metternich, the latter says "he knows the name and family of Meinertzhagen well," which remark rather puzzled



me until I found that the two families were acquainted with each other at Pappelsdorf in 1757.

Then they visit the castle of the Elector at Balkenshist, used principally for falconry. "Ladies are even said to take part in this sport."

At Cologne they are received by Geheimrath Meinertzhagen, and by Madame von Reck, his cousin, and also see the old Edler von Meinertzhagen. They have a fine time in Cologne with Privy Councillors, barons, doctors, and colonels, and thoroughly enjoy themselves. Cologne Cathedral comes in for pages of praise, though the practical young Bremener wonders why it is still left unfinished. Herr Canonicus seems to have had a wonderful cellar of choice wines, as one would expect from a *Canonicus*, and it is fully appreciated by the Meinertzhagens, as one would also expect.

"We left Cologne with much regret, having had great pleasure in making the personal acquaintance of our relatives there."

In Dusseldorf they visit the castle of the Elector Johann Wilhelm, and admire his priceless collection of pictures.

At Duysburg they come in for more relatives, Frau von Carnop and Madame Merrem.

At Dalmen their journey is delayed by the passage of French soldiers, and when they start for Münster the road was so bad through the tramping of the army, that they had great difficulty in getting along. They passed over forty dead horses on the road.

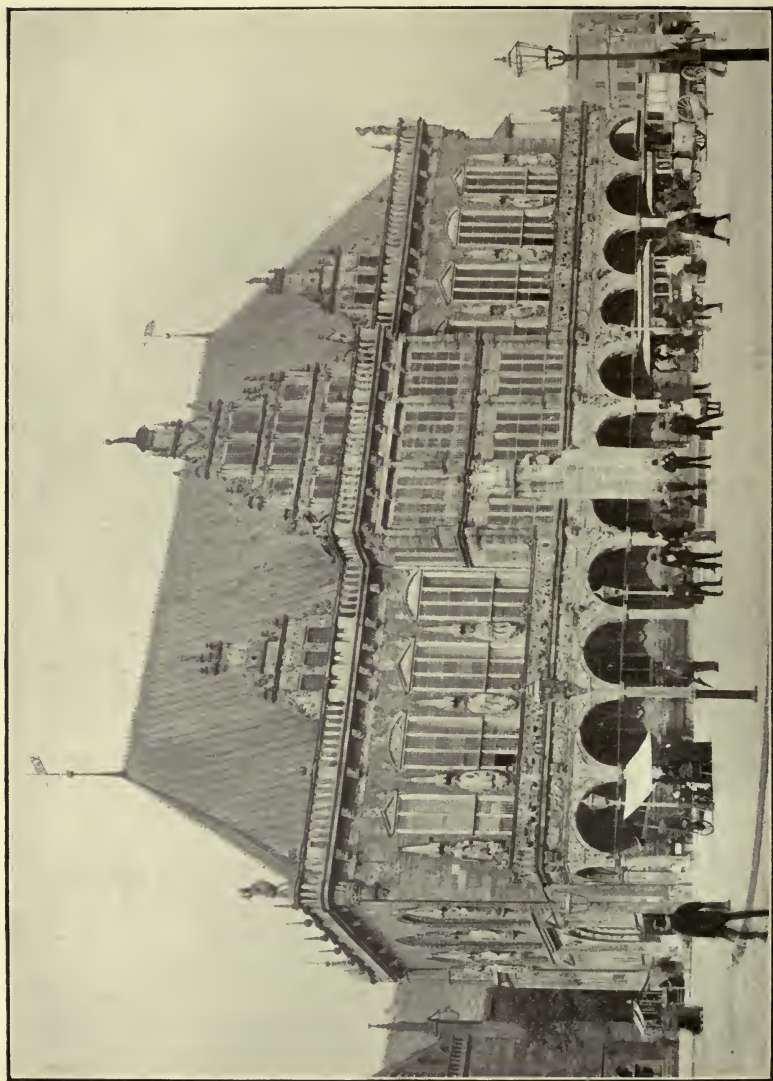


SILVER WEDDING MEDAL OF GERHARD EDLER VON  
MEINERTZHAGEN AND SARA SCHLUITER, 1693









THE RATHHAUS, BREMEN  
*From a photograph by Atelier Eckelmann, Bremen*

Then on by quick stages to Bremen, where they arrived on November 7th, "to find my parents and other relations happy and well, after an absence of twenty months and nine days."

So closes the diary of 1757, and Daniel is at home again ready for office work. He marries in 1763 Margaretta Gröning, daughter of Albert Gröning, Burgomeister of Bremen.

Here I give rather an interesting letter written from Brunswick, with the account of the ascent of Blanchard in his balloon in August 1788 :—

"I have received your pleasant letter, my dear daughter, and am pleased to hear all is well. I arrived here on Saturday with the Professor and dear Daniel. On the way here, for five or six miles were nothing but carriages, horsemen, and travellers of all kinds, hurrying to see the Blanchard spectacle. I must tell you that it took place at five o'clock in the afternoon, a splendid sight, that could only be produced by such a great and daring adventurer. The weather was bright and clear, everything that could be desired, with very little wind. A crowd of people such as Brunswick had probably never seen before were arranged in the best possible order.

"At four o'clock the aeronaut sent up a small balloon from the spot where he was about to ascend between the Wenden and the Fallersleben Gates in order to show the thousands of spectators in which direction he would sail himself. The wind was in

the west, and presently he rose in his large air-balloon, in the car of which he was fastened. His flight was slow and stately, and he rose to a wonderful height. I was observing the drift of the wind, and hurried in the direction of the high Andreas Tower, where only a few people had gone. From here my party could closely observe the whole course of Blanchard's flight until his descent.

“All those who got places near the balloon had to pay 1 ducat, and saw nothing but the filling of the balloon, which lasted two hours, and missed the magnificent sight of Blanchard floating in the air for an hour or more. The Andreas Gate is higher than the Angeri Tower, and as Blanchard was floating about in the air he often waved his flags and threw out some ballast he had taken with him. The wings of the car floated out in the air, so that it quite gave one the impression that he was flying. Although this was only a pretence, still it added to the pleasure and astonishment of the spectators, and brought great credit and honour to Blanchard in his hazardous flight. Your dear brother was quite delighted by the sight, and I was very pleased that I had the opportunity of giving him and the Professor, whom I wished to compliment, such a very great treat. At eight o'clock Blanchard let himself quietly down about half a mile from the town, and quickly thousands of carriages, horsemen, and foot passengers hurried to meet him. He remained sitting in his car, and over a hundred Göttingen students and others



drew it along, with the balloon floating overhead, and at last the aeronaut, in this regal carriage, with an enormous following of spectators, reached the same spot from which the ascent had been made. I omitted to say that the aeronaut as he rose had a smaller balloon attached to the big one with a parachute, which he could open and shut by means of strings. Thank Mr. Krohne for having sent us to such good lodgings here, where we have been most comfortable. As I do not yet know a suitable way of sending the Professor and Daniel back to Cassel, I cannot say when I shall arrive in Bremen, but think I must positively return by Sunday to my five dear children.

“To-day one sees only a few country men and their wives in the streets, which yesterday were crowded with excited people.

“I hear that Herr von Vrintz is here, and if I can ascertain where he lodges I will call upon him.

“What I have told you about Blanchard you can repeat to anyone who will be interested. Perhaps it will please Dr. Guntze if you will at the same time give him my compliments.

“Just back from Herr Vrintz, upon whom I called with Daniel. He received us with great politeness, but did not see much family likeness in Daniel. A number of ladies and gentlemen from Bremen who are here are planning to dine together this evening, and I hear about seventy persons will be present.

“To-morrow the Professor and Daniel leave for

Cassel, so I will arrange to arrive home at latest on Saturday. It will be quite lonely for me when the Professor and Daniel are gone, so I shall hurry my return.

“Now farewell, dear children, till by God’s grace I see and embrace you all again.

“DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN.”)





DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, THE FOURTH OF  
THE NAME



## CHAPTER IV

### DIARY OF 1798

Now we will begin the diary of the younger Daniel, son of the first writer, who started on his grand tour in 1797. I will give it as I read it to the good ladies of Glemham, noting remarks of theirs and mine as we proceed.

He began his trip in October 1797, and only made small jottings in a pocket-book the first two months ; and it was not until he was well established in Paris, in January 1798, that he provided himself with a large book for his many careful entries. The first six weeks or so he was evidently too much taken up with the new and strange life he was leading to think of writing at all regularly. He passed, as his father did, through Holland and Flanders, countries then in the grip of the successful armies of the French Republic. Everyone was too excited to think of ordinary everyday life, and Paris, stage-struck and amazed at herself, was full of life and excitement.

This Daniel was travelling by himself, a youth of twenty-four, and was particularly keen on all things French, and provides himself with a proper French valet or courier, one Joseph Deshommes, " he knowing how to dress hair, shave, and sew a little." He

evidently intended to cut a very presentable figure when in the fashionable town of Paris.

All the entries are dated by the new French calendar, and begin on New Year's Day (*1st Nivôse*).

*1st Nivôse*.—New Year's Festival is not celebrated in France, as it used to be in old times, with pomp and ceremony. The servants only, I find, have not lost the customs of old times, and came one after the other to ask for their presents.

*12th Nivôse*.—This morning I arranged at the central office for my passport, where I was fortunate enough to get through fairly quickly. Then I engaged two places in the Rouen coach for the day after to-morrow. This way of travelling is certainly the least extravagant and the least troublesome. One only pays 12 francs a seat, and the carriage does the journey of 34 lieues in a day, and one is free from the possible difficulties one may have in a private carriage on a bad road.

I passed the evening working at home, and was even up two hours after midnight, for having given my servant Deshommes permission to pass the evening with some friends, he did not return, and gave me a good deal of anxiety, for I thought he had been arrested or even assassinated. However, I was reassured when I found that Monsieur Keidel's servant also had not returned. We consoled each other, and as he went to bed I followed his example.

*13th Nivôse*.—I fulfilled the dearest of duties this morning by writing to my father at Bremen, and then

I wrote to Monsieur Lameyer of Bordeaux, who has had the kindness to ask me to stay with him. Monsieur de la Marque has given me many introductions in Rouen, Havre, and Dieppe. Altogether he is an excellent man, and overpowers me with his kindness, and I congratulate myself on having made his acquaintance.

I was much occupied all the evening arranging my affairs, my finances, and my portmanteau, and as the coach starts at four o'clock in the morning I went to bed early. I was woke at three, and arrived just in time for the coach, which is never many minutes late. It starts from the *Établissement* of St. Simon, and is, like all the other mail-coaches in France, under one authority, for which one must be thankful, as one is well served.

This carriage is a covered cabriolet on four wheels, with room for ten persons, not counting *conducteur* and postillion. You get in at the back, which perhaps in the case of an upset is rather dangerous. There are four horses, and wherever the roads allow of it you go at a good speed. The carriage was quite full, and fairly good company. Two ladies, a corsair (Monsieur Lafite), a wine merchant, and others. It was miserable weather. We passed by Nanterre, Poissy, to Mantes, where we dined; then on to Rouen, where we arrived at eleven o'clock at night. The wine merchant, Monsieur Jullion, said he knew Rouen very well, and recommended me to a hotel which, if it was not the very worst, was



certainly of the fifth class. But it was midnight when I got there, so there was nothing for it but to put a good face on a bad game and to stay the night. They placed me in a vast apartment, where the wind blew hither and thither; but fortunately the fatigue of the day made me oblivious of all that, and after a substantial supper I went to bed, and woke up at eight o'clock quite rested.

*15th Nivôse.*—After breakfast my first thought was to get out of this old barn, so I went first of all and called on Monsieur Chaumont, and then to Monsieur Pinet, linen manufacturer. There I found two pleasant ladies, who recommended me to go to the “Pomme de Pain.” So I made my arrangements to do so, and found myself much more comfortable there; also they had fleeced me badly in that old hole, making me pay 18 francs for supper and bed. Rouen is one of the most ancient cities in France, but very badly built, with dark narrow streets, thickly populated, and very commercial. It lies on the banks of the Seine. The bridge that crosses the river is very curious—a bridge of boats, but paved, and the tide makes it rise and fall, and large ships can come up to the town. To me it was a beautiful sight—all the ships, the sailors, and the activity of commerce going on everywhere. But just at this moment everyone is complaining of stagnation in business affairs, and not without reason. Rouen contains some 85,000 people; and there are numbers of linen, cotton, and silk manufactories,



also houses for pottery, spirits, oil, tanneries, and sugar refineries, but at present the place languishes for peace, and general mistrust has produced a stagnation in business. I met several captains of Hamburg ships and one Bremener, Captain Hans Elmholt, of the ship *Rose*. I went to the theatre Desarts in the evening. It is a fine hall, but the decorations want refreshing. There were plenty of people, and one had not to complain of the actors.

16th Nivôse.—Being invited by Monsieur Chaumont I took breakfast with him this morning *en famille* with his wife—a charming woman—and his children. We had coffee, excellent tea, milk, bread, butter, and cheese. I was much interested in hearing about the business of the place. Afterwards I called on other people I had introductions to. Everywhere I found a gracious reception. At the Bourse I was presented by Monsieur Chaumont to the Prussian Consul and to several merchants.

17th Nivôse.—I went to the theatre of the République. They gave *Le Traité Nul*, a very pretty opera, and well done; the ballet was not up to much.

18th Nivôse.—Young Branson took me to breakfast, and then we went for a walk together; and certainly no town could be more agreeably situated than Rouen, surrounded by superb hills, in a fertile plain by the banks of the river; but the interior of the town is badly built, and gloomy. Sunday being still celebrated in a kind of a way here, the Bourse was badly attended. I went to the cathedral. This

great church is ransacked of all its treasures, even the big bell of 36,000 pounds weight has had the fate during the Revolution of being melted into coinage, and is circulating all over France now in the form of *sous*. I went in the evening to the theatre, where they regaled us with four pieces passably comic; but an ancient actress from Paris played the part of the young lover, uninteresting, but well done for her age.

19th *Nivôse*.—This morning I made a round of visits to all the acquaintances I have made in Rouen, and I dare flatter myself that some of them will be useful in the future. Monsieur Branson is a very active young man, connected with the house of Hollander at Altona, who has taken up his abode at Rouen. It is the most unfavourable moment possible for any kind of commerce in France: the trade in wax and lead has ceased to exist since the Catholic religion is abolished and the churches and convents are disestablished; it is a sad picture of affairs that is given at this moment by every merchant.

Having finished my work I mounted to the top of the cathedral tower. The view of the town is superb, high hills on the one side, and the Seine on the other. The town in itself rather like Bremen, only infinitely worse built.

20th *Nivôse*.—I started in the coach for Havre, where I put up at the Hôtel d'Espagnol, the exterior of which looked inviting. I was not disappointed,

making a very good supper; also the hostess was a very agreeable, pretty little *mignone*, but unfortunately she is leaving to-morrow on a visit to Rouen.

21st *Nivôse*.—I paid visits this morning to Madame Veuve Homburg and Homburg Frères, and to Messieurs Blanche, for whom I had letters of introduction. These two are houses of the first class in Havre, and certainly the first is perhaps one of the richest houses in France, who even continued to do large business during the Revolution without interruption. I was received with the greatest friendliness. There are three brothers Homburg, two of whom asked me to dine to-day and to-morrow. I went afterwards to the Maison Thurninger. Madame Thurninger, to whom I carried a letter from her husband in Paris, asked me to dine on Sunday. The rest of the morning I walked about the town, which is prettily built—much better than Rouen. Its port has two large docks. At this moment there are only frigates, corsairs, and battleships there. The commerce here was very extensive before the Revolution, all for St. Dominic and the coast of Guinea; but since the liberation of the negroes and the change of affairs at St. Dominic, everything languishes; also both this town and Rouen lost greatly during the miserable time Maximum, their situation being too close to the capital. I went to dinner with the eldest brother Homburg—a family party, only madame and two daughters. The friendly ways and good tone of this household pleased me greatly.



After dinner I went to the theatre ; it was not well done, and also is little patronised in these bad times.

*22nd Nivôse.*—I had a visit this morning from Monsieur Longuemare, and a very instructive conversation with him on the commerce of Havre. I went to dine with the younger brother Homburg, and their welcome was most obliging. Then I bored myself a little at the theatre.

*25th Nivôse.*—I saw arrive to-day an English ship under the tricolor flag. She brings 250 prisoners of war for exchange. The English had taken them at Martinique ; and indeed for the second time, as the French had sent them back to that island, and on the way they fell into the hands of the English again. They were mostly negroes, mulattos, and convicts, but still French subjects. For these people the French are giving up sailors, soldiers, and other useful people, rather a knowing policy on the part of those astute islanders.

I paid many calls this morning, and afterwards went round the port ; two large frigates attracted my attention, both being ready to go to sea. Several others are ready to launch, and also many little corsairs and cutters fill the docks. But numbers of trade vessels lay dismantled and rotting in the port. After dinner I called on Madame de Meaux, where I found my friend André Begonnen and Monsieur and Madame Foache. It was a very pleasant atmosphere.

*26th Nivôse.*—I took my place in the coach for



Rouen to-morrow. Yesterday I amused myself greatly at Monsieur de Longuemare's, where we danced and played at *Colin maillard*. I leave Havre with regret, on account of the great hospitality I have received from so many pleasant people, but I make a note it is not well to travel in France this winter. Everything is excessively dear. I had to pay 6 francs a day for firing. Altogether things are dearer here than in the capital.

*27th Nivôse*.—The country from Havre to Rouen is covered with apple-trees, for the ordinary drink here is cider. I also saw magnificent horses, strong, and for the most part stallions. At Rouen I again put up at “Le Pomme de Pain.”

*28th Nivôse*.—I was witness to-day of a sad spectacle, too often to be seen in France to be much noticed. A miserable murderer was being conducted along the street to suffer death by the guillotine, that famous instrument by which so many people were killed during the time of the Terror. Curiosity, sustained by the knowledge that the guilty one was going to a merited fate, made me follow to the market-place. The guillotine was placed on a scaffold surrounded by a band of soldiers. The crowd of spectators was not great, and even the shop people near paid no attention, so much can people grow callous to the feelings of humanity, they having seen streams of innocent blood flow so recently. I got into a house opposite, and no one but I looked out of the window. The wretched one arrived in a cart

with his hands tied behind him, a shaven head, and a red cloak. Two gendarmes walked in front, two behind, and it was the affair of a minute to see the executioner place the man on a plank that instantly descended; a string was pulled, and the head, separated from the body, fell into a sack. A coffin was close by, in which the body was placed. The whole affair only took five minutes. The neatness with which it is done shows what a constant occurrence it is. Five more men are to suffer the same fate on Friday. I came away much upset, and went to find young Branson, and took a walk with him along the banks of the river to recover myself. I arrived home at four to dress, as I had been invited to dine at Madame de Couteul's. I found a very fine company there. After an excellent dinner we played at several *jeux d'esprit* and charades. They gave three words, and one had to compose with them some little story or verse. They gave me *printemps*, *sourire*, *chercher*, and I said :

“ Chercher les fleurs des champs,  
Au sourire du printemps,  
Voilà mon occupation.”

Then *bonnet*, *pipe*, *cocarde*, and I said :

“ Bonnet rouge pour drapeau,  
La cocarde sur le chapeau,  
Ma pipe dans la bouche,  
Malheur a qui me touche.”

Afterwards we played games of forfeits, and then Monsieur and Madame de Couteul gave us a little

harlequinade, very pretty. They were dressed up, screens made the stage, and they were so disguised you could not recognise them.

30th Nivôse.—I started by coach for Paris, and found there two letters from Bremen that gave me great pleasure.

2nd Pluvôse.—Monsieur Heisse breakfasted with me this morning, and told me of the scandals that had been taking place in Paris during my absence. A peaceable society at the “Glacier Garchi” has been ill-treated, some indeed killed and robbed, by a band of ruffians. Then the seizure of all merchandise made in England, even the requisition by the Minister of Police of the clothes of two Consuls on the pretext that they were of English cloth.

The celebration of the death of the last king of France took place to-day: the anniversary of the abolition of monarchy. It was a gloomy day, and the sun was hidden. At twelve o'clock the Directoire Executive arrived at the Church of St. Sulpice. The President made a discourse, which was followed by the oath prescribed by law and repeated by the other members of the Directoire, the Ministers, and the officers of the army, who shouted “*je le jure.*” The Conservatoire of Music, in the Temple, executed the “Invocation to Liberty,” “Sacred Love of Country,” and other republican songs. The chant for departure finished the ceremony. There were plenty of troops about, but the people took no interest in the ceremony. The Council of Five Hundred



took possession to-day of their new buildings at the Palais Bourbon in front of the Place de la Révolution. They assisted at the planting of two trees of "Liberty" in the court. Each member of the Council swore hatred to the monarchy and fidelity to the Republic. It was astonishing how few of the people were interested in this ceremony. In the evening I attended the grand opera. They gave *Alceste*, beautiful music of Gluck. Vestris surpassed himself.

*3rd Pluvôse.*—I have been busy all the morning writing to my father a letter of eleven pages, and to my Uncle Gröning, at Rastadt, three pages. This occupied me all morning, and I was very glad to get out afterwards with Heisse and Lenenroth. We dined together at the restaurant Juillet, and in the evening went to the theatre Odéon.

*5th Pluvôse.*—I dined with Branson, and afterwards went to the Pavillon de l'Echiquier, where a society of amateurs gave two pieces—low comedy, and not at all to our taste.

*6th Pluvôse.*—I wanted to see the National Museum of Art, but since the fête given there to Bonaparte this collection of antiquities has not been arranged or open to visitors, which I much regretted.

*10th Pluvôse.*—I paid a visit to Shluter, talking with him for more than an hour. This interview gave me much cause of anxiety for the future of my country. (Evidently there was some fear of a French invasion of Germany. Under these circumstances, it is astonishing how many Germans were to be found



in Paris ; they were evidently invading France commercially, whilst the French armies were marching towards their Fatherland.)

*11th Pluvôse.*—I made several farewell visits to-day, and then went to the bureau of the Department of La Seine to obtain my passport. They put me off to the 16th of this month, in spite of my strong wish to get away before, but when I showed a willingness to pay something, I had the promise to get away on the 13th.

*12th Pluvôse.*—I went to the meeting of the Cinque Cents at the Palais Bourbon, under the presidency of Citoyen Bailleul. Nothing very interesting happened. This new building is the first with any pretence to importance since the Revolution. One would have thought that some thought of good taste and harmony would have insisted, after passing by the Place de la Révolution, through the Champs Élysées, and the Tuileries, on the erection of some building worthy of continuity to these beautiful objects. But nothing of the sort. The place startles you, and you are shocked at the discordance of the plan. So much for the outside. It is only when you get inside that you feel satisfied. There the conception is entirely new, ingenious, and suitable. It is built in a semicircle, round which are the seats for the deputies. Overhead is a little colonnade, where the public can listen to the debates. The hall is lighted from above. The tricolor flag floats over the President's seat. All the members of the

Council were in blue *redingotes*, with tricolor sashes, which did not make a very good effect ; but a new costume is to be adopted before long. On the way home I passed by the Tuileries, where the beautiful weather had attracted numbers of people. A large body of National Guards, on foot and on horseback, with drums beating and flags flying, was making the round of the town, stopping at every important place to make a proclamation against the Government of England, trying to rouse the enthusiasm of the people to help in every possible way to conquer the English by an invasion, which project just now is filling the minds of the French Government. I was much astonished at seeing the little attention all this aroused amongst the people themselves. They hardly stopped to ask what it was all about, and I wondered at their indifference, whether it is that there is no public spirit left, or that the Parisians are so accustomed to things new and unexpected that nothing touches them. I dined with Monsieur de la Marque, with Madame Duflot, and Monsieur le General Fox and Monsieur l'Avocat. M. de la Marque is most kind to me, and has given me eight letters of introduction in Tours, Nantes, La Rochelle, Rochefort, and Bordeaux.

13th *Pluvôse*.—I started this morning from Paris, where I have spent three months most pleasantly. Paris is without doubt the town in Europe that has the most attraction for foreigners. You live as you like, and no one bothers you. Amateurs of art and

science find everything there that they can desire, all that the genius of the ancients has produced in pictures, sculpture, and engraving. The natural history collections of the House of Orange, as well as the treasures of the Vatican of Rome, have filled rooms to the envy of all, and the traveller here finds all that he used to seek on the banks of the Tiber and elsewhere. One also learns here to know the world, and to appreciate men such as they are, good and bad—passions of the wildest, the most delicate of intrigues, and sometimes the worst of morals. Happy the man who can safely buffet through the experience of all these waves, as I flatter myself I have been able to do. Society is of the most agreeable, and public spectacles, dances, and concerts so numerous, one has difficulty in choosing. Beautiful buildings and so many remains of the past splendour of the most brilliant Court in Europe would be sufficient attraction of themselves to bring visitors. Nine hundred thousand population is not a few, and in some places Paris is like an ant-hill. In fact this town, remarkable for so many illustrious men, for so many events that she has suffered herself and has also produced amongst other nations, this town that is even now dictating laws to emperors and kings, deserves both attention and admiration. I leave it with certain regrets, and my remembrances will remain for ever.

(The charm of Paris had evidently fallen on this impressionable young man. I hope he is right in



flattering himself that his dip in her waters has left him unharmed in character. It was a risky experiment before starting in the humdrum of a quiet Bremen business life that he was destined to return to. But a year after, towards the end of his tour, the fascination of the bright city drew him back there, as we shall see.)

On the road to Orleans we had a tiresome accident. One of the wheels of the coach came off, and we pitched over, without, however, anyone being hurt. By all helping, in half an hour we could continue the journey. The society in the coach was agreeable: a young lady from Alençon, very pleasant, and four merchants from Blois, not bad. We passed by the forest of Orleans, not at all a safe place at present on account of the robbers who infest this country. They caught twenty of a band even to-day, and say there are several hundred more. I put up at Orleans, and went to bed very tired.

14th *Pluvôse*.—I paid a visit to Messieurs Bagnenault and Delaage, well-known merchants. The account they gave me of the present state of business was no better than elsewhere in France. Sugar refineries, bleaching of cottons, and all kinds of manufactories were very thriving in past times. Orleans is an old town, and badly built. The cathedral is fine, but at present empty and unfurnished. The statue of Jeanne d'Arc is no longer here, having fallen in the wave of vandalism that has swept away so many monuments of art and antiquity. The theatre is



fine, but empty, so I had to get myself a ticket for a *bal de société*, where I met all the gay people of Orleans.

19th *Pluvôse*.—I left early this morning by coach, but was so uncomfortable that directly it was day I hired myself a cabriolet, where, in spite of the cold, I was much better, and saw the country well.

We arrived at Tours in the evening. This is a pretty town, and has one of the most beautiful bridges in France. The cathedral, once so full of pictures and curiosities, is quite empty at present. All the bells are melted into coin, and the iron and lead, even of the organ, have been turned into instruments of war.

I dined with M. Germoniène, a merchant and very pleasant man. After I went to the celebrated Abbey of Marmontier. Its great riches in old times gave rise to the proverb :

“ De tout côté qu’il vente,  
Marmontier a des rentes.”

Eighty monks grew fat there in old times, also some poor people had their share. It is quite empty now. It is an enormous building, with a large courtyard, a tower half demolished, and such a mournful silence, that it had a bad effect on my spirits. Many of the poor round Tours live in holes in the rocks, which keep them warm in the winter and cool in the summer. I passed the evening at the hotel, as

there was no "spectacle," the sad state of the town having driven away the actors.

21st *Pluvôse*.—I left Tours this morning for Angers, a large town, very ancient, and badly built. An old castle reminds one of the Bastille. During the Civil War of 1794 this town defended itself well, and many of the houses are in ruins. At that time they shot and guillotined hundreds of people every day. Just now they are arranging the cathedral for a place of assembly and public fêtes, putting up platforms there. Here also there are no bells and no organ pipes. All the convents about are pulled down, as well as any remains of ancient Roman antiquities like the amphitheatre that used to be in the Faubourg. Altogether this rage for destruction appears to be very universal in France.

23rd *Pluvôse*.—I left Angers by coach, in which I had the good fortune to travel with two Bremeners, Captain Dahnken and his pilot, who are going to take possession of an American ship bought at Nantes. It was very happy for me. The road was the worst I have found in all my travels, ruts nearly two feet deep. Though we had eight horses, we were obliged often to get down and help in getting the coach on. It was not the driver's fault, and the horses were good, but we had to walk 6 lieues on foot. Two ladies from Oudon helped us to pass the time agreeably. Arrived at Nantes, we went to the Hôtel de la Pais.

24th *Pluvôse*.—I made many business visits, and

found trade languishing as usual. But the armament of corsairs is going on apace. The docks are brilliant with tricolor banners with the names of ships requiring recruits. The Nantes people are fortunate, for every day they bring in new prizes, sometimes Danish, Swedish, and other neutrals, and so far not a single ship has escaped condemnation. Our poor little Bremen ship is not exempt. The merchandise of the prizes is sold at once: I cannot calculate for what sums. The sale of the ships would bring more if it were possible to get them out of port. I dined at my hotel and went after to the theatre, a shabby place, and a poor troupe. They gave *Le Misanthrope*.

25th *Pluvôse*.—I was pleased to get news from Bremen, and answered my letters immediately. In the evening I went to the second theatre here, but neither the place nor the company were even as good as the other. They gave *Le Père de Famille*, and then a farce below all criticism, indecent and stupid. Altogether French taste nowadays has fallen to very low extremes. Nearly all the theatres, even in Paris, delight in representing devils, hell, or horrible cruelties, and the audience seem to like it. All the churches and convents have been demolished or sold.

27th *Pluvôse*.—I dined to-day with M. Cadon at Noirmontier, an island at the mouth of the Loire, where there is a large commerce in salt. The road called La Cour is very fine. From the middle you see the Loire at one end and the river Ardre at the



other. I saw with a shudder the place where, at the time of the Civil War, streams of blood flowed down. They killed people by the hundred. They say there are more than 13,000 buried in a field near. No town has ever been through such horrors.

28th *Pluvôse*.—I dined with M. Haentjens, the Danish Consul, with two Danish captains, whose ships had been taken on their way from the East Indies with valuable cargo. They have just had their ships declared good prizes, so, as you may imagine, there was not much gaiety in our party. Afterwards I went to a fancy ball that was given at the Cirque. The company was not very select, and I found a great difference in the manner of dancing here and in Paris. Still the women were very pretty, and I enjoyed myself.

29th *Pluvôse*.—I attended a séance at the Tribunal of Commerce, where the cases of prizes are tried. I dined with M. Filscher and M. Mellm of Bremen, both very pleasant people, though M. Mellm has preserved the renown he had at Bremen for arguing and contradicting. I went into the Church of St. Pierre, and found they were arranging it for a stable. A detachment of cavalry was expected there every day. It had already been used as a stable in the Civil War.

30th *Pluvôse*.—I said good-bye to many friends. I begin to know the people at Nantes and enjoy myself more. I dined with M. Haentjens, to talk business with him. After dinner we went to several



different stores, where I tasted the different wines of the country, and different teas, coffee, and sugar from the Danish prizes.

31st *Pluvôse*.—I started in the *courier de la malle* for La Rochelle ; an agreeable M. and Mme. Chevalier were my companions. Outside Nantes one sees the remains of the most unhappy Civil War. All the houses are burnt or in ruins, the country depopulated, and the land uncultivated. You hardly meet a soul for many lieues. No one could believe such a sight unless they saw it. The order to destroy everything was carried out to the letter. After Chantonay the country becomes more inhabited, though even there one comes across houses half in ruins ; and in villages formerly inhabited by three or four thousand people there are only about fifty families, recently established there. Altogether the country looks very sad. The roads are abominable, and every now and then we had to add four bullocks to our four horses to pull us out of the mud. I shall never forget the famous holes, called “*Les Tuileries*” and “*La Tabatière*,” between St. Falgant and Chantonay, where we saw carts which had been embedded for days.

On the road we met several regiments of “*Chasseurs*,” fine men and well mounted, who were hurrying on their way to Brittany for the invasion of England.

(This is an interesting verification of the “*Invasion*” rumours that were about this time raising

so much concern in England. But we were safe. Gallop away, my fine Chasseurs, you will only reach the fringe of the blessed channel of water that separates France from our island. There you must halt, and watch England's frigates guarding her coast in the distance. You cannot even approach as near as your Spanish neighbours did two hundred years before, when our unpaid amateur seamen, helped by the winds of heaven, dealt confusion and defeat to the Great Armada.)

The presence of these troops made the journey very bright, and also very safe with respect to robbers. We slept, or rather reposed, for a few hours at Moreilles, and arrived midday at La Rochelle, where I went to "Le Soleil d'Or"; fairly good.

*1st Ventôse.*—Commerce here languishes as usual. The corsairs of La Rochelle, who did very well at the beginning of the war, have all been captured except three. The exportation of spirits, wine, and syrups is stopped, as navigation is no longer possible. In times of peace the principal trade is with Canada. The principal import is wood for all sorts of building.

*2nd Ventôse.*—I called this morning on M. Hermann Wilkens, an esteemed merchant, and also a distant relation of my own family. I dined with M. Teignette, and in the evening Mme. Wilkens took me to a party, where there was a large society. As it was Mardi-Gras, many of the young men and girls had disguised themselves in male and female attire, so that I, being a complete stranger, and knowing

no one, was quite stupefied, not knowing to which sex I was addressing myself, which was very awkward. But I managed to amuse myself fairly. Afterwards they put me to play whist, where I felt honoured by the company of the old matrons.

*3rd Ventôse*.—Le Mercredi des Cendres is just as singularly celebrated in this country as Mardi-Gras. They carried about dummy figures of men and women, stuffed with straw, on donkeys and on their shoulders all round the town with drums beating, and then either burnt them, threw them into the sea, or buried them. A large crowd followed the processions, all dressed up in fancy costumes. They call this burying Mardi-Gras, and so the carnival ended. It was with M. Teignette, the son, I walked about, and he introduced me in the evening to a great fête at M. Chegary's, a ball, a supper, and fireworks. There was a very smart company, and some played games at very high stakes. I came away at four o'clock, as I intended departing to-day. The company was still at it when I started at midday, so that when I went round to make my adieux they were not at home.

I took a comfortable cabriolet for the journey, as my servant Deshommes has for some days been suffering from gout, or something of the kind, in his leg, and I did not want to tire him. We had two good horses, and arrived in four hours at Rochefort.

*5th Ventôse*.—After writing my letter to Bremen I paid visits to Monsieur François Pelletreau and to Monsieur François Hébre. These are the best houses



in this town, for Rochefort, being a naval port, has never been much of a trading centre. Four battle-ships are in the course of construction here, one of which, *La République Française*, 120 cannon, is the largest ever built in France. The construction is being retarded for want of material, and it will be more than a year before they are afloat. I saw also the hall for the convicts who are kept working in the port.

I left Rochefort in the evening, in a coach where we were overcrowded to a degree, and my poor servant suffered much with his bad leg. We arrived at Blaye at two o'clock in the morning. The badness of the road was beyond imagination. With four horses to our carriage, we should have been embedded in the mud without the help of four bullocks. I saw near Mirambeau some waggons that had twenty horses dragging at them, and all the contents unpacked at the side of the road.

*7th Ventôse*.—After the great fatigue of the journey I made up my mind to stay at Blaye until to-morrow, and to proceed by boat to Bordeaux. I paid a visit to M. Binaud, the father of the one who was at Bremen. I was most kindly received, and the son took me for a walk round the town.

*8th Ventôse*.—Our boat left early with the tide. It was crowded with men and women going to the fair at Bordeaux. The banks of the river were very beautiful: on one side the country of Medoc, on the other Bourges. I greatly enjoyed the passage into



Bordeaux on this splendid river. We passed by many ships, but they were all dismantled and lying idle. By the advice of a fellow-passenger I went with him to the "Hôtel de Providence" in the centre of the town, and was very comfortably lodged. After taking dinner I went out with the intention of finding my Cousins Schutte and Merrem, and hardly was I on the most frequented road near the theatre than I met M. G. W. Meyer, whom I had known at Bremen. He walked with me to my friends Schutte and Merrem, who were fortunately at home, and I had the happiness to find myself amongst my intimates, and we all passed a very pleasant evening at M. Meyer's house.

9th *Ventôse*.—Cousin Schutte breakfasted with me this morning, and we amused ourselves with accounts of our adventures since we last met. Then we went to the Bourse, a fairly fine building, and very full in spite of the little business that is doing at present. I found there many friends, amongst others seven captains of Bremen ships. In the evening I went to the theatre, where they gave the opera *Caravane de Caire*, good music of Grétey, which was well performed. Citoyen Franconi, a great horseman, attracted large crowds by his wonderful exploits: amongst others, on a superb horse, he leapt over four other horses.

10th *Ventôse*.—After the Bourse I dined with M. and Mme. Boyer, and Cousin Schutte. I made the acquaintance of a young widow, Mme. Boyer, a very

charming woman. They say that Cousin Schutte is not quite indifferent to her.

11th *Ventôse*.—I went with Schutte to the country house of M. Bethman in the Hautbrion district. It is a beautiful vine country, and produces enormous quantities of red wine. Altogether the country round Bordeaux is more for use than pleasure, the ground is so precious.

12th *Ventôse*.—After the Bourse I dined in a friendly way with M. G. W. Meyer, taking “pot-luck” with him. He gave me superb wine, and altogether “pot-luck” here is not at all what it is in Bremen. An Englishman, Mr. Johnston, living at Bordeaux, was of the party, and I enjoyed myself immensely. Afterwards we went to the opera.

13th *Ventôse*.—I went with Schutte this morning to the Protestant church, quite a good building, with an organ, and well attended; altogether a Sunday better celebrated than is the custom in France at present. Afterwards I went to the Bourse with M. Meyer to hear the case of a prize ship tried at the Tribunal of Commerce: a Hamburg ship taken by a French corsair. The lawyer who spoke for the corsair was both eloquent and successful.

15th *Ventôse*.—As the spring is commencing I have made an arrangement with the horsekeeper to have a horse always at my disposal. A little white mare I tried to-day gives me entire satisfaction.

16th *Ventôse*.—A general order given by the Government to-day, preceded by the firing of cannon,

rather spread consternation in Bordeaux. Every sailor in the place was arrested. One saw them taken by the hundred to the castle. In the night they had arrested every English tradesman and all those suspected of being in league with that nation, and naturally many innocent people were included. But when one heard the reason of this measure, one was more reassured. It was to find French sailors enlisting in foreign ships, and to search out correspondence with the English. The same evening numbers of sailors were released, amongst others the Bremeners. Still, this measure created uneasiness, though it did not affect me much.

I was invited by M. Wessels, manager in the house of Philip von Dohrer, to dine on board his corsair *Le Spartiate*, from which the Government have requisitioned more than 200 men. But they had left the cook, and we had an excellent dinner. The two brothers Barkey were of the party, and many others. She is the most beautiful ship one can see, with twenty-six cannon. She has not met her equal for pace, and M. von Dohrer owes his fortune to her. As she had already come down the river to leave, everything was in apple-pie order, and I never saw anything so perfect. I passed the evening with the old Barkeys, where we made a party of quadrille. This family lives in a very bourgeois way, honest folk, and also relations of the Meinertzhagens.

17th Ventôse.—I dined to-day with M. Maydieu, a very estimable merchant in Eau de Vie. I met



there a French corsair who had been on board the Bremen ship of Captain Bieswig, but finding everything right there, had let her leave. That was very pleasant news to me, as my father has an interest in that ship. In the evening I went to supper at young Bethman's, and made the acquaintance of his charming wife, who is as beautiful as she is vivacious and sympathetic. There was a most agreeable society, and several very pretty women, so I enjoyed myself immensely. They played high at *écarté*, but I had the good fortune not to lose. We had supper at twelve o'clock, and got home at three. A patrol stopped me on the way, but showing him my passport, he let me proceed.

18th *Ventôse*.—I rode out with the brothers Wilhelmi and young Bethman. I had the satisfaction that my horse beat theirs, both trotting and galloping.

20th *Ventôse*.—To-day my cousin, Daniel Schutte, came to tell me of his engagement with Mademoiselle Rion, only daughter of M. Rion l'Ainé, a man very well off. She is a girl of seventeen, anything but pretty, but still very aimable. Schutte will immediately have a big, well-furnished house at Chartron and one in the country, so as to fortune this marriage is very favourable. Everyone congratulates him, and he says he is at the summit of bliss and lives in a dream. So it is not Widow Boyer after all, as everyone thought, and they even tell me that this delightful lady made up the match. After the Bourse



I dined with M. Martell, where I made the acquaintance of his wife and daughter, two very pleasant women; the latter has great talent for drawing and music, and for dancing; I had the pleasure of waltzing with her.

21st *Ventôse*.—This morning I went formally to congratulate Cousin Schutte on his approaching marriage, and recited to him two beautiful poems of Kleist, *Le Bonheur de l'Amour* and *Le Bonheur du Mariage*, and he was ravished with the beauty and the sublimity of the ideas. I could not have recited them at a better moment.

25th *Ventôse*.—I went to supper with M. and Mme. von Dohrer. There was a brilliant society there. They played high at *écarté* till supper, and at *jeu de grap* till two. Altogether games of chance are very much the fashion at Bordeaux, and whoever does not play them in society is bored to death. Mme. P. von Dohrer is a beautiful woman, and *on la dit très complaisante*.

26th *Ventôse*.—This morning I rode out to see M. Clossman, not far from Blanquefort. Mme. Clossman is not beautiful, and her three little boys very spoilt. Their good grandmother remembered seeing my dear father here forty years ago. M. Clossman is terribly economical, and I should say no good at business.

27th *Ventôse*.—After the Bourse I dined with M. Delorthe, a very nice man, and once the greatest house in Bordeaux on account of its enormous trade

with the islands. We were a large party—his four daughters and their husbands, and M. and Mme. Bethman. After dinner I slipped away for a minute to be presented by my Cousin Schutte to his fiancée, Mademoiselle Rion. She is, I think, a very pleasant girl. But certainly the third person with two lovers cuts a poor figure, so after some indifferent conversation I returned to M. Delorthe's, where they amused me more.

29th Ventôse.—I dined with M. Harmensen to-day, and was well received. By a new Decree of the Directoire, every citizen, both French and foreign, must be provided with a *carte de sûreté* signed by the central office or by the Consul of his country. So I went with several of my compatriots to M. Weltner, Consul of Lübeck, as Bremen has no Consul here, and he kindly gave me mine. This is the form of it :

#### No. 10, *Carte de Protection*

We, Meinhard Christophe Weltner, Consul of Lübeck, resident at Bordeaux, certify that citizen Daniel Meinertzhagen, native of Bremen, aged twenty-five years, height 5 feet 3 inches, hair and whiskers chestnut, small mouth, oval face, long nose, blue eyes, pointed chin, narrow forehead, merchant and traveller, living No. 27 Façade de Chatron, has shown us the titles that justify his identity and circumstances ; and having our support to live in perfect safety in this town, we give him this card carrying

our signature, and supported by the seal of the Consulate, the 29th Ventôse, the year 6 of the Republic.

(Signed) M. C. WELTNER.

Signature of the holder

DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN.

Now I see myself as in a looking-glass. Madame Bethman says the description is not too complimentary, and I can quite agree with her.

*30th Ventôse.*—To-day is the “Fête National,” by order of the Government called the “Sovereignty of the People.” The National Guard and the authorities were all out, and everyone invited to meet at the church. Then the cortège went to the public gardens for ceremonies, and the civic dinners took place in the Assembly Rooms; afterwards the town was illuminated.

*1st Germinal.*—I dined with the brothers Wilhelmi; the society was all German, and we amused ourselves greatly. At seven o’clock I had to pay a short visit promised to my new cousin, Rion, who was with her fiancé at Mme. Boyer’s, but this bored me intensely, and I soon went back to the Wilhelms.

*3rd Germinal.*—M. Delorthe had asked me to come and hear the piano played by Mademoiselle Dupuy, who has, they say, an extraordinary talent. But instead of a concert they settled to play *écarté*, and I had the misfortune to lose 6 louis. I was much disgusted.



*5th Germinal*.—I went on horseback to the country house of M. Perrot. I was mounted on the horse of M. Binaud, a splendid English mare, and M. Jubert rode my horse. Mme. Perrot is a very pleasant woman, a German countess from Münster, whom I had known already in Bremen.

*7th Germinal*.—I dined with M. G. W. Meyer, and we went to the little “Théâtre d’Émulation.” They put on the stage hell, ghosts, devils, witches, and all the absurdities of the Middle Ages. This was the thirtieth representation of *The Castle of the Devil*, a piece magnificently decorated to make up for the want of good taste conspicuous throughout.

*9th Germinal*.—I dined with M. Martini of Strobel and Martini, a house that enjoys great credit. The trade is mostly with America, so the society at dinner was chiefly American, and they talked English. M. and Mme. Strobel are Americans.

*18th Germinal*.—I dined to-day with M. Charles Durand, and met M. Forbe, *armateur* of the corsair *Bonaparte*. He had just made some important prizes.

*23rd Germinal*.—I started this morning with the Wilhelms for a tour on horseback round Bordeaux. We went by Contenac and Margaux. The wine of the district, “Château Margaux,” is too well known for me to praise it. We had a very good dinner at Margaux, though the wine they served us had all the qualities that go with a neglected youth. Then we passed by La Marque, Medoc, Château Becheville,



St. Julien, and La Tour, and stayed the night at Pouillac.

*24th Germinal.*—It rained hard all night, but when we started in the morning it was delightful. The singing of the birds, especially the nightingales, was delicious. We passed by Château Lafitte to St. Estephe, and from there back to Bordeaux. The journey was much enlivened by the gay humour of M. Barade, who gave us many stories that made us laugh.

*5th Floréal.*—I took supper with M. and Mme. Bethman, and as it was the evening before the departure of Mme. Deville for Paris, we had rather an extravagant supper, with a good deal of punch.

*6th Floréal.*—I was not in great form after our little debauch, but still as the day proceeded I recovered, and after the Bourse I dined with M. Cramer, and the Ladies Hesse passed the evening with us.

*9th Floréal.*—A delightful letter from my Uncle Gröning, who is actually in Paris, gave me a longing to go to see him. This idea occupied me entirely, but I did not decide to do so. After the Bourse I dined with Cousin Schutte and his fiancée, when the ceremony of the signing of the contract of marriage took place in the presence of a *notaire*, and my name as witness graced the contract. They invited me to assist at their wedding on the 13th.

*13th Floréal.*—I went to the wedding of Daniel Schutte and Elise Rion. To avoid any fuss they had

fixed the early morning, and this is how the ceremony takes place in France. The bridegroom called for me at ten o'clock, and we went together to the Protestant church, and found the bride, her Uncle Rion, and several friends already there. The minister, M. Martin, read the service just as it is done in Germany. Then the newly-married ones kissed all their relations, and we all went on to the Municipality, where the notice of their marriage had been placed for the last three weeks. There they wrote the names of the couple, and those of their fathers and mothers, and of the witnesses, and you may well imagine the name of Meinertzhagen was well mauled in the mouth of the clerk. When Citoyen Schutte and Citoyenne Rion had again declared their wish to be united, the President of the Municipality, decorated with the tricolor sash, pronounced the marriage legal. The young people signed their names, and M. Rion, I, and two other witnesses did the same. But no one knowing the law, Schutte had not provided enough witnesses, so we had to get in a butcher and baker from the neighbourhood to sign as well. The ceremony over, the bride presented to the members of the Municipality each a pair of gloves. I accompanied the party home and stayed to dinner. I had to go home and make a toilet, and return at six o'clock for their fête. The road in front of their house was covered with laurel leaves, and in the middle of their hall was a large crown of flowers that Madame Boyer had

sent. The bride presented everybody with white kid gloves and a bouquet of flowers, and then everyone kissed her. There were more than fifty people there. M. Rion, her father, was too ill to attend. We played at cards till twelve o'clock, and then had supper. I was seated by the bride, who was very pleasant and managed to keep her countenance to the end. A band of music and plenty of punch kept up everyone's spirits, but perhaps the gaiety lasted a little too long for the feelings of the young couple. We only got up from table at two o'clock, and did not leave till a few practical jokes had been played on the newly-married ones. (Rather a trying ceremony.)

*14th Floréal.*—By a happy story that they were going into the country, the young couple saved themselves from too early visits in the morning. I called on them at four o'clock, and found them both very well. I dined with M. Cramer in good company: they played cards in the evening, and finished supper with punch.

*15th Floréal.*—I paid a visit to M. Lesmale, a very good house, who promised me certainly to do business with Bremen when occasion arises.

*22nd Floréal.*—I dined with the Prussian Consul, M. Wustenberg, and after dinner Mademoiselle Dupuy played some pieces on the piano with an extraordinary sensibility and dexterity of touch. She has a wonderful talent, and I have never heard such playing except that of Miss Murray, sister-in-law of Colonel Don.



24th *Floréal*.—I paid a visit to the country seat of M. van Hemerst; Mme. Bethman was there, and I was absolutely happy. Her company always gives me infinite pleasure.

28th *Floréal*.—I made a joke yesterday with Mme. Bethman that I would have my ears pierced for earrings, and so this morning, to please her, I had that operation done. It is hardly painful. I dined with M. Harmensen, and after went on horseback to M. van Hemerst's country place to see Mme. Bethman, and had the pleasure of finding her there.

29th *Floréal*.—I took medicine this morning, which did me much good. Then I went to the Grand Spectacle, where they gave *Le Mari Jaloux*.

1st *Prairial*.—I went to a pleasure-party at M. Meyer's at Latrenne, the other side of the river. Coming home we crossed the river at Le Bastide, and they were just taking across a hundred English sailors, escorted by a detachment of thirty Hussars.

4th *Prairial*.—I made the acquaintance of M. Tequineau, one of the richest proprietors of Bordeaux, a young man of twenty-two, but very steady in his conduct. He took me to dine at his country house on the Merignac road. It is a castle with vines, woods, fields, and streams. Coming home we passed by La Chartreuse, once a celebrated and rich convent, but now empty. It is rather a dangerous road, which goes between two high walls for a quarter of a lieue, so a farmer gave us some big sticks to defend ourselves with, but nothing happened.



*7th Prairial.*—M. G. Meyer proposed a trip to Libourne with him, which I gladly accepted. So we started on horseback with M. Muhl and M. Schmidt of Dantzic. We were all well mounted, and had to cross the river at St. Pardon, and then again at Libourne. Our horses embarked splendidly, and were not even afraid of the sails. The road was superb and the country delightful. We were received with great kindness by M. Meyer's friend, M. Chaperon, and this gentleman put us up for the night.

*8th Prairial.*—After breakfast we made a trip to Faise, where M. Chaperon has bought an estate that was a convent. All the walls, the church, and the tower are still there, with gardens, vineyards, and forests. We made the acquaintance of Mme. Chaperon, and of the three young ladies, Mademoiselles Sophie, Aimée, and Josephine, all three as agreeable as possible. Their society made me think to-day the most delightful of my journey. I hardly know how the time passed. We swung in an *escarpolette*, ran about the fields, picked flowers, and played games; we were treated like old friends of the house, in perfect good faith.

*9th Prairial.*—New entertainments succeeded to those of yesterday, and to-day passed quite as delightfully. In the afternoon all the inhabitants of the little town and the peasants in the neighbourhood assembled in the large courtyard and danced to the sound of flutes and tambourines. It was a continual

round to the music of bears, with figures of square, round peasant women with naked feet, the men rather more presentable. We all the time danced in the big hall of the convent to the sound of a borrowed violin, which a gentleman of the company played on ; but we were so occupied with our lovely ones, we paid no attention to the music, or to the old-fashioned dances, and I even got through a French quadrille to everyone's satisfaction. The ladies of the neighbourhood, attired in their best Whitsuntide clothes, were not equal to our three beautiful Queens of the Fête. We did not retire till two hours after midnight, happy and tired. *Chacun avait son git a soi.*

10th *Prairial*.—Unfortunately an engagement at Libourne forced me to leave in the morning this delightful abode, the Convent of Faise, that had given us all such a lovely time. Saying farewell was hard, and I was really profoundly moved when I parted from the beautiful Sophie. We left at nine o'clock, but in spite of the distractions of the ride it was impossible for me to feel cheerful all the day. We dined at Libourne with M. Famett, and the next day returned to Bordeaux.

12th *Prairial*.—Although much fatigued to-day, I could not resist an invitation to dine at Mme. Bethman's, where I regained my spirits.

15th *Prairial*.—I again dined with M. and Mme. Bethman, and went to the theatre with them. The performance was interrupted by the arrest

of a young man, M. Casey, for being rude to the sentinel.

*22nd Prairial.*—As my friend Merrem is returning to Bremen directly, he invited me and several friends to dine at Bégle on the river. We drove to the bridge at Brienne, which has tumbled to pieces, and from there walked to Bégle. The heat was intolerable. Merrem made a great mistake to ask us to such a place, nothing but a low public-house: the rooms, table, and seats bespoke it. The food was not bad, but the knives, forks, spoons, and everything disgusted me. (Mr. Daniel is getting fastidious.)

After dinner we were besieged by the poor of the place, which was not amusing. We got away as soon as we could and walked quickly back to Bordeaux, and then went to the theatre.

*23rd Prairial.*—M. Fenwick, American Consul, invited me to a fête in the gardens called Labotière. The society was brilliant. It is here that the Fêtes Champêtre, Vauxhall, and Tivoli are given. We danced and played cards, but the supper was miserable, and everyone made fun of it.

*24th Prairial.*—I went with M. Muhl to a “ Séance of the Tribunal Civil ” in the Palace of the late Archbishop. These séances are always public, and are held with great pomp and ceremony. The Palace is decorated with all the signs of the Republic. Five judges preside, one of whom is the President. They are all in black robes, with tricolor sashes, and Spanish caps with feathers. The “ Tribunal Criminel ” is



held in the same Palace, in one of the halls, and the judges are in the same costume. The "Rights of Man," the emblems of Liberty, Equality, and Justice, are on a picture over the President's seat. It was here that in the time of the Revolution Lacombe and Tallien presided and so many unfortunates were condemned to death. The President now, Citoyen Desmirailles, is a man of great eloquence and penetrating spirit. One hears him speak and make questions with great pleasure. But I find it a disagreeable place, especially when the case is one of life or death. They were trying the case of one Cavazza, accused of having printed a seditious paper. A jury is chosen at hazard of five citizens, and the prisoner has the right to reject any of them. Witnesses are called, to whom the President says: "Appear here without hatred, and without fear. Tell the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth." The case was finished that day, and the prisoner acquitted.

*26th Prairial.*—To-day I went with M. Oldekop to the English Freemasons' Lodge, where, after passing through all the *épreuves*, I was received into the order, about which the most sacred promises prevent me from saying anything more. But still I will say my courage and presence of mind did not abandon me on this occasion.

("How brave your grandfather was," say I; "one can well imagine how terrifying the ceremony was.")

“ Well, it must be something very extraordinary,” said Sister B., “ that no one ever dares repeat the secret. It always has mystified me, that so many people have kept this secret for such ages.”

“ Shall I tell you the reason ? ” I answer flipantly ; “ it is a very simple one. The ceremony, of course, is most awe-inspiring and imposing, but the secret is kept simply because—there is none to keep. ‘ I well believe thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,’ as Hotspur said to his wife, that is my humble opinion. After they come out, they do not like to confess there is *nothing* to tell. But it is no use discussing it. We poor women shall never know this secret, or it would be out in a day. I believe it is Adam’s revenge on Eve for her curiosity that led him into trouble.”)

*27th Prairial.*—Mme. Bethman being in town, I dined with her. That is always a fête for me, for she is the most delightful person I know.

*29th Prairial.*—The first news that I had this morning was of the happy arrival of Captain Jean Mugge, who brought in his ship from Bremen loaded with merchandise. He had the extraordinary luck not to be stopped on the way, though he passed by the English fleet, which is all over the Channel and round the coasts of France. He took sixteen days on the voyage.

*1st Messidor.*—My cousin, Daniel Schutte, and his wife leave to-day for Paris on their way to Bremen. Their departure gave me much pain. I paid a visit

to Mme. Schutte to say good-bye, and the poor little woman was quite sad.

*5th Messidor.*—I went to-day to a fête at Bégle, at the country house of M. Mariallac. It was beautifully arranged on the banks of the river; a society of 150 people, supper in the garden, and good music. We danced and played cards till six in the morning.

*6th Messidor.*—The Fête of St. Jean, the greatest and most solemn of the order of Freemasons, was celebrated to-day with great success. In the evening I went to the theatre and saw *Le Sultan Généreux*, a play much patronised by women, but I was greatly bored.

*10th Messidor.*—I had the intention of going to the “Vauxhall” and “Tivoli” Fête to-day, but the rumour of a serious accident having happened to M. P. so troubled me, that I did not go.

(Who was *M. P.*? These initials occur at intervals on the side of the diary for some weeks. *M. P.*, and only *M. P.* Probably a rival of Mme. Bethman and the divine Sophie in the affections of this susceptible young man. But perhaps I am doing him a wrong, and *M. P.* was only some Masonic dignitary.)

I found the rumour was happily unfounded, so I went to dine with M. Bethman in the country, and amused myself perfectly, being in the company of dear Mme. Bethman.

*13th Messidor.*—I dined with M. Skinner, Fenwick, and Brown. Everyone talked English, and I managed to get along fairly well.







BURGOMASTER DR. GEORGE GRÖNING.

Born August 23, 1745; Died August 1, 1825

17th *Messidor*.—At nine o'clock at night my servant came to tell me that my Uncle Gröning had arrived at Bordeaux from Paris. This was most delightful news for me. I could do nothing but rush into his arms, and he received me with all his accustomed kindness. I had thousands of things to tell him and questions to ask him, and in spite of the fatigue of his journey he was good enough to let me talk with him till midnight.

18th *Messidor*.—I did not leave my uncle all day. I saw to his unpacking; he had despatches to write, and could not go out till evening, when we went for a walk.

19th *Messidor*.—This morning I paid many visits with my Uncle Gröning, and we were everywhere received with extraordinary welcomes, and had invitations to dinner everywhere, but as my uncle's stay is very short, we were obliged to refuse them.

(This George von Gröning was well known in Germany. He was deputy for the Free Towns at the Congress at Rastadt, and later on the Austrian emperor offered to ennoble him, but as he wished to remain in the Bremen Senate, he refused the honour. He was Burgomeister of that town for some years.)

20th *Messidor*.—My uncle left to-day *en route* for Marseilles, Lyons, Geneva, to Rastadt, where a Congress was being held in the interest of peace. It was sad for me, who had just begun to enjoy his dear presence. First I had to go to church to console myself; then I dined with M. Cramer, and went to



the theatre; after the theatre I escorted Mme. Cramer and Mademoiselles Hesse to the Jardin Tivoli.

23rd *Messidor*.—After working all morning at home I went to the Bourse, and had the great pleasure of meeting my friend Heisse of Hamburg, just arrived from Paris. He is one of my best friends, and a most estimable young man. In the evening we went to M. van Hemert's, who introduced us at a party to Mademoiselle Rosalie.

28th *Messidor*.—I took some medicine, but that did not prevent me from dining with my friend Heisse at M. Charles Lemesle, and then on to the "Bohémienne," from which I took Mademoiselle Rosalie to her home in a carriage.

29th *Messidor*.—I went to the theatre to see *La Nouvelle Sadoyska*, a pretty opera, but rather too serious. I took little Rosalie home, she being, so to speak, a widow since her mourning for her *ci-devant* M. van Hemert. (*Little Rosalie now, how naughty of M. van Hemert to introduce such a worthy young man to this lady.*)

30th *Messidor*.—I went to see Mme. Bethman this morning. This dear woman, plunged in sorrow at the death of her father, was even more attractive than ever, and I stayed to dinner with her.

2nd *Thermidor*.—This morning I passed by the *épreuves de maître* to get into the third class of Freemasons, which was granted me: but I may not write of these mysteries. (No, don't, please! I am not in the least curious.)

*5th Thermidor.*—This morning I passed in making my farewell visits before leaving Bordeaux. I dined with M. le Consul Harmensen, a man who has done me thousands and thousands of kindnesses during my stay here. Then I had supper with M. and Mme. Bethman, but the idea of leaving this delightful woman made me sad all the evening, so that I could neither eat nor drink. Taking leave of her cost me many tears, and I do not regret them, for she is the most lovable woman I have ever known.

*7th Thermidor.*—Preparations for my departure occupied my whole morning, I had so many things to arrange. I went once again to see M. Harmensen, M. Muhl, and M. Bethman, and took my places to start in the coach for Bayonne to-morrow; so I left Bordeaux, where I have spent the five happiest months of my life.

(It is quite a relief to get this young man safely out of Bordeaux. Whether he learnt much business there I have my doubts. Certainly his diary gives little account of it. That he was popular, and made friends, is evident. If he had stayed there much longer, he would probably have followed his Cousin Schutte's example and married a Bordeaux demoiselle, perhaps indeed the "divine Sophie." I think that M. Bethman must have given him a good send-off.)

The company in the coach consisted of a captain of a corsair, M. David, and his mate, and for this I had to be thankful. They were going to Bayonne

to take command of their ship, and though men of rather a doubtful trade, were very good company on the journey, which is a tedious one. The road is fairly good as far as Gradignan, but there *les landes* begin, a sandy country, flat, and covered with pine-woods, trees that provide resin, from which is made pitch, tar, and turpentine. They make a hole near the trunk of the tree, and a long incision in the tree over it, and the heat of the sun draws the resin out into the hole with no more trouble. We arrived at a bullock pace at Putsch de la Gubatte, and there we stayed for four hours, there being no horses ready for us. We started again at three, but our postillion had raised his alcoholic spirits too much at a fête, and gave us an upset galloping down a hill. However no one was hurt, and the accident made us all laugh. We travelled through Beloc, and breakfasted at La Harie, for which they charged us very dear. Then on through forests, by St. Vincent des Cantons, where one sees cork-trees. Then at Andres you get a magnificent view—the ocean on the right, and the Pyrenees in front of you. We were delighted. We reached Bayonne at eleven o'clock, and went to the Municipality to get our *carte de sûreté*. After washing and changing I made an excursion with my corsair to the sea, where the famous Barre de Bayonne, a bank of sand across the entrance of the river Adour, makes it dangerous for navigation. Ships can only pass in the harbour at high tide, and the passage is so narrow you can throw a stone across. The works



undertaken to make the river more navigable are of stone and very praiseworthy, but have hardly accomplished their purpose. We returned to a light supper, and I leave you to judge if after all these fatigues I did not sleep well.

16th *Thermidor*.—My servant Deshommes was taken ill with fever, and gave me much anxiety. I sent for a doctor. I had made the acquaintance of a M. Kruger, who was travelling for Hennig of Neuchâtel, printed cotton manufacturers, also a M. Basterreche, who is Commissaire of the Directoire here. He asked me to dinner at his country house, where I met M. d'Herman, ex-Consul of the French Republic at Madrid.

17th *Thermidor*.—I dined with M. Charpentier, the captain of a prize ship, and afterwards we rode to Biarritz, where the Bayonne people bathe in hot weather. There were many men and women in the water, and we bathed also. One has to be very careful not to go out too far when the tide is going out. When it is coming in, the waves throw you back on the shore in safety. Salt water is much more supporting than fresh.

18th *Thermidor*.—Out of curiosity I made an excursion *en cacolette* with M. Bardewissen—that is two people on one stout horse carrying a kind of a chair on each side of him. It is an ordinary, but rather ridiculous, way of going about here. A young girl follows you on foot to guide you. We returned in the same manner, only with this difference, that

the little guide, being quite pretty, rode between us on the horse, so as not to fatigue her.

19th *Thermidor*.—Having got permission from the commander, I went over the citadel on the top of the mountain. The garrison is a strong one, and it is used as a prison for English prisoners of war. Since the war with Spain it has been well provided with cannon. As I have fixed to leave Bayonne tomorrow, I was occupied with my packing, my servant being too ill to leave his bed.

20th *Thermidor*.—My friend Kruger of Neuchâtel and I started on horseback at six o'clock. It was lucky we fixed on such an early hour, because later there was a house-to-house visit by the authorities, and we should have been stopped for the time. We were mounted on hired horses of very poor appearance but good at their work, which reminded me of the proverb *Mieux être que paraître*. We cut very funny figures, each with a travelling-bag behind and an overcoat in front, our guide running before us. It is even very difficult to keep up with these men, who travel as much as 12 lieues a day. We breakfasted at St. Jean de Luz, the last town in France. We crossed the little river of Vivassoa, that separates France from Spain. The Spanish guard have a right to examine everything you carry, but the gift of a *piazette* easily dispenses with this tiresome proceeding. We dined at Ibon, where we had a splendid view of the sea and the Pyrenees. We watched a French corsair being chased by an English

frigate. She was obliged to run on shore near Bayonne. Soon we were right amongst the Pyrenees. The inaccessible heights, with bare rocks and numerous streams bubbling out, and the smiling valleys quite surprised me. At Arentzigo one recognised one was really in Spain; church bells were all ringing, quite a new sensation for the traveller from France, where all the bells are turned into money or cannon. Priests, monks, crosses, and devout people everywhere. The former one never sees in France, and the latter unhappily too seldom.

The women of the country are mostly small and square, wearing their hair in a long plait. The men, generally well made and robust, wear black caps on their heads, and, in spite of the hot weather, heavy cloaks, black, brown, or blue. The women dress all in black, like the sewing women in Bremen, which gives a sombre look to the place.

We went on foot to St. Sebastian, called on the Governor, who received us with great politeness and put his signature to our passports. We had some difficulty in making ourselves understood in the strange language, but I always had my grammar in the hand, so we did not die of hunger or thirst.

St. Sebastian is a very pretty town in Biscaye, with a magnificent citadel. The houses are well built, with balconies and windows without glass. There is a fine place where bull-fights and other public fêtes are held. The soldiers are fine men. We had an introduction to M. Berdenson, and he



was good enough to show us round and act as interpreter. All the women have the appearance of nuns in their black dresses. You do not see many pretty faces under their veils. We took tea on the ship *Negociant* of Bremen, commanded by Captain Fansz. It is always nice to find compatriots so far from home and in a country where one feels fallen from the clouds.

20th *Thermidor*.—We took mules to continue our journey to Bilbao. They make a very comfortable mount, with wooden cases for stirrups. We passed the night at Tolosa. Tolosa has a large manufactory of arms, and a big "Place," where the national amusements of bull-fights and *jeux de paume* take place.

21st *Thermidor*.—The fear of a dangerous road, on which M. Labard of Bilbao has just been robbed, made us start rather late. At Bilbao we found a very pleasant society of German, French, and English people—a M. Markland of Leeds, M. Christophe of Lyons, and others. Bilbao is a pretty little town, with two hundred convents of monks and four of nuns—too many for its size. The roads are splendid, and the pavement of the town so beautiful, that no carriages or carts are allowed to go on it. Hardly may a horse walk on it. The Spaniards are extraordinarily polite. Our hotel is situated in front of a convent of nuns, so that the bells for Masses, Matins, and Vespers were ringing all day; but one gets accustomed to everything, and I hardly noticed them

after a little. People are not so fanatical in Biscaye as perhaps they are in the interior. The Inquisition is only known by name. As it was, no one could distinguish me from a true Catholic; I dipped my fingers in the *benitiers*, fell on my knees whenever it was necessary, even in the streets, and altogether conformed to all the religious customs of the country. The nuns opposite were never visible, though I gave myself great trouble to gain their attention. At last curiosity took possession of some of them, but I found those only elderly women, pale and haggard. Barriers of iron and threefold shutters hid the younger ones from profane view. Meanwhile the priests and monks, fat and red, were walking on the promenades by the dozen, trying to get good appetites. The province of Biscaye is the most favoured of any in Spain, for it pays no taxes, and only acknowledges the King as "Protector." There are no troops except those guarding the frontier. They are very jealous of their liberty. There is very little wheat grown here, more maize; plenty of wool, iron and lead, and some wines. The wine is kept and carried about in goat-skins. That is disgusting, and during all my stay I could not drink a drop. Another curiosity, the carts are pulled along by oxen, and the wheels turn on ungreased axles. This makes a sharp noise which is heard a mile off.

I paid a visit to the house of Labat and Larrea, where I found M. Reyer, a young man I had known at Bremen. He was very good to us, and during all

our stay at Bilbao he served us as guide and interpreter. M. Larrea took us for a sail to St. Lorenzo, where they were celebrating the fête called in Spain "La Romeria," with national dances to the music of tambours and *fifres*, just as they make bears and monkeys dance in our country, and really not much better dancing than that of these animals. A monotonous round, and then the best dancers were held by the hand whilst they made absurd jumps and attitudes that made us explode with laughter. Then a singular national custom is to give each other tremendous blows, the men to the women and the women to the men, and the onlookers are not spared, for I took away with me a considerable reminder of the scene from one of the pretty Spanish women.

*26th Thermidor.*—To-day I was witness in the town of a kind of bull-fight, both cruel and dangerous to my mind; they pulled a bull by a cord into the square, and made him savage by pricking him with lances and setting dogs at him. Very agile toreadors threw cloaks over his eyes and then rushed into the houses. The dogs held on to his ears, and the bull had great trouble to get rid of them, and so they amused themselves for an hour, but I did not like the spectacle.

*27th Thermidor.*—I did not go out, as I was behindhand with my correspondence. I heard the nuns singing Vespers opposite, but could not catch a glimpse of any but the old ones.

*30th Thermidor.*—We arrived at Vittoria, where



I dined with M. Lorenzo Ortiz, a very pleasant man.

(Now I shall abbreviate the diary on the journey across from Bayonne to Bezier. It is full of rhapsodies over the beauties of mountain scenery, all fresh to the young man who had spent his life in the flat northern country round Bremen. From Bayonne he took the diligence through Biados, Pau, and Tarbe, finding the horses so quick and splendid they hardly stopped anywhere. Everyone eats delicious muscat grapes on the road. At Tarbe he takes a carriage to himself, on account of his invalid servant, and goes to Bagnères, where he heard that several of his Bordeaux friends were staying, amongst them M. Bethman. He rushes to meet them, but alas! the lovely Mme. Bethman is not with her husband, which disappointed him greatly. M. Bethman had wisely left her at home to mind the children. However *les jolies dames Cramer et Lies* helped to pass the time, and walking with them on the promenade at Tarbe they witness a bad accident of a carriage falling into the river. "I was the first to rescue the ladies from their alarming position," he says. Then to a ball with Mesdames Cramer and Lies at Mme. Poitier's, who has a large hotel and four lovely daughters, *très bien élevés*. He makes the acquaintance of M. Tegueineau of Toulouse, who is at present "Commissaire de Guerre" at Barréges and looking after sick and wounded soldiers, and goes to stay with him at that place, but does not like it, as the town is mourn-

ful with all its invalids. Goes on to Bagnères, at the foot of the Pyrenees, a place that has every form of attraction, and is entirely after young Mr. Daniel's heart. "Lovely mountain scenery and delicious air; thirty-two springs of water attract gay people who have lost their health. They drink the waters, bathe in them, and you are not shocked as at Barréges by people suffering from horrible complaints. Idle people, adventurers, worn-out people come here from all parts of the world to get rid of their troubles and breathe the fresh mountain air. Besides the excursions into the glorious country, you get theatres, gaming tables, and 'Vauxhalls' to amuse you. Other years as many as 10,000 people have directed their steps to this place, running from one spring to another in joy and hope. On the promenade the *négligé* of costume, the liberty of the country, and the intimacy of the bath soon established those liaisons that proximity promotes, but that real sentiment seldom perpetuates. People are carried in chairs, walk, or ride, as they like. I took one bath out of curiosity and found it delicious." He goes to see the Grotte de Campon, and complains that constant sightseers have nearly denuded it of its crystals, but nevertheless manages to secure a nice little piece for himself. An old church is turned into a theatre. The famous singer Garat was there, in Spanish costume, and sang several of his beautiful songs. "He remembered me from his visit to Bremen last year. An Italian singer, Fabri, also sang. I pitied

him, for after Garat the poor man seemed below mediocre."

Goes back to Barréges, where he arranges a trip over the mountains with a M. Renaud on horseback. "We climbed mountains that a native of a flat country like me would think quite impossible; the praises of this lovely country should be *sung*, not written." He sees the waterfall of Gave, 1266 feet high. He picks up a dead eagle and sees several live ones. Wild goats abound, and also bears, though fortunately he does not meet one; but not many wolves. "It is a fine country for botanists, as there are plants of every kind. The language is like Spanish." Altogether the trip to the mountains was most exciting, and even terrifying. "But I was not so frightened coming down the precipitous part as going up; very glad to see the highroad again, and do not want to repeat the experience. Everyone congratulated us on our safe return, and a night of the sweetest crowned this day of exertion. The women of the country work too hard in carrying loads, and are not beautiful. The men, on the contrary, are fine people, and do not disturb themselves."

Arrive at Toulouse, one of the oldest and principal towns in France; the approach is fine, but the town badly built. The celebrated old academy, called "Jeux Floraux," no longer exists. The churches are destroyed, but their walls show their former magnificence. Before the Revolution there were four large



libraries at Toulouse, now only two exist, made up of what people were able to save at the time of devastation. There is only one private carriage in the town, belonging to M. Boyer Fonfrede, a large manufacturer of wool, under Government protection. They have presented him with the convent of the former Benedictine monks. The botanical gardens contain many rare specimens. The Director, M. Picot, is in correspondence with our Professor Mertins of Bremen, and I had a very pleasant talk with him. Here begins the Languedoc Canal. *Bateaux de poste* go from one end to the other in four days. Leave for Carcassone, splendid road and lovely scenery. "The people here cannot accustom themselves to the *barrières* at the entrances of towns, and consequently there are disputes every day, and in some cases the peasants have pulled them down. They refuse to wear the national cockade at any time." Start for Beziers, the road very dangerous on account of robbers. "We travelled all of us armed, and passing by bridges and narrow places we even kept our pistols cocked ready for use. Beziers is such a pretty place, it has given rise to the proverb :

" Si Dieu voulait demeurer en terre,  
Il demeurera a Beziers."

The place is in a state of siege at present. A convent of nuns that had managed to escape notice was entered this morning by the authorities, and they took the sisters all to prison. I saw a lot of

them, chained like criminals, going to their destination, which did not please me.”)

*26th Fructidor.*—Arrived at Agde, an ancient town near the sea. Here there is a large commerce with Spain, as big ships can come up the river to the port. I made the journey from Agde to Cette in quite a different style I had ever travelled before—that is, on donkeys. I hired three donkeys for myself, my servant, and our luggage. A woman on foot followed behind, and by dint of menaces and little pricks with the points of her scissors, made us trot along fairly well, so that we did the 4 lieues in five hours. I found the travelling pleasant and untiring; but these animals would not have liberties taken with them, for mine, when he was pressed harder than he liked, suddenly threw himself on his back, and I had to cajole and caress him to make him move on again. We travelled along the seashore, which is covered with lovely shells and seaweed, and arrived at Cette, where begins the famous canal of Languedoc. The merchants of Cette reside at Montpellier in the summer. The commerce is principally in wine, spirits, *vers-de-gris*, and gum. I made several visits in the town, and dined in the evening with M. Sauer. Mme. Sauer is all that her name signifies in German, a veritable remedy against love, but still she was amiable to me, and asked me for the next day. (So he could even make the best of Mrs. “Sour.”)

*27th Fructidor.*—I went to Montpellier, and in the evening went to the theatre; pretty, and well done.

La Citoyenne Rolandi from Paris played Alexis, and left nothing to be desired.

28th *Fructidor*.—Everything here is neglected at present; the cathedral empty, and the church and tower of Notre-Dame are sold and pulled down. At the theatre to-night the commander-general of the town announced a tremendous victory of Bonaparte over the English fleet in the Mediterranean. This news afterwards proved to be just the opposite. (So was Nelson's victory of the Nile announced at Montpelier.)

29th *Fructidor*.—I dined with M. Brock. He had been in Bremen, and I had also met him at Rotterdam, and was very glad to see him again. I went to the theatre, where two very poor pieces were given, only relieved by the acting of Mme. Rolandi, who, although dressed as a man, took the part of a dandy with excellent effect.

30th *Fructidor*.—I started in the coach for Marseilles, and there met a very pleasant man, M. Prevost Mouton of Geneva. It makes a great difference having a good companion on a journey. We arrived at Nîmes, passing through beautiful country, olive-trees and mulberry-trees, and vines with grapes as sweet as honey abounding. We put up at "L'Hotel de Luxembourg," where we took a warm bath to refresh ourselves. Nîmes also is in a state of siege.

1st *Vendémiaire*.—I called on Mme. Defaque, and also M. Prevost Mouton introduced me to M. Boyer de Villars, a very rich merchant of Nîmes.



Nîmes is celebrated for its Roman remains. After Rome it has the best-preserved buildings of antiquity. The amphitheatre is the finest of all these. This is built of enormous stones, without either cement or mortar. The whole place is most imposing, and astounds the mind that the ancients should have collected these masses of rock that will brave eternity. It is a pity the inside is spoilt by the erection of a colony of *barraques*, which, however, they are going to remove to make a public place of the amphitheatre. I bought several old coins from a peasant, who had found them in digging the ground. I made the acquaintance of M. Bachet, librarian, and he showed me his collection of antiquities, figures of bronze, urns, and pieces of mosaic.

*2nd Vendémiaire.*—More than half of the population of Nîmes are Protestants, but since their persecution by the Catholics has ceased, the zeal of this sect has considerably diminished. During the years of the Revolution the greatest animosity existed between Catholics and Protestants, and they murdered each other by scores.

*3rd Vendémiaire.*—We drove to Avignon. The number of churches and convents at present empty announces its past splendour as the residence of the Popes for sixty-two years. The Popes' palace is now a prison. Avignon is in a state of siege, but quiet at present. There is a good deal of talk of robbers on the highroad, as just lately both the poste and the diligence have been stopped and plundered.

This decided M. Prevost and me to continue our journey slowly, and only by daylight.

*4th Vendémiaire.*—We left Avignon for Orgon, a bad road, but beautiful country. Here all the peasants were occupied with the vintage, and I witnessed for the first time the disgusting practice of treading out the grapes with naked and dirty feet, but everyone was of one opinion as to the goodness of the wine produced. In the hotel where we put up we made the acquaintance of three very charming Parisian ladies and of two captains of Danish ships that had been taken by French corsairs, so that the next day we made a large caravan, ready to meet any band of robbers. We continued our journey at snail's pace; the road was abominable and the jolting terrible. The forest of La Treillade is the most dangerous place, but we arrived safely at Aix. This is a moderate-sized town, ancient, and well built, but the beautiful houses which used to be inhabited by Government people and noblemen are now empty. There are hot springs here. The place is in a state of siege at present.

*5th Vendémiaire.*—The country between Aix and Marseilles is one of the most attractive and most smiling in all the world, but the road was so bad we had constantly to get out and walk. Having passed Le Pin, we got a view of the Mediterranean and Marseilles, that appeared a veritable terrestrial paradise, with some thousand country houses and gardens in view. At Marseilles, in order to remain with our three

lovely ladies, we put up at the "Hôtel Canabière." This being the first day of the year of the Republic VII, the town was *en fête*. Tricolor banners floated from every window. I went out for a stroll, but returned to supper with our ladies. Marseilles is a large and rich town on the Mediterranean, with a very safe and fortified port. Its commerce with the Levant is considerable. One sees numerous Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. At present commerce is at a standstill. The port is filled with large ships, but they are all dismantled. The pavement of the town is very worn, as nothing had been done to it for seven years. The streets are also very dirty, as all refuse is thrown out of the windows into them. Soldiers are all over the place, and the inhabitants very excitable. One has great trouble with one's passport here, having to go to four different offices, and then to the Governor of the town. They are ridiculously severe about the way one wears one's hair even. I saw a young man taken up for wearing his too long. After ten o'clock one may not go out without permission. The theatre is very magnificent, but a poor troupe of actors. M. Baux took me to dine with Mme. Rabaud at her country house. My Uncle Gröning had dined with her on his journey through Marseilles, and she knew me from my likeness to that dear man, which pleased me very much.

*6th Vendémiaire*.—After the Bourse, or "La Loge," as it is called here, I dined with M. Vogel quietly, but a dinner worth going to. Here they eat melons



before dinner, with either pepper or salt. The fish is excellent, and the wine also. Altogether very good fare.

*7th Vendémiaire.*—This morning I went on to the parade, but the fear of being wrong with my hair made me buy a wig at La Caracalla. I dined with M. Hick, the Tuscan Consul, a lively old gentleman. There were M. Prevost and M. Blozard, Swedish Consul. After that I returned to our ladies at the hotel.

*8th Vendémiaire.*—I started for Toulon; the road there is bad and infested with robbers. You pass through *coupe-gorges*, that are harbouring-places for these rogues. Four times lately public and private carriages have been attacked in the broad daylight, so patrols are stationed about, and our coach was accompanied by twelve soldiers. We arrived safely at Toulon, and put up at M. Montaine's hotel. He has travelled a great deal, and has been at Bremen. I paid my business visits, and found M. Medoin very useful, as he could take me everywhere without a permit: both to the arsenal and to the port, where 3000 convicts were working. Everything is very quiet here at present, but six months ago, when Bonaparte's expedition was starting, they were very busy. My regulation wig and quiet dress saved me from molestation. My host has a beautiful garden, with orange and lemon trees as large as our apple and pear trees at home. The great hero, Bonaparte, lodged here for some

months. The port is one of the finest in the world, protected by numerous forts, and only the rankest treason could have delivered it up to the English in 1796. At present it is very empty, only three ships of the line and three frigates. The big convent of the Jesuits is turned into a hospital for sailors. On my return I passed by the Champ de Mars, where they had just shot three *émigrés*. They were killed and buried in ten minutes. I returned to work in my hotel, having no inclination for the theatre.

10th *Vendémiaire*.—I left for Marseilles by the Messagerie Nationale. The departure is announced by a cannon-shot. As this carriage is escorted by troops, there were more than six private carriages who followed us for safety, more than sixty people in all, some on horseback, and some on foot even.

11th *Vendémiaire*.—I paid farewell visits to all my friends before leaving Marseilles with M. Prevost. I dined with M. Folsch, the Swedish Minister, and afterwards went to the theatre.

13th *Vendémiaire*.—We started in the coach from Marseilles in very good company, and were escorted by Hussars. The road to Avignon was delicious—olive-trees, vines, and fig-trees, and the scent of lavender, thyme, and rosemary everywhere. We passed the fountain of Vaucluse, famous for the loves of Petrarch and the beautiful Laura; then by an ancient Roman amphitheatre built 500 years before Christ.

15th *Vendémiaire*.—We passed Valence, Tain, celebrated for its wines, called “L’Hermitage” and “Côté Rotie,” and passing along the road to Vienne, where we were obliged to go to the Municipality to have our passports looked at. Vienne is a very ancient town; the *prétoire* of the Romans is turned into the church of Notre-Dame, but now disused; an old pyramid, now disfigured by the bonnet of Liberty and by a *girouette*. They make excellent steel blades and other works in iron at Vienne. They say that Pilate died here.

16th *Vendémiaire*.—Arrived in Lyons, and dined with M. Devillas and M. Cazenove. I went to the top of the tower of Notre-Dame and got a splendid view of the town, and saw Mont Blanc in the distance. I went to the Church of St. Jean, quite empty, but they had left a curious old clock, which, however, was out of order. Finding myself near the theatre I went in and saw the superb drama *Zaïre*, by Voltaire, well played by three Parisians, Feydeau, Naudet, and Fleury.

19th *Vendémiaire*.—Lyons is the next largest town after Paris in France, and counts some 150,000 people and 50,000 workmen. The Maison de Ville is a splendid edifice in the Place de Belle Cour, now called the Place de la Liberté. Before the Revolution it was one of the most beautiful Places in France, but it has been quite spoilt, several ancient buildings demolished, and the statue of Louis XIV taken away. The beautiful Abbé of St. Pierre is now used as the



Bourse, and convents are changed into living-houses. The place has suffered much from the bombardment of 1793, and one finds whole streets burnt down. Many fine buildings were destroyed by the Decree of the Revolution to raze the town to the ground, which was partially carried out. Much has been rebuilt, but all this quite shocks one. Commerce is at a standstill, partly on account of the war, and also by the want of any demand for silks, brocades, and velvets, everyone now wearing simple white. I went over some manufactories of damasks and velvets. There is an extraordinary complication of machinery for making these fabrics.

*20th Vendémiaire.*—As it was “*Jour de Décade*” the troops came out to manœuvre in the Place de la Liberté; the cavalry were well mounted, and all well dressed; they fired with cannon and rifles.

*23rd Vendémiaire.*—I dined with M. Flory at his country house on the banks of the Soane, and amused myself much in good company.

*24th Vendémiaire.*—I arranged to travel to Geneva with M. Devillas in his private carriage to-morrow, and he gave a farewell dinner to his friends in the evening. We amused ourselves immensely; there were several pleasant ladies there, and it was midnight before we left.

*25th Vendémiaire.*—I travelled luxuriously with M. Devillas and his son-in-law M. Cazenove, my servant going by diligence. On the road I saw the great curiosity of the disappearance of the Rhone

underground for 200 paces. Whatever goes down into this gulf never reappears. They have tried with ducks, other animals, pieces of cork, and other things. Without this interruption the river could be navigated to Geneva. My idea would be to alter its course to attain that object. We had our passports looked at at Ecluse, and arrived at Geneva.

28th *Vendémiaire*.—My companions, M. Devillas and M. Cazenove, having the intention to pay a visit to M. Necker at Copet, I begged them to take me with them to see this illustrious man. We arrived at his château at ten o'clock. This man, remarkable in so many ways, received us most kindly, and asked us to lunch and dinner. My friends had an engagement, but I stayed on and had some most interesting conversation with M. Necker, and afterwards at dinner with the famous chemist M. Tingris. M. Necker loves to talk on political affairs, and all the experiences I had been through in France seemed to interest him very much. Talking of Bremen and the honesty with which all taxes are imposed there, he exclaimed, "So everybody is not as corrupt as I have thought." This man, once so adored in France and afterwards disliked, lives here in peace and as a philosopher. He has his nephew with him, and also a boy of eight, the son of his daughter, the famous Mme. de Staël, whom he expects here on a visit very shortly. One perceives in him the old-fashioned courtier, both by his good manners and by the

customs of his service—old-fashioned servants, and a table served *à la Française*. He offered me his carriage for the return journey to Geneva, and made me promise to pay him a second visit. The château is beautifully situated overlooking the lake, and he is Lord of the Manor of Copet until the Swiss Revolution deprives him of the rights. The park and gardens are lovely. I was so delighted with my visit, that immediately on my return I wrote off to Bremen an account of it. In the evening I went to the theatre, and saw a comedy very well performed. Altogether the theatre is better done here than at Lyons, though it is only since the union of Switzerland and France that it has existed in Geneva at all.

30th *Vendémiaire*.—I went this morning to the German Lutheran Church, which was a new experience for me, but it was badly attended. Then I was attracted by beautiful music that came from the “Maison Commune.” It was the celebration of the *Décade*. There was a great crowd, which marched off to the Church of St. Jean, where four marriages were to be celebrated by the Municipality. By a new decree, marriages can only be celebrated on the days of the *Décade*.

1st *Brumaire*.—The city of Geneva and its territory once belonged to Germany, then to the House of Savoy, then in the fifteenth century it became a Republic and independent, and now since three months is united to the French Republic and governed in French style. Geneva is the largest town



in Switzerland, numbering 24,000 inhabitants. It is full of industries and activity; clocks and watches make the principal objects of commerce. The promenades are very fine, and if there were boat excursions on the lake it would be pleasant, but the waters are deserted. The spirit of navigation does not exist amongst these people of the mountains. There are many natural history collections, libraries, and other collections of precious objects.

*3rd Brumaire.*—I arranged for my departure this morning in a carriage to myself. I offered a place to a demoiselle Rose Roell, and I had to congratulate myself on a charming companion. We passed Versoy. This is in such a favourable position, that the Duke of Choiseul wanted to make a rival town of it to Geneva. Generally there is a *douane* there of the most severe, but we managed to pass unnoticed. At Copet I paid a short visit to M. Necker, where I was again most kindly welcomed. We arrived at Lausanne at eight o'clock; this place is very busy at present, with French troops passing through on their way to Italy by the St. Bernard Pass. They come by in troops of about 2000 men, and stay here a day or two.

*5th Brumaire.*—I dined with M. Devillas, and made the acquaintance of his wife, an extremely pleasant lady. M. Cazenove was there, and he and I hired a cabriolet after dinner and drove round the beautiful environs of Lausanne. In the evening M. Devillas introduced me to his club, a society of middle-aged

men, who read the newspapers and play at cards; rather dull for me.

*6th Brumaire.*—Lausanne has a large public library and academy. In former times it was filled with foreigners, especially English, but of course all that is changed just now.

*7th Brumaire.*—I made an excursion with M. Prevost to Vevey. On the side of the mountain the road is superb, surrounded by vineyards. The great industry and resource of the Swiss people is nowhere more evident than here. However barren and rocky the mountain side, they make fertile little terraces of imported soil for their vines, like a cultivated amphitheatre from the lake to the tops of the hills. At Hauteville I was introduced to M. Grand Hauteville, owner of a beautiful castle of that name. There was a large society of people there, and we had a splendid view across the lake. Opposite here is Meillerie, in whose theatre Rousseau first placed his *Héloïse*. We dined at the castle.

*10th Brumaire.*—I dined at M. Devillas', and arranged with M. Pons of Geneva to continue our journey next day to Neuchâtel. After dinner Mme. Devillas introduced me to her daughter, Mme. Cazenove, only delivered of a child a few days ago. This was a great mark of her affection for me, treating me like one of the family.

*11th Brumaire.*—Directly you leave the Lake of Geneva the country is no longer so prosperous. There are even signs of poverty. At one good-sized

village where we stopped to bait the horses we could find neither meat, eggs, bread or wine at the inn. It was only when a private house had pity on our extreme hunger that we were satisfied.

12th *Brumaire*.—The Department of Neuchâtel is supposed to be under the dominion of the King of Prussia, but it is only in name. He cannot even levy taxes, and the country enjoys the greatest liberty. The King of Prussia has a so-called governor, but no troops. This Department forms part of the Swiss Republic, but being under the patronage of Prussia has preserved it so far from the entrance of the French. The commerce is very thriving and large, though the trouble that is going on in neighbouring countries naturally makes itself felt to some degree. In the surrounding mountains is a large and thriving population of mechanics, watchmakers, jewellers, and lace-makers. They tell me that 40,000 watches are exported annually. The town itself has few fine buildings. The House of Orphans was built by a rich merchant, who left all his fortune to his native place.

15th *Brumaire*.—I left to-day for Berne; that city has a very poor commerce, and since recent events none at all. It is well built, but since the release of the convicts, who used to keep the streets clean, is very dirty, almost as dirty as Paris. The place is crammed full of French soldiers, which makes it gay, though expensive. The Commissaire of the Directoire of France, Citoyen Rapinat, lives here.



The arsenal has been depleted by the French, and the money has disappeared all over the world. The hospital and the corn market are fine buildings, and tell of a former prosperity, but everything now is becoming neglected. In old times they kept bears in the moat, but these are removed to Paris. After dining with M. Guyot he introduced me to a literary club, where one found the newspapers. I made many excursions, one to the falls of Staubach, 900 feet high, which after the falls of Gave, in the Pyrenees, did not astonish me so very much.

18th *Brumaire*.—I left Berne this morning for Soleure. This is a Catholic Canton, and I saw many monks and priests, not yet attacked by the Revolution. I dined with the French commandant of the town.

19th *Brumaire*.—I left for Eggarkingen, and had to stop there on account of the weather, but I was quite happy, for two charming young ladies, who had been brought up in a convent, made me pass a delightful evening. Generally I have found the Swiss peasant women better looking than the *citoyennes*. The former, wearing short skirts to their knees, high waists, with their fine figures *à la Grecque*, and hair hanging in two long plaits tied with ribbon, and bright complexions, are very attractive. The men wear white linen. Blue would be better, as it keeps clean longer.

20th *Brumaire*.—I arrived at Arau, and made several visits, and was invited to a ball given at the

hotel, and so decided to stay the night. There were about a hundred people and many French officers, but the ladies were not beautiful, though they danced well. I was rather bored.

Arau is quite a small town. It was chosen at the commencement of the Revolution for the seat of the government of the Swiss Republic, and this put the place to great trouble and expense to erect suitable buildings, but all in vain, as the government removed to Lucerne two months ago.

21st *Brumaire*.—I arrived at Baden, an old town with hot springs; very little commerce at this moment. I continued my journey to Zürich, and put up at the Hôtel de l'Épée on the lake, with a most beautiful view, but not very comfortable. The town is full of soldiers. The people are too religious here, and being Sunday, I could make no business calls. Everyone dines at ten o'clock in the morning. In the afternoon I called on M. Lavater, the celebrated physiognomist philosopher, who has so many ardent admirers in Bremen.

(Indeed the Bremeners had sent M. Lavater a handsome present in 1786, which he acknowledged to Senator Meinertzhagen in the following letter :—

“ MY GOOD, NOBLE BREMEN FRIENDS,—I write a line to acknowledge the quite unexpected and costly present of silver. As soon as I have a quiet day I will allow my heart to speak.

“ You are far too good ; oh, that I cannot see you,

dear, kind, good people, and cannot personally thank you as I should like.

“The present is really too handsome, and quite overpowers us; even without that, Bremen would always be dearer to us than hundreds of other German towns. Also it did not need that to make us always keep in remembrance the goodness and affection of the dear and noble Bremeners. God bless you all. —Your ever grateful,

“JOHANN CASPAR LAVATER.”

I find in the history of Lavater the following dialogue between him and the Emperor Joseph II on the occasion of the latter's visit about this time:—

“*The Emperor.* Oh! you are a dangerous man; I do not know whether anyone ought to suffer himself to be seen by you. You look into the hearts of men; we must be very careful when we come into your company.

“*Lavater.* With permission of your Majesty, I will say there is no honest or good man who need fear me. If I could really look as deep into the hearts of men as some persons may imagine, which I am far from being able to do, I consider it my duty, and it is a pleasure to me, to notice what is good in my fellow-men, not their failings. I am besides myself a sinful man, who could not always wish that others should see into my heart, and it ill becomes me to be severe.”)

M. Lavater received me most kindly, and asked



me to dine with him. There does not exist a man with a keener imagination, or greater sensibility or sympathy. He carries you with him and entrances you. His language is simple to a degree, but still so eloquent, you cannot resist it. His expression seems to hide something greater and grander than you perceive; you feel his spirit, as it were, behind a veil. His keen and yet frank gaze inspires at the same time fear and confidence. I spoke to him when quite at his ease, and found him simple, grand, and interesting to a degree. Some might criticise his writings and his work; but directly one sees him, all that ceases, and one admires him as a friend. He made me write my name in his book.

*22nd Brumaire.*—Zürich is the headquarters of the French army at present. The general in command, Citoyen Schauenburg, lives in a fine house in the city. There used to be only one café where one could see the newspapers, but since the arrival of the French troops there are several much frequented.

*23rd Brumaire.*—M. Lavater called for me and introduced me into the house of Professor Breitingner, where I found a numerous and interesting society; they smoked and talked.

*27th Brumaire.*—I arrived at Constance, an Austrian town, very neglected and dull. Its situation between the Lakes Constance and Zell is really beautiful, but one is struck by the deserted and mournful appearance of the place, once renowned for its commerce and for the distinguished part it has

played in the history of Europe. A melancholy silence reigns everywhere, grass grows in the streets, and there are hardly 4000 inhabitants where there were once 36,000. You still see the hall where was held the Congress of 1415, but to-day it is used as a shop. The chairs where once sat the Pope Jean and the Emperor Sigismund are rotting, and only worthy of the fire. I was shown the house of the Reformer Huss, who was burnt here. I went into the cathedral, where I heard some really beautiful music. I left, and continued my journey to Stein, which was full of French soldiers, and arrived at Schaffhausen on the Rhine, also full of the French. After paying my visits I took advantage of the beautiful weather to visit the famous falls at Lauffen with M. Puyer. A mile off we could hear the roar of the waters, and my imagination was much excited when suddenly we came upon this sublime spectacle. We crossed the river in a little boat in front of the falls, and in that way saw the falls beautifully rushing between two rocks that stand out proudly in midstream, having resisted the fury of the torrent from time immemorial. A sea of foam was thrown into the air with a noise of thunder and the water reduced to a filmy mist. It all surpassed any ideas that the most vivid imagination could conjure up, and the picture was beyond the powers of my description. The colour of the Rhine is very beautiful, a transparent green varied with streaks of white foam, and in the full sunlight I had the glorious view of a rainbow thrown

across the seething waters. Afterwards we ascended to the château of Lauffen, where we could look down over the falls. In a pretty little pavilion-summer-house I found the name of my Uncle Gröning, who passed here some months ago. I joined my name to his with a real sense of pleasure, and so felt no longer alone in this foreign country. The falls are not really so high, only 50 or 60 feet, but what appeals to the admiration is the immense volume of water, divided as it is by the great rocks. Two years ago the water was so low that someone advanced right to the middle of the falls and placed a staff on the rock, and it is still there. I returned very happy. I had accepted an invitation to go to a party at M. Pfister, but there were none but elderly ladies and gentlemen, and no supper, so I was very bored.

*29th Brumaire.*—The bridge over the Rhine at Schaffhaus is very curious. Although it is 344 feet across, it is supported by only two arches, made entirely of wood by an ordinary carpenter. A man of quite small weight walking over it makes it shake under his footsteps; nevertheless the heaviest carts pass over it without danger, in spite of the bridge shaking as if it were coming to pieces. They compare it to a well-hung rope, that gives to the slightest pressure, but rights itself naturally directly the pressure is removed. I left Schaffhaus and travelled to Waldshut, a town belonging to Austria, on the borders of the Black Forest. I found a good hotel,



and as the marriage of the Burgomeister's daughter was being celebrated in the hotel itself, I passed a most pleasant evening. These good people invited me, and I danced till one o'clock, after the manner of the country, very energetic valse to very poor music.

30th *Brumaire*.—I travelled by the Black Forest to Bâle.

1st *Frimaire*.—I paid several visits, one to M. Buxdorft, formerly Burgomeister here, and I dined with M. Merian, who showed me his picture gallery, that is good, but to my taste not up to its reputation. Bâle is a fine city, and has a considerable commerce. The cathedral is a Gothic edifice of some merit, and in it one sees the monument of the great Erasmus of Rotterdam. The public library contains some ancient documents of value, a natural history collection, and a collection of antiquities. There are some good pictures by Holbein, who was born in this town, amongst them a "Passion" divided into eight pictures, in which this great artist has carried out to perfection the beautiful colouring that distinguishes all his works. "The Dance of Death," shown as one of Holbein's pictures, and guarded by a balustrade, did not impress me much; it is difficult to find any trace of his brush in it.

I saw the picture gallery of M. de Mechel, small, but well chosen; but as to his engravings, in which he makes a trade, he has perhaps the best collection in Europe. He has also engravers, and a machine for printing.

The strange custom of keeping all the clocks in the town an hour in advance has been abolished lately. I was introduced by M. Buxdorft to a club, where everyone smoked tobacco and played cards, but as I do neither I soon left.

*3rd Frimaire.*—I went to the theatre with M. Respinger. It was held in a sort of barrack, where both rain and wind came in. Both the performance and the troupe were below criticism, and we returned home after one scene. We went after to a ball, where there was a numerous society; we stayed till two o'clock, but only had tea for refreshment.

*5th Frimaire.*—I drove with M. Respigner to Huningue on the frontier, where a bright round piece from our pockets passed us through with no trouble. The fortress of Huningue belongs to the French, and is not of much interest, except that the French crossed the Rhine here recently, and the bombardment of the town and its famous defence cost so many lives. At present there are few inhabitants, and those mostly French soldiers. It is a wonder that the Austrians could not have prevented this passage over the Rhine.

*6th Frimaire.*—I left for Lucerne in the coach. The company was not bad—a doctor from Bâle, a chasseur, and a Frenchman from Dijon. The drawback was the doctor's pipe, that prevented us from having the windows closed in the bitter weather. I had to get out and run a great part of the journey to keep myself warm. At Otten our Frenchman left us. At eleven

o'clock at night we arrived at Lucerne, and had much trouble to find lodgings. At last at "Le Petit Cheval" the host announced he had one small room with two single beds. We were three travellers—the doctor and his pipe, the chasseur, and myself—but as it was midnight, there was nothing for it but to draw lots as to the beds. We did so for the shortest straw, and it was my lot to sleep with the chasseur on a mattress stuffed with leaves. We did not undress, and there was no place to turn over in, but great fatigue gave me a delicious night.

*7th Primaire.*—I paid visits to M. Zaislin, Senator of Bâle in the Swiss Corps Législatif, and to M. Haes, Member of the Grand Conseil, where I was well received. The Corps Législatif is now held in the old convent of the Ursuline monks, who have been turned out. I attended the Grand Conseil at the old Jesuit convent, which resembles the Council of Five Hundred in Paris, and consists of 138 members. They are dressed in blue coats and collars embroidered in gold. All the debates are conducted in both German and French, and sometimes in Italian, which makes them very long. I was astounded at the quickness of the interpreter, Citoyen Sprinagli, who even after a quarter of an hour's speech translated it into another language with a rapidity and accuracy quite marvellous. Several of the members took no part in the discussion, and only seemed to be there to shout "*Appuyé, Appuyé!*" The questions were about taxes, gratuitous gifts, and games of chance.



From there I went to the séance of the Senate, which is composed of sixty-eight members like the Council of Elders in Paris. The debates are the same as in the Grand Conseil, and the interpreter, Faget, is equally as quick as Sprinagli.

I paid a visit to General Pfiffer, an old gentleman of eighty. He has made a wonderful model in bas-relief of the country in Switzerland for 60 lieues square. It gives not only the exact shapes, heights, sizes of the mountains, but every little detail of lakes, rivers, towns, and forests; not even a waterfall, a chalet, a bridge, or cross are left out. It is a wonderful piece of work; one views it from a platform to which one climbs. The learned general was most kind to me.

I dined with Senator Zaislin and several members of the Corps Législatif, and was introduced to a club where they played cards and read newspapers. There were some ladies there. Lucerne is very crowded, and I had again to sleep with my chasseur.

*8th Frimaire.*—I took a walk in the country. Nowhere have I seen *le sexe* so fresh and pretty as round Lucerne. They are very charming, with their straw hats and tricolor ribbons, short-waisted frocks that hardly reach to their knees, teeth of ivory, bright eyes, and vivid colouring, and extraordinarily neat and clean.

*9th Frimaire.*—Herr Durr of Breggau invited me to continue my journey with him in his own carriage to Fribourg, which I accepted with pleasure.

10th *Frimaire*.—We arrived at Fribourg in the evening, passing by the way the town of Vieux Bresgau that was destroyed in the war. We lodged in the big hotel of Lyons, comfortable, but poor food, and dear. The three young daughters of the host, very well brought-up girls, gave us a pleasant evening with their music, playing and singing beautifully from the operas of *Don Juan* and the *Zauberflöten* airs that I have not heard for a long time, and that gave me great pleasure. At Fribourg I saw in a gallery two beautiful pictures painted on glass in a most delicate manner. They were a present to a certain Princess from the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria. They were recently sold at an auction for 20 louis, but are worth much more. Also I saw several pictures by an artist called Hermann, very little known at present, but beautifully executed, and of delicious colours. I feel certain this artist will some day be much esteemed for his work; he has studied only in Fribourg, and is entirely original.

11th *Frimaire*.—We continued our journey towards Rastadt, and passed on the way the village of Kinderningen, famous for the battle two years ago, when the General Moreau retreated and the French General Beauprais was killed. We arrived at Lahr, near which we saw the residence of Cardinal Rohan, well known in the intrigue of the *Collier de la reine de France*.

12th *Frimaire*.—At Lahr I paid a visit to Mme.

Durr, and she insisted on my occupying the best room in her house, and they did everything to make my stay agreeable. Her children are very musical, and entertained me much.

14th *Frimaire*.—I left Lahr and arrived at Rastadt, where I had the infinite pleasure of seeing again my Uncle Gröning. Nothing in life is so pleasant as to find again a relation one loves and esteems. I took up my quarters with him in his house. I dined alone, as my uncle was dining with the Minister of the French Republic that day. We supped in the evening on a Bremen sausage that I found delicious.

15th *Frimaire*.—Rastadt is a very pretty little town on the Murch, belonging to the Margrave of Baden. The castle is a splendid building, but for some time the Court has not resided there, having removed to Carlsruhe. The place is celebrated for the peace made there in 1714 between France and Austria, but will in the future be still more celebrated for the congress that is at present going on to negotiate peace, so much desired by all humane people. More than 225 princes, nobles, plenipotentiaries, and deputies form this gathering, whose labours have already lasted nearly a year.

The plenipotentiaries of the French Republic are Citoyen Bonnier, Jean Debry, and Robergot. They are living at the castle, as is also Count Metternich of the Austrian Legation and Count Lehrbach with their suites. The séances are held at the castle under the Presidency of Count Metternich. The legations



of other countries and towns do not join in the sittings, but notify their demands by letters.

I dined in the evening with M. de Vrintz of Bremen, *envoyé* in the name of Prince de la Tour and Taxis, and there made the acquaintance of M. de Schwarzkopff, son-in-law of old M. Bethman of Bordeaux ; he is of the Hanoverian Legation.

16th *Frimaire*.—My uncle presented me to M. Bonnier, Citoyen Minister of France. He invited me to dine on Sunday. In the evening M. and Mme. de Martins and M. le Syndic Doorman had supper with my uncle.

17th *Frimaire*.—The note of the French Minister in the form of an ultimatum that must be answered in six days by a satisfactory response from the delegates of Austria on every point has spread alarm throughout the whole community. Everybody fears war, except perhaps my Uncle Gröning, who still believes in a peaceful solution.

There was to have been a pleasure party to Sintzheim to catch wild duck, but this is much deranged by the ultimatum, for out of twelve persons who were going only five started, my uncle and I amongst them. We started in two carriages, and reached Sintzheim at eleven, and there walked for about half an hour to the place of sport. This is how they managed it. A small lake is surrounded by hurdles of straw, and leads to several culs-de-sac of water covered with nets, where tame ducks are always kept and fed. These tame ones call in the

wild ones by hundreds. The chasseurs by hiding behind the hurdles are not seen. They throw food along the water to the culs-de-sac, and have with them a dog resembling a fox. The ducks do not fear this animal, knowing he will not take to the water, and probably follow him out of curiosity. Suddenly the chasseurs show themselves; the ducks, alarmed, rise up and are caught in the nets by the dozen. This is repeated several times, and some hundred birds are taken in a day. The spectator has a very inactive part in these proceedings, and has to keep absolute silence, and I felt little inclination to witness another day of such poor sport.

18th *Primaire*.—To-day I paid a visit with my uncle to the Secretary of the French Legation, Citoyen Rosenthal. The French Minister Debry was there, and declared emphatically that the French ultimatum was the last, and unless it was satisfactorily responded to they were to leave Rastadt. In the evening we went to the theatre with young Mme. Meyer: she is very beautiful, and extremely pleasant.

19th *Primaire*.—Mme. Meyer played me several pretty pieces of music, and sang to me. We dined with the Minister Bonnier. He knew the result of the ultimatum at the Congress, and as the response was satisfactory, affairs were looking more peaceful, and everyone was happier. There was a large society there, among them Count de Morawitsky and Count de Pappenheim. M. Bonnier spoke to me several times.

21st *Frimaire*.—My uncle and I started on horseback for Carlsruhe. It was bitterly cold, but well clothed and on good horses we enjoyed the ride. The road was splendid. At Carlsruhe we went to the castle, which is a fine building. In the park are pheasants, white stags, and, what I found very interesting, a castor, an amphibious animal I have never seen before.

The Margrave of Baden is much beloved by his subjects, and certainly the whole family is infinitely gracious. It is only since 1771 that the two countries of Baden-Baden and Baden Durlach have been united under the Margrave of Baden Durlach, of Lutheran religion, when the Catholic family of Baden-Baden became extinct. I saw the whole family of the Margrave, the old man of seventy, and his young wife of thirty, the hereditary Prince and his two sisters. We left Baden by moonlight, and trotted all the way back to Rastadt.

22nd *Frimaire*.—I was introduced to-day to the French Minister Debry and to his ladies, and afterwards went to the Prussian Minister, M. de Dohm, and there made the acquaintance of the Count de Taube and Baron Steuber. M. de Dohm is an excellent man, of very simple habits.

24th *Frimaire*.—My uncle took me to an audience with Count Metternich at the castle. He is the most agreeable man in the world, loved by everyone who meets him, and a great diplomat. He said he knew both my name and my family, which greatly pleased



me. After that I took a walk with the Sindic Door-man in the castle gardens.

*26th Frimaire.*—My uncle and I made an excursion with the Doorman family to Baden, which is not a pretty town, but well known for its hot springs, which at the fountain are so boiling you can cook an egg in them. Lower down they strangle pigs, and still lower the temperature is right for baths, which are much frequented in the summer. The old castle, with subterranean dungeons, stone doors, and chambers of justice and torture, reminds one of barbarous old times.

*28th Frimaire.*—My Uncle Gröning has lost his little dog, and everyone in the house was sent to look for it. I have decided to make a second visit to Paris, and got my passport *viséé* by Citoyen Rosenthal of the French Legation. I went to the theatre; the Prince of Baden-Baden was there with all his family, and everyone was in court dress. I supped with my uncle, who was happy, having found his little dog.

*30th Frimaire.*—I paid a visit this morning to M. Haller of Berne, the author of *Les Annales Helvétiques*, which were suppressed as anti-revolutionary, and he was obliged to leave the country. M. Lavater told me about him, but I did not find him equal to what I expected. He has a violent temperament that goes badly with a so-called philosopher. He is the grandson of the poet Haller. In the evening I went to the theatre, where the Citoyenne Vericourt

sang like an angel, and Citoyenne Bayer acted splendidly.

*1st Nivôse.*—This evening I paid a visit to the Minister Bonnier to say good-bye. He entrusted me with a letter to the Foreign Minister in Paris. Afterwards I went to a concert to hear Citoyenne Paravicini, a beautiful young lady, play on the violin. She played the Kreutzer sonata admirably.

*3rd Nivôse.*—At noon I went with my uncle to Count Metternich to say good-bye before my departure. He was most gracious to me, and asked me to dine to-morrow, but unfortunately my uncle had friends coming to us, so I had to refuse with regret.

*4th Nivôse.*—It was bitterly cold; my uncle and I went out, and thought we should lose our noses and ears. M. de Vrintz and Chevalier Brey dined with us. M. de Vrintz offered me a seat in his carriage to Strasburg, which I accepted. In the evening I went to Minister Roberjot, and found him surrounded with notes and books on geography, amongst others the works of the famous Busching translated into French. We had an interesting conversation on the “*Sécularisation and Dédommagement of Germany.*” Little pieces of paper with names of countries, towns, abbeys, were placed on a large sheet of cardboard to show to which Prince they should belong. This division of German country rather upset me. At midnight I went with my Uncle Gröning to the midnight service, this being Christmas Eve, but we were

hardly rewarded for the vigil and the exposure to cold, for the music was of the worst, and there was no other service, but there were many people in silent devotion, which touched us.

*6th Nivôse.*—An express note from the banks of the Rhine warned us that it was impossible to pass the river on account of the hard frost. The bridge of boats has been removed, and all communication stopped, so our journey was put off for some days. I dined with pretty little Mme. Meyer. There was a large society, and I sat next M. Halberti de Hildesheim, known for his many works. It was a good thing we had not started on our journey, or I should be passing a sad time at Kehl instead of being in this pleasant place with my dear uncle. We supped with M. de Martins and M. van den Schoord, Envoyé of the Princess of Thun.

*7th Nivôse.*—Another message from Kehl told us the passage of the Rhine was still impossible. We went to the theatre to hear Mme. Paravicini, then to a Christmas fête, where card-playing had attracted a great number of men. What pleased me most was a conversation I had with Count Metternich.

*9th Nivôse.*—I paid a visit to M. de Vrintz, and there met M. de Gortz, the Prussian Minister. He appeared to me a disagreeable and overbearing sort of man. We dined at La Poste, and at midnight, the eve of the New Year, we emptied a bottle of champagne to the health of our relations and friends at Bremen.



1799

12th Nivôse.—This was a day of great ceremonies at Rastadt. Everyone went to pay court to Count Metternich : a string of carriages passed towards the castle, as if it were a royal residence. But I, having neither court dress nor sword, did not like to go. The French Minister only kept away.

Hearing that the passage of the Rhine was again open, I made up my mind to start at once for Strasbourg by coach. I dined for the last time with my uncle, and up to the last moment enjoyed his dear society, and only at midnight did I bid farewell to this beloved relation, who has overpowered me with his goodness and kindness. We were both much affected. The coach was a partly open conveyance, and consequently very cold. It was a night lighted up by stars and snow. We arrived at Kehl at day-break. This fortress, so famous during the war, is now hardly more than a heap of stones. We stayed there only for a few minutes to take a cup of coffee and have our passports looked at. We crossed the Rhine in a small boat. I hesitated for a moment before trusting myself in such a manner to the rushing waters, and was almost inclined to make the round by Bâle again, but the difference between two hours and seven days decided me, and I embarked with some dozen French soldiers, men accustomed to perils of all sorts. I took care to hold on to a

rope attached to the boat in case of accident, but the good God made us arrive safely on the other side. What made the passage seem worse than it really was, was a thick fog that prevented our seeing the other side. On arrival I found a troop of actors going to Rastadt, one of whom I knew, and I begged him to inform my uncle of my safe arrival in the Republic of France. A French officer looked at our passports, and at the *douane* our portmanteaus were rigorously emptied and searched. Nothing was found, and I made them give me a receipt for what money I was carrying into the country, so that I might be able to carry the same amount out unmolested. From here to Strasburg was a good lieue, which I walked. I put up at the "Ville de Lion," and there found several letters from home. After paying some visits I went to the theatre, and saw a very mediocre piece, badly acted, but as it was done by amateurs for a charity, one had to be indulgent. I went to sleep in the middle, and returned to my hotel, where I spent a delicious night.

14th Nivôse.—I spent to-day paying visits on business, and was everywhere received most graciously. Strasburg is a large town, with a prosperous trade. The garrison is very large; General Fourdon is the commander, and the soldiers are a fine, well-equipped set of men. The tower of the cathedral is superb, and from the top you get a splendid view. German is much more spoken than French, and general sympathy is much more in favour of the

Germans than of the French. M. Turkheim took me to a dance, a brilliant society. We began dancing at five o'clock, and I gave myself up entirely to it. The ladies were pretty, and very amiable. We danced twelve valse, six French and six English, and stayed till midnight.

17th *Nivôse*.—I dined at M. Turkheim's, where I met a young Bernhard, and two ladies, Diedrich and Henneberger, whose fathers had known my father forty years ago. Mme. Turkheim is a very intellectual lady.

18th *Nivôse*.—I left Strasburg this morning, and passed through Lunéville, with its castle occupied once by the Dukes of Lorraine, and at one time by Stanislaus, King of Poland. Up to here the German language is spoken a good deal. Then on to Nancy, in which place the gardens and squares are superb and well kept. Altogether I found Nancy one of the most beautiful towns in France.

20th *Nivôse*.—We passed by Toul on the Moselle. On the sides of the hills are vineyards that produce excellent wine. We slept at Bar-le-Duc.

21st *Nivôse*.—We continued our journey through Longchamp to Chalons.

22nd *Nivôse*.—The coach from Chalons to Paris does not stop on the way, so we took our dinner with us, and at Thiery got a bottle of champagne for five francs.

23rd *Nivôse*.—We arrived in Paris, and I went to my former quarters, "L'Hôtel des Étrangers," where



I found my old friend Keidel still occupied with his *Réclamations* after two years' work. We dined at the Palais Royal.

24th Nivôse.—I spent the day making business visits, and in the evening went to the Opera with young Arnould of Berlin. This is a most extraordinary and magnificent performance, where the senses of sight and hearing are much more satisfied than the senses of reason and proportion. They dance comic dances to gay airs during the destruction of a town or round a coffin. You see the palaces of heaven and hell, gods, devils, dwarfs, deformities, monsters, angels, making a noisy round. Everything tumbling to pieces and rising up again. A perfect pandemonium. People tolerate such extravagances, and even like them. The theatres altogether have great attractions in music and in dancing, which is carried to perfection in Paris.

25th Nivôse.—After writing my despatches for Bremen I went with young Arnould to the Jardin des Plantes to see the wild animals that have been lately collected there. There were the two elephants from the menagerie of the Prince of Orange, dromedaries, stags, the bears from Berne, a white bear from the Arctic regions, lions and lionesses, one of which is in a cage with a small dog, wolves, ostriches, and eagles. The French public goes in there free certain days of the Décade: foreigners are allowed any day. We crossed the Seine on the ice, which is seldom done here. I dined with my friend Keidel.

We sat down at five o'clock, and my friend was so long choosing his dishes, we only got up at seven, too late for the theatre, which was annoying.

26th Nivôse.—I tried to get through my business visits by degrees, making some every morning. In the afternoon I went to the theatre of Odéon, a place which is little patronised at this moment. The people of Paris have little taste for the beautiful works of Racine, Voltaire, and Corneille. *Phèdre* and *Hippolyte* were given, and beautifully acted.

27th Nivôse.—A letter of recommendation from M. Bethman of Bordeaux gave me the acquaintance of M. Perregaux, one of the first bankers in Paris. I dined with him to-day, and made the acquaintance of Mme. Marmon, a very pretty and pleasant woman, daughter of M. Perregaux and wife of General Marmon, who is just now with Bonaparte in Egypt. M. Perregaux gave me a place in his box at the Opera. They gave *Anacréon chez Polistrate* for the benefit of Vestris père. This famous dancer, who is seventy years old, deserved all the applause he received for the way in which he danced "Le Minuet de la Reine" with la Citoyenne Vestris. Vestris fils was also splendid in the part of Lubin, and Citoyenne Chavigni in Nanette in the ballet, and la Citoyenne Gardel was absolutely perfect in her dancing.

29th Nivôse.—After business I passed a most agreeable time at Le Musée Central des Arts, and there saw the celebrated picture of Gerard Dow, "Hydropique," just recently brought from Turin.

It is impossible to imagine such a collection of *chef d'œuvres* as are now to be seen in this exhibition. Last year there were only pictures taken from churches, convents, and those of Holland, Brabant, and Flanders; but now all those of Rome, Venice, Perouse, Pesaro, and Loretto are there. Indeed where else in the world can one see side by side the "Transfiguration" by Raphael, "St. Jerome" by Domenichino, pictures by Jean Bellin, Paul Veronese, Titian, Bassan, Carrache, Poussin, Tintoret, and others too numerous to mention. Collections of drawings, cartoons, pastels, miniatures in the gallery of Apollo would take one days to go through. A positive surfeit of good things: a treasure-house of stolen goods. I dined with M. Gelot, who has recently been married to a Mademoiselle Bauer of Bordeaux, a very attractive young woman. Her mother, Mme. Bauer, is with them. The society of these ladies made the dinner very pleasant.

*1st Pluviôse.*—I again dined with M. Gelot, and accompanied Mme. Bauer and Mme. Gelot to the theatre, where *Romeo and Juliet* was performed. Nothing could be more beautiful than the death scene of Juliet.

*2nd Pluviôse.*—This morning the firing of cannons announced the fête for the Death of the last king of France. All public work was suspended and shops closed. At eleven I went to the Temple de la Victoire, where this fête was celebrated. The members of the Directoire, the Ministers, several generals, and a large



concourse of citoyens were there. The Oath of Hatred to the Monarchy was taken by the President of the Directoire and by everyone else, and afterwards the President made a speech full of energy and fire, though I could not make out the sense of it. The meeting broke up to the music of Republican airs. On the different pillars of the Temple were stuck these lines from Voltaire's *Brutus* :

“Si dans la République il se trouve un traître,  
Qui regretta les Rois et qui voulut un maître,  
Qui le perfide meurt au milieu des tourments.”

We dined afterwards a large party at the Restaurant Provençeau.

*4th Pluviôse*.—M. Linan invited me to dine to-day at Mme. Boucher. A very good dinner and society. Mme. Flor of Milan was there, and Dr. Gries of Hamburg. Mme. Flor asked me to spend the evening with her, but unfortunately I was obliged to attend a meeting of Freemasons, and was detained there so late, that when I arrived at Mme. Flor at ten instead of nine, as she had asked me, I found her gone out; but another little adventure that evening made up for this *contretemps*. (Really, after a meeting of Freemasons, I am surprised !)

*5th Pluviôse*.—I paid a round of visits in a cabriolet, and afterwards went to the Jardin des Plantes, where, through the civility of the commissaire, I was shown the libraries and salons, which the victorious armies of the Republic have enriched with countless objects of

interest and antiquity. In time it will be the richest collection in all Europe. The famous manufactory of Gobelin tapestry being in this neighbourhood, I went there. It is a most curious establishment, employing about ninety workers under Government superintendence. They dye in beautiful colours a mixture of wool and silk, and weave partly in high relief and partly in low relief, so that the pieces look like beautiful pictures. It takes some ten years to train a good worker, and the work requires extraordinary patience to make a picture of good size. A picture will take four years' work for two workers. This makes them too expensive for ordinary sale. But now some of these artist workmen have been requisitioned for the army. I dined with M. Perri-gaux, and we went to the theatre Feydeau, where they gave *Le Voyage aux Glaciers*. The perfect scenery makes the spectator think himself really among the ice-mountains: snow falling, the sound of avalanches, and raging torrents appearing with a truth that appeals to anyone that has been in Switzerland.

6th *Pluviôse*.—I dined with M. and Mme. Steetz, of the firm of Dobbeler & Steetz, who are going to start a business house in Paris. Mme. Steetz is most amiable. She is of the English family of Roos, established at Hamburg. She has delightful children, as pretty as angels. I met the composer Tarchi, a famous musician, and also M. Bourgoing, who used to be French Minister for the Hanseatic towns.

Afterwards we went to the theatre and saw *Les Irlanders Unis*, an historical piece, very passionate and vehement. After, the Citoyen Franconi gave some equestrian feats that attracted a great crowd.

*8th Pluviôse.*—The floods on the Seine began to-day. The water had risen over the Quay du Louvre, the ice had collected at the Pont de la Révolution, and we were witnesses of several bad accidents. A boatload of washerwomen was upset against the bridge, and the baths of Citoyen Poitevin were destroyed. No one was allowed to cross the Bridge of the Tuileries. In the night lighted torches and the cries of the crowd made a very stirring scene.

*9th Pluviôse.*—After writing my Bremen letter and sending off a box of books to Professor Martins of Göttingen, I passed the rest of the day at the Great Library. This collection of treasures, under the direction of Professor Melin, has been infinitely enriched since last year by the army in Italy. Works of art are rather in confusion at present. The famous “*Dame de Losette*” is side by side with Egyptian divinities. The collection of engraved stones is much increased lately.

*10th Pluviôse.*—I went to the collection of antiquities at “*Les Petits Augustines*.” Here all the precious relics from churches and public buildings, stained glass, tombstones, monuments and statues, that artistic conservatives have been able to save from the wreckage of Vandalism have been safely stored, but they still remain in great disorder. For



instance, one finds an Apostle from St. Sulpice side by side with a Venus and a Bacchus. I also went into the School of Mines, a public institution in the shape of an amphitheatre, surrounded by glass cupboards that contain samples of minerals of every description with an analysis of each attached; also there are models of machinery, mining implements, and all kinds of tools for chemical experiments. M. Page, the founder of this school, gives lectures on chemistry here, some of which I have attended.

*11th Pluviôse.*—We made a party of six to visit the Hospital for Mad People at Bicêtre. The place was full of lunatics, swindlers, libertines of the lowest order, and miserable beggars of every description. There were more than 3000 inmates. In the courtyard where the lunatics are confined they played a disagreeable joke on us. They passed us in alone, taking away our sticks and umbrellas, then suddenly closed the door behind us and locked it. The lunatics immediately surrounded us, demanding money, wine, and tobacco, and covered us with abuse. There were more than 100 of them, not counting those locked up in the cells, and we were only six without any means of defence. We were much disconcerted, and forming a square drew back in a body to the door, and were presently let out. Then they told us, with much laughter, that nearly all this crowd was composed of the keepers of lunatics, who were amusing themselves at our expense. It was a poor joke. Amongst the lunatics was an old man who

called himself a woman, and a poor dwarf very educated, who spoke French, English, German, and Italian fluently. He had feet but no legs, hands but no arms, but could write and walk as we do. The atmosphere in the cells was very horrible. In the evening I supped with Mme. Ravelle. She is a lady of a certain age who still plays the coquette. There was a society there and dancing, but no pretty women, so I came away early.

13th *Pluviôse*.—We went to see the Institution for the Blind this morning—a curious establishment, where we found blind musicians, printers, and other trades; and men knowing arithmetic, geography, and reading books and music printed for their use in raised type that they could feel. They are mostly very contented. There were even two poets amongst them, whose verses were very pretty. I went in the evening to the Grand Ballet, and saw Vestris père dance again the “Minuet of the Queen” with infinite grace, and he was even surpassed by the dancing of his son. The great singer Lais also performed, and the place was crowded to overflowing.

15th *Pluviôse*.—I dined with M. Gelot, where I met Vestris père. In spite of being seventy years old he looks only forty, and has wonderful health and good spirits. He lives in a country house near Paris.

16th *Pluviôse*.—I hired a carriage and drove myself without accident in the crowded streets. I dined with the Brothers Provenceaux, and in the evening

went to a ball frequented by *femmes équivoques*, merely out of curiosity.

20th *Pluviôse*.—We made a party to dine at the Restaurant Rose; M. Henry, Consul of Prussia, M. Linan, and Dr. Gries were amongst the party: only two ladies. The dinner was good but not extraordinarily so, and they made us pay 36 francs a person.

21st *Pluviôse*.—To-day I went to see the Institution for Deaf Mutes at St. Magloire. They are taught arithmetic, grammar, and even metaphysics, which they reproduce on paper in a most extraordinary way. They have a language between themselves which they seem to understand. In the evening I went to the Odéon theatre to see *Misanthropie et Repentir*. This piece is drawing the whole of Paris, and makes everyone cry *à verse*. It breaks some marriages, and makes others. The house was crowded. In order that sobs might not disturb the audience, they had the curious plan of ordering the affected ones to cry all together between the scenes. When the curtain was lowered the manager came forward and shouted, "*Citoyens et citoyennes mouchez vous*," and everyone sobbed aloud, from the impressions of the last scene, and from the expectation of the following one.

22nd *Pluviôse*.—My passport is giving me much trouble. M. Schluter, either from bad temper or from want of influence, has refused to help me. The Foreign Minister sends me to the Minister of Police,



and so back again, as from "Pierre to Paul," without advancing matters. Then Arnould of Berlin, to whom I lent 196 francs, has disappeared. It is a mean trick on his part. A Bremener could not have done it. All this put me in a bad temper. In the evening I supped with M. Lang. There was a large society: Mademoiselle Deville of Bordeaux and Mme. Farbier, and M. de Vrintz. We danced, and I stayed until two in the morning.

*30th Pluviôse.*—A very culpable levity made me forget an engagement to dine with Mme. Harmensen, and I had to make a little story to get myself out of trouble, in telling Mme. Harmensen I had been seized with colic, and could not leave home. So I was able to go to another fête, where I met Mme. Steetz.

*1st Ventôse.*—When I called on Mme. Harmensen to make my excuses she was full of kindness and sympathy, and wanted me to take her son's bedroom, and be cared for till I was well. I was much touched.

*2nd Ventôse.*—I went to a party at Mme. Steetz's. The celebrated Mme. Recamier was there and other beautiful women, and M. de Pappenheim and M. de Vrintz from Rastadt. We danced a little.

*4th Ventôse.*—The beautiful weather attracted crowds in the Tuileries, where I spent some time. Afterwards I went to Mme. Steetz's, where I passed a delightful evening. In all Paris I have not found such a charming and interesting woman, and so good

to me. In one word and truly, she is *un vrai pendant* to Mme. Bethman of Bordeaux.

6th Ventôse.—They had fixed to-day for me to get my passport, but when I presented myself I was again refused, which much annoyed me. I wandered out to the Jardin des Plantes to distract myself, then took a boat on the Seine, and went to the Place de la Bastille. The fearful ruins of this terrible monument of Despotism lie in heaps on the ground. Children play about, where in former times unhappy prisoners groaned their lives out. The colossal statue of Liberty, recently erected, is tumbling to pieces. The Place divides the two quarters of Paris, the *beau monde* of the lively boulevard, and the quarter of the poor: on one side luxury and idleness, on the other poverty and industry.

7th Ventôse.—I dined at Mme. Boucher, and took Mme. Flor to the theatre. They gave *Mme. Angot*, a farce that last year drew the whole of Paris, and really the acting of Citoyenne Corse and of Citoyen Brunot in that of her valet is altogether unique.

8th Ventôse.—The annoyance of running about after my passport makes me lose all my time. I could not get it again this morning.

9th Ventôse.—I took *un bain de santé*. I wish we had these baths at Bremen, good both for the health and cleanliness. Then I dined with Mme. Steetz. There I found Mme. Simon, the famous Mademoiselle Lange of old times. She still retains all her charm and amiability, and a certain coquetry that be-

comes her fairly ; but one cannot easily forget the wrong she did to her lovers, M. Hoppe of Hamburg and M. Beauregard.

10th *Ventôse*.—I dined with M. Delamarque, who has a wonderful plan of cutting canals all over France to join different rivers, and so facilitate commerce. It is a fine project, but will meet with some difficulties, I think. I again went to the Minister of Police about my passport, but still without success.

(It is getting late, I look round at the two good ladies of Glemham, who are knitting away in a half-sleepy state. One has already yawned twice, and the other has half-closed eyes, so I go on this time in French.)

J'ai diné chez Mme. Boucher. Entre autres, quelqu'un de la société fit un pari singulier, c'est à dire que parmi 10 personnes que nous étions, nous avions 22 seins. Quelques uns de la société pariaient jusqu'à vingt louis contre. On ne fit l'examen, et l'on trouva en effet qu'un jeune homme de Bordeaux, un certain Dupuis, avait 4 seins bien formés, 2 à la place ordinaire, et 2 au dessous. Le parieur avait donc gagné. Il fut décidé que la moitié de l'argent serait donnée aux pauvres, et l'autre moitié mangée.

(" Why do you read that in French ? " asks Sister A.

" On the whole it sounds better in that language," I answer.

" Who was Mme. Boucher ? " says Sister B. suspiciously.



“ I think she must have kept a restaurant, and the party were all gentlemen—at least I hope so ; they were betting large sums.”

“ I don’t like betting,” says Sister A.

“ But half the money was given to the poor.”

“ That was all right.”

“ And the other half they ate next day. No harm in that.” Let us go on.)

*12th Ventôse.*—I dined with Mme. Harmensen, and supped afterwards with the delightful Mme. Steetz.

*14th Ventôse.*—I wrote a letter of eleven pages to Bremen, and dined afterwards with Mme. Steetz ; her sister, Mme. Simon, was there, and I took the two ladies to the theatre. This was to amuse Mme. Steetz’s children.

*15th Ventôse.*—On this the Quintide of the Dêcade the National Guard gives a parade in the Tuileries Gardens, provided the weather is fine. But several times I have been disappointed in not seeing them there. These soldiers of the country sometimes object if it is not good weather, an excuse I find very ridiculous in the mouth of a soldier. To-day, as the weather seems suitable, I watched them doing their exercises to an excellent music. They have a band of forty musicians, and it is worth hearing them perform “ Le Marsellaise,” “ The March to the Pyrenees,” and other patriotic tunes. You can hardly realise how inspiring it is. The National Guard is composed of the most magnificent men

possible, who are chosen out of the whole army. They must have gone through two campaigns, and have certificates of good conduct and staunch Republicanism. M. Gelot had asked me to dine with him at M. Lang's country house at Villemomble. I drove there with Baron de Vrintz. We passed by Rincy, that used to be the castle of the Duke of Orleans, but now belongs to M. d'Ivry. The larger part has been pulled down, being too expensive to keep up. The park is superb, and one sees herds of white and brown deer, and quantities of hares. M. Lang's property adjoins it, and the two together make a beautiful property. On a mount at Rincy there is a telegraph that communicates with the Faubourg Montmartre. The house of M. Lang is furnished with great taste, and the gardens as beautiful as you can see anywhere. M. and Mme. Bauer and M. and Mme. Gelot were there, and we made a most excellent dinner, as one always does from M. Lang's cuisine. We spent the evening talking and at whist, going to bed at midnight. My apartment was furnished with every possible necessary for the toilet, to the very smallest bagatelle. We left early next morning before the ladies were up.

*17th Ventôse.*—I paid a visit to Mme. Steetz, and afterwards dined with my friends Miesegais and Treuter, and then went to the theatre Montansier, where we saw two short pieces that made us nearly die of laughter.

*18th Ventôse.*—To-day the winter has returned in

all its vigour, with snow and frost. I passed the evening with the dear Mme. Steetz.

19th *Ventôse*.—Miesegais brought a Bremen captain called Husman, who with his crew of nine persons is passing through Paris to take command of the ship *Bremen*, now at Bordeaux. So to amuse him we hired a carriage and took him around to see the sights of Paris. It took us six hours, and was the idea of Miesegais, and not mine. I hardly think this good sailor much appreciated it.

20th *Ventôse*.—The Jour de Décade and also Sunday was celebrated all over Paris with no work. To profit by it, I and my friend Keidel hired one of the carriages they call *pot de chambre*, for which one pays a mere trifle, and went to St. Cloud. We dined there and walked back to Paris, which was delightful. My friend Miesegais has lost his case at the Tribunal de Cassation which has kept him in Paris for two years. He is very upset.

22nd *Ventôse*.—A pleasure party to Versailles has long been meditated by us, and was put into execution to-day. M. Henry, Consul of Prussia, Linan and Dupuis of Bordeaux, and myself were the cavaliers; Mme. Flor of Milan and two other ladies came with us. We dined at Restaurant Raimboul; good, but dear. An unfortunate accident troubled the whole party. Mme. Flor lost her little dog that she loves absurdly, and was quite inconsolable the whole day. None of the ladies would come out, so we had a solitary walk after dinner.



In the evening I went to a reception at M. Lang's, where there were more than a hundred people, amongst others the Duke and Duchess d'Ossuna and their sons and daughters. He is Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Vienna, and is one of the richest nobles in Spain. There was some excellent music, and also dancing.

23rd *Ventôse*.—To-day, by a Decree of the "Directoire Exécutif," France is declared at war with Austria and Tuscany. So again the hounds of war are let loose. I have written this sad news to my father. I have received a letter from my Uncle Gröning at Rastadt; he is packing up to leave. I dined with M. Lang, and passed the evening with Mme. Steetz very pleasantly.

28th *Ventôse*.—After writing my Bremen letters I heard that the beautiful theatre of Odéon had caught fire. I rushed out to find if it was true, which it unfortunately was. Before I got there people were shouting out the news and the names of those who had perished in the flames. The most beautiful theatre in France was on fire: this hall, consecrated to Voltaire, Racine, Molière, and the ancients, will be no more. In the disorder and excitement it was touching to see the bust of Voltaire carried out by simple citoyens and reverently placed in safety. The statue of the great Molière was seized from the *grand foyer*, they even broke through glass to get to it, and grenadiers carried it on their shoulders in silence from the burning building. Two soldiers

were scorched to death. All the streets and avenues near were guarded, and no one allowed to go near.

30th *Ventôse*.—Bodies of artillery announced to-day the fête of the French people's Freedom. The firing took place at intervals all day. And so this day is given up to idleness and pastime. We will hope to-morrow will bring wisdom and industry. Orations were made at the Directoire suitable to the occasion. The Municipalities also were all astir, each in their own district. They had placed on a pedestal in the Tuileries a pile of Republican arms, surrounded by shields, on which were written the names of the Departments. Flags taken in battle lay round the pile. The flag of France and that of allied Republics floated from the Tree of Liberty. Candelabra were placed round the pedestal, and antique tripods, where incense was burnt. On each side of the pedestal were suitable inscriptions from "The Rights of Man." In the evening all was illuminated.

1st *Germinal*.—By the old calendar this is Holy Week, and in old times people made pilgrimages to Longchamps, a little village at the other end of the Bois de Boulogne. They have retained this custom, so that on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of this week the road is as much frequented as ever. The *beau monde* in carriages, on horseback, and on foot go along in crowds, both to see and to be seen. Detachments of cavalry are stationed all along the route to preserve order. M. Gelot lent me his beautiful riding horse, an English stallion of the

finest sort, so I made the promenade to Longchamps with the rest, and my horse was much admired by connoisseurs. The number of equipages, cavaliers, and pedestrians in the best attire was a delightful spectacle. The *sexe* had assumed its most attractive dress.

*3rd Germinal, Good Friday.*—A lovely day ; the last of the processions to Longchamps was more brilliant than any ; an immense number of carriages and cavaliers, and pedestrians in thousands. I went humbly to-day amongst these last with my friends Meisegais and Treuter. When we arrived at Longchamps we found nothing to eat : the crowd had devoured everything. So we retraced our steps, and got a frugal meal at the Barrière on a pretty little raised platform. There we could see the procession filing by, and so contented both our stomachs and our eyes. One line of the procession was going and the other returning in perfect order. The origin of this fête is that some forty years ago the nuns of the convent at Longchamps managed to attract all Paris to their church in Holy Week by their beautiful voices and music. The grandest people in magnificent attire vied with the poor in attending these services. Gradually the love of display and coquetry replaced the pious ardour of old times, and the crowds became so immense and distracting, and even disorderly, that the Archbishop ordered the nuns to close their church to the public, and to chant their Passion service with closed doors. It was thought



the fêtes would cease the next year, but no such thing, the processions started as usual to the door of the convent and back again, and it has continued the fashion of the *beau monde* and their followers to take this promenade every year, with no particular object but to look at each other. They call it "going to Longchamps," though there is nothing in the calendar to justify this fantastic excursion. People never forget it, and the police are obliged to remember the days and place guards on the road to prevent disorder.

*6th Germinal.*—The concert of the famous singer Garat gave me infinite pleasure. I passed the evening with Mme. Steetz.

*9th Germinal.*—Every day I occupy myself in trying to get my passport without success. It is quite unpardonable this way of detaining foreigners, giving them no answer one way or the other. I have been waiting two months, and spending my money all the time. I dined with M. Lang, and met M. Legouvé, a literary man of some distinction, a M. Rose, recently an Abbé, and Baron de Vrintz.

*10th Germinal.*—It was a very cold day with a biting wind, but nevertheless I took a *bain de propriété*. I dined with Mme. Harmensen, and there made the acquaintance of her cousin, M. van Robais, a partner in the famous firm for cloth at Abbeville, and he promised me letters of introduction to that place.

*11th Germinal.*—At last I am at the end of my

troubles. The Citoyen St. Sauveur sent me word that my passport was ready at the Ministry of Police. I did not waste a moment, and went to fetch it. That after which I have been running for two months was done in a moment. I fixed my departure for Calais the day after to-morrow, and dined for the last time with Keidel and Miesegais, and in the evening I went to Mme. Steetz's, where I met Mme. d'Altona and her daughters and several others. I wrote to announce my departure from Paris to my father, who is evidently getting anxious about me.

*12th Germinal.*—This being my last day in Paris I rushed about making farewell visits. I dined with M. Lang, where I found the famous singer Garat, who was good enough to sing to us some of his charming romances. M. Dupaty, the play-writer, was there. Then I went to bid adieu to dear Mme. Steetz, but she was attiring for a fête to which she was going, so I could not have a very long interview with her.

(So Mme. Steetz held levées at the toilette after the manner of Queen Marie Antoinette.)

I leave for Amiens to-morrow. One would hardly think it is with pleasure I leave Paris, but I am getting weary of it, and the uncertainty of my departure has annoyed me a good deal.

*13th Germinal.*—I left early in the coach, a very comfortable conveyance, well hung, and well horsed. I may never return to Paris, and I leave many friends

there whom I regret. There was excellent company in the coach—M. Brunon of Lille, two demoiselles, and two French officers. We arrived at Amiens at midnight. The road was splendid, and the postillions drove like devils.

*14th Germinal.*—I stayed at Amiens to make some visits. The cathedral is superb, and is the only church in France, I believe, where nothing has been destroyed or taken away. The “Assemblée Primaire” is held there, but still one sees devout people kneeling at prayer without molestation. After dinner I started for Abbeville.

*16th Germinal.*—This town is not remarkable, except for its famous cloth manufactory belonging to M. van Robais. I had an introduction to this gentleman, and was most kindly received. I spent all my time in seeing this flourishing manufactory that employs some 5000 workmen in good times : now only 400 are at work. They only use Spanish wool, that comes in a raw state. They prepare, dye, and weave it. At present they are occupied principally in making cloth for army uniforms. M. Duval, manager of the company, gave himself much trouble to explain the whole process to me, and afterwards took me to dinner at M. van Robais’s. Before leaving Abbeville I called on a certain Mme. Linare to give her a little gold watch from M. van Robais in Paris.

*17th Germinal.*—We arrived at Boulogne at six o’clock in the morning, too late to go to bed, so I



refreshed myself with a bath and breakfast. There is no commerce here at present, except the armament of corsairs, that has degenerated into piracy pure and simple against neutral shipping, though the Government appears to be trying to keep a certain amount of order. In times of peace Boulogne is chiefly occupied with a contraband trade with England. I made the acquaintance of an American Captain Bronar, a very lively man. You can eat beautiful oysters at Boulogne of an enormous size. When the weather is fine the coast of England is to be seen distinctly. I met by chance M. Meynen, of the house of Schröder, of Paris and Havre. He is German, and had lived for six years in Bremen, so that he knew my name well.

*18th Germinal.*—The carriage from Boulogne was abominable, five persons crowded into it, and only one horse. We arrived late at Calais, and certainly seven lieues for one horse the whole journey is outrageous. At Calais I put up at L'Hôtel Kingston, and was very comfortable. The Maison Dessein is one of the most famous hotels in Europe, quite a little Palais Royal, with shops, café, gardens, all empty now, as there is no trade with England. The passage to England is almost closed now, and one has to go through endless formalities and deceptions to accomplish it. They charge five guineas, whereas in time of peace it is only one guinea.

*19th Germinal.*—There being no guests but myself at my hotel, I, hating solitude, took my meals with

the host. There I met a young Englishman, Mr. Potter of London.

(I stopped at the name Potter. Could this possibly be my great-uncle, the ubiquitous William, who was just at that time travelling all over England on business, and who was a great upholder of the French Revolution. But no, this young man's home is not at Tadcaster.)

He is going to join his people at Chantilly, where they have a manufactory of china. Being English he is under the observation of the police, having a man always following him. I profited by his company to learn a little English. Mr. Derheim, whom I had an introduction to, was very kind to me, and I passed the evening with him. There I found two Bremeners—Captain Appel, navigating a Danish ship, that had just brought in a cargo of wine from Bordeaux, and a Captain Proeger, who has lost his ship some ten months ago, and is now married to a Flamande here.

*21st Germinal.*—It has been a raging tempest these last two days, which was quite a new spectacle for me: the sea was enormous, with a south-west wind. Six corsairs that were outside the harbour took shelter in the port. A big Prussian ship tried to do the same, but failed, and disappeared from view. Two others under Prussian flags also failed, and were driven on land 100 yards away. I expected to see them dashed to pieces by the huge waves, but fortunately it was a sandy shore, and they were

stranded safely. When the tide went down they were left high and dry, and I walked round them. They were loaded with salt for Dunkirk. People came to relieve them of their cargo, hoping soon to refloat them. I walked out with Mr. Potter, who has just received his passport.

*22nd Germinal.*—I dined with Mr. Christopher White, an Englishman long established here, and met his daughter and son-in-law, M. and Mme. van Melinger, and a Mr. Whittel, formerly Governor of Madras, who has a very attractive daughter. For some reason he does not dare to return to England at present.

*23rd Germinal.*—In waiting for favourable weather to cross over in a little Danish boat that is going to Hamburg, I passed my time as profitably as possible in learning English from Mr. Potter.

*24th Germinal.*—The weather is beautiful, but the wind contrary. A Swedish ship and two corsairs left the harbour. Two English frigates were signalled, and came so near we could see them distinctly.

*25th Germinal.*—Always a contrary wind. I dined with M. van Melinger, and met the Governor Whittel and his daughter again.

*26th Germinal.*—At the Hôtel de Ville I saw the balloon in which the aeronaut Blanchard crossed the Channel in 1783.

*28th Germinal.*—The wind changed, and we might have started to-day, but were suddenly refused permission by the commander of the place. We could



only submit, so we dined at the famous Hôtel Dessein, and consoled ourselves with billiards and whist. A M. Truchard of Paris and M. Roos of Hamburg arranged to cross with me.

*29th Germinal.*—At last our happy hour of deliverance! At noon, and high tide, we were all aboard the little Danish ship *Mercure*. The captain had made declaration to go to Rensburg for the Holstein Canal, as no permission was granted for England. The governor and all the authorities came on board to examine if we had any contraband or any hidden person or money, but finding nothing they let us sail. It gave me a lively satisfaction to leave the coast of France at last, not that I had not found it a most attractive country, but because I had latterly been kept there against my will. A fresh wind was blowing, and the sea was running rather high, but our little ship went well. After an hour on deck we were all seasick and retired below. Once on the voyage our captain caught sight of a French corsair and had to change his course. By six o'clock we were near enough the English coast to land, but it was low tide, and we had to wait. Two English hotel-keepers from Dover came on board to praise their respective hotels to us. This made a bad impression on me, as I always thought the English people too proud to beg for custom. It was only at eight o'clock we were able to land on this blessed island. Our host, Mr. Crew of the London Tavern, conducted us to the Custom-house, where we under-

went the most rigorous examination, luggage, pockets, and pocket-books. I had to pay two guineas for mere bagatelles, such as books, maps, and engravings. For some little pictures I bought in Paris for three sous I was asked to pay six sous or leave them, which I did. Such are the taxes in England.

*April 19th.*—I dined with Messrs. Fector and Minet in English style. A General Scott was there, who had commanded in the landing at Ostend. He took a fancy to me, and was most kind to me. M. Minet's family are most amiable. They played, danced, played at cards till midnight, and I did not find myself regretting French gaiety in the least.

*20th April.*—I spent to-day looking over the town. Through my father's forethought in writing to M. Heyman, Consul for the Hanseatic towns in London, I had no trouble with my passport, which I found ready signed by the Duke of Portland. But my companions, M. Roos and M. Frouchard, had not got theirs, which made me decide to stay a day here. A hot sea-bath did me a lot of good. The weather was splendid, and the sea alive with ships of every description. I counted up to sixty in sight at one time, a sight one never sees on the shores of France on account of the corsairs and their trade. Dover is quite a small town with an ancient castle. The commerce was very small, chiefly contraband with France in times of peace, now none at all. The port is poor, and those ships that are obliged to seek safety here are knocked nearly to pieces. The cliffs

round here are very high, made of white chalk, that gives the country the name of Albion. There are few curiosities to be seen : a deep well 350 feet in the citadel, and a cannon 22 feet long called " Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol," which they say carries as far as the coast of France. I determined to start to-night in the mail-coach for London. They tell me it is a superb conveyance and very fast. Starting at seven o'clock, I arrived in London at eight the next morning, a journey of seventy-two miles. The English roads leave nothing to be desired. They are of hard-beaten gravel, and well kept up. The wide wheels of carts and waggons keep them well rolled after the narrower and sharper wheels of private carriages and coaches have been over them. Then the horses are beyond all praise. That is why one travels in England more quickly and more comfortably than in any other country in Europe.

(Here the diary ends. It is a pity there is no record of the visit to England. That one was written I feel no doubt. It would be amusing to read that gay young Bremener's views of those " astute islanders." He stayed in England for some months, and as the year afterwards, in 1800, I find him writing in his small pocket diary good English, he must have profited by his sojourn here. The only record I can find of his visit to England is a tradition handed down to his grandchildren, that whilst here he was very anxious to go through the experience of an encounter with highway robbers. So, having



satisfied himself that these gentlemen of the road never took your life if you gave them your money, he provided himself with an old silver watch and some small coin, and used to ride out gaily every evening on the Commons near London in the hopes of meeting them. All the success he got was, that every other traveller avoided him most carefully, and he came to the conclusion that he was himself taken for a robber.)

## CHAPTER V

### “ AND AFTER ”

IN the year 1800 the last traveller is working in his father's counting-house in Bremen, but not too diligently, for his diary is full of such entries as :—

“ Took a ride this morning,” “ visited this person or that person,” “ evenings at the theatre or the Club,” and “ pleasure parties into the country.” Only occasionally “ Two hours at the office.” In consequence later on, after his father's death, business did not thrive, but steadily dwindled till in 1826 he failed and retired into private life, leaving his sons to make their way as they could.

In January 1800 I find the following entry :—

“ The most remarkable day of my life. Refused a ride with Mr. Loning. At six o'clock took my cousin, Betty Gröning, out to a dance. Had a most interesting conversation with her.”

Betty was the daughter of the dear Uncle George von Gröning. She was not beautiful, I gather from her picture, but a clever and capable young woman.

On the 15th of February he says : “ This day declared my intentions to my father, and had a most favourable answer.” Then come endless visits



HOME OF THE MEINERTZHAGENS, BREMEN

*From a photograph by Atelier Eckelmann, Bremen*





to the Gröning cousins, always with a mention of “dear Betty.”

*March 23rd.*—“My father went to pay a formal visit to Uncle Gröning on matters that concern me. He came back full of gaiety.”

It is a curious fact that one of *my* grandfathers, Lawrence Heyworth of Liverpool, used to tell us when we were children how he had nearly married a Bremen girl called Betty Gröning. I remember he used to say, “She was not pretty, my dears, but one of the nicest and cleverest girls I have ever met.” He married instead Betsey Aked, who was very pretty, but not so clever. This Betty Gröning proved an excellent wife and mother, and to the end her husband always talks of her as “my good Betty,” and evidently relied on her in every way.

There is a quaint old story of this Betty’s sister-in-law, wife of her brother Albert, who was Consul in Paris for the Hanseatic towns during the reign of Napoleon. She was at some Court function, and the Emperor, liking her appearance, asked her “Where she came from?” “Mais des Villes Hanseatiques, Sire,” she answered.

The Emperor rejoined: “Je n’aurai jamais cru tant de gentillesse d’une Asiatique.” He presented her husband with a gold watch.

*May 3rd.*—Declaration of my coming marriage with my amiable cousin, Betty Gröning. Expenses on this occasion—

A ring, 9 R. (Reichsthaler).

Presents to servants at Grönings', 3 G. (Groten).

Trip on the water, 2 G.

Trip to Laukenau, 3 G. 42.

*4th December* 1800.—A day twice remarkable. My birthday, I being twenty-nine, and my marriage day. At my waking up, found a lovely present from my "future": her portrait, a purse, and an almanac for next year, which surprised me much, and touched me to tears. Wrote a note in answer. At six o'clock in the evening went to the house of my beloved. A large assembly of friends. Dr. Wagner performed the ceremony. Supper from nine till twelve. Lively, but I did not much enjoy it. Drank punch. At one, escorted to our new home by our friends. My friends undressed me by force and sent me into the bridal chamber, where I found my wife "burning her bonnet."

Did not get up till ten the next morning. At that hour my father paid us a visit, followed by many relations. We dined with my father-in-law.

Rather a trying sort of wedding! And so this gay young man was settled for life with his good Betty. Children came fast, but business did not increase. Too many theatres, clubs, rides, and pleasant days with Betty and the children. The eldest son, Daniel, born a year after the marriage, was sent as a young man to Nantes, and from there writes the following letters to his mother:—



“ NANTES, *December* 1820.

“ I am glad to hear you have altered your plans for me, for Johannes gives me a sad account of what a clerk’s life in Bordeaux is. They work till one o’clock, then dine, then go to the theatre, or to the coffee-houses, or goodness knows where, then to bed to sleep till nine o’clock, and those who do not fall in with these ways are considered eccentric.

“ What Johannes writes to his parents does not surprise me, for though I know Bordeaux offers many advantages to the son of a Bremen merchant, being the French port with which Bremen trades to the greatest extent, still I fear the young people there think far more of pleasure than of business. Here all is different. I hardly know anyone outside this house, and hardly ever go to parties, balls, or theatres. I seldom go out into the country, and have only once hired a horse to ride to La Bruloire. Could I have done this in Bordeaux ? I think not. I do not say this with any wish to influence your plans for me, for I know well you will decide on what is best, but I am quite content to stay here until next spring. I am so glad you agree to my buying a violin, though I have very little time for practice. I much regret I did not begin sooner, for my stiff arms and fingers add to the difficulties of playing on this difficult instrument.”

“ NANTES, *July* 1821.

“ I have waited, dearest mother, to answer your letter in the hope that I should have some decision

about my visit to Bordeaux, which probably cannot be delayed much longer. I am ready to go, but not in a hurry ; the more so as I am getting just as much experience here as I should in Bordeaux. I saw the other day the celebrated Franconi, who passed through this town with forty horses and thirty riders. He sold one of his best horses for 24,000 francs here."

However, in spite of his doubts, this younger Daniel was sent there, for a letter from Bordeaux in March 1822 to his mother contains the following :—

" We are having wonderfully hot weather here, and the doctors fear an epidemic of yellow fever. On the 12th we had great festivities to celebrate the return of the Bourbons. All the troops were under arms, but the enthusiasm of the Royalists was rather damped by a good deal of discontent. The political world seems very disturbed, the Revolution in Spain is in full swing, in France there are many riots, in Prussia the heavy taxation and incomprehensible conduct of the Government are stirring up much bad feeling. Russia, Austria, and England are all at daggers drawn about Turkey, and God knows how it will all end.

" I hear with pleasure that in Bremen they are beginning to establish social meetings, for which, as you rightly say, the German character is far less suited than the French. The ladies should receive guests *uninvited* from eight to ten o'clock, or, if that

is too startling an innovation, five or six ladies should agree to receive once a week on a fixed day, and all acquaintances should come and go without ceremony. But these are Spanish manners, and not at all those of the German *Hausfrau*. Still less will her husband accustom himself to such an un-German fashion; he would be far too shy. The French ladies find it quite easy, and I am surprised to find how soon the German residents here fall into the custom.”

The following letter to young Daniel from a Nantes friend, one Dufou, who was working in Frederick Huth's office in London in 1822, is interesting:—

“I owe you thanks, my dear Daniel, for your kind letter, and observe with pleasure that you find yourself fairly happy in your new place at Bordeaux. Being occupied as you are, and not having a difficult nature, you will easily be able to conform to our customs, which, though different from those of your own country, yet have their own advantages. In this country (England) it is necessary to have plenty of occupation, and plenty of reasonableness, to get on at all. There is very little sociability, and, as in Holland, commercial interests are the dominant feature. You must not expect much friendliness from a John Bull who does not see his way to get something out of you. On the other hand, for



learning commerce, London is without exception the best school. You are here in the centre of universal business, and you can know here what goods come from each country, and what goods they want in return. In spite of my strong desire to be at home again, I shall be glad if my father leaves me here for some time longer. Messrs. Huth are going to start a business house at Lima under the direction of a Mr. Coit of New York. If I may venture to predict the future, I think they will be wise not to invest too much money in this enterprise during the first years, for if Lima is like Savannah and Buenos Ayres were at first, her market will be flooded with goods on which there will be great losses.

“I wish I had worked for a short time at Bordeaux, where the Market must be very interesting. The friends you will make there will doubtless be of very different character to the son of a certain Consul we know. It is really a pity he does not make better use of his good natural talents.—Yours devotedly,  
JULES DUFOU.”

In 1826 came the disaster to the house of Meinertzhagen in Bremen. The diary of this year is full of the failures of different firms in Bremen, and was evidently a bad one for business in general. Daniel the fifth came to the rescue with all the work he could give, but when affairs were wound up he decided to seek his fortunes in London. There is an old tradition in the family that this young man

presented himself to Frederick Huth with an introduction from a “ madman,” and the latter received him coldly, and informed him he could do nothing for him. I fancy the “ madman ” must have been Dufou, and the story was a joke. However, Daniel was shown the door, and left the office disconsolate. But old Frederick Huth, who had a keen eye for a good thing, in a few moments relented, and sent a clerk running after the visitor to bring him back. Then he told him he would after all take him on, as he liked the look of him. Seven years later this young clerk was made a partner, and married Frederick Huth’s daughter, Amelia. He became a leading partner of the large banking house from 1850 to 1869, when he died. He was a man of enormous energy and keen judgment, and worked only too hard in the place he had won. He writes later on to his mother (she seems to have been adviser and confidant) :—

“ You really make too much of my business life. My life has, I assure you, many intervals of ease and comfort, and many of those in Bremen work harder than I do. I beg of you not to think that because business occupies so much of my time, that it is the love of gaining money that keeps me tied to the desk. You must remember that in my mercantile relations I have serious duties to others. In such a world-wide business as ours there are many accidental circumstances which would bring about

unforeseen losses and disasters unless each one of the chiefs faithfully and industriously sticks to his post. It is not the greater or smaller profits that matter, as much as the safety and regularity with which the concern is conducted."

Again, this is an interesting estimate of the English character formed by the young Bremener:—

"I have noticed several peculiarities in the English character since I have lived amongst them. I think they have just as much acute feeling as others, but these feelings are subject to a certain formality that is comprehended in their education. The consequence of this is that one scarcely ever sees them lose their self-control, which in one way makes them go through life in a more practical and composed manner than we do; but in another way gives them the appearance of coldness and indifference, which is apt to repulse foreigners. So one must not only accustom oneself to this if one wishes to live amongst them, but must endeavour to guard against becoming too excited oneself, as this susceptibility is not judged from the standpoint of the heart or reason as with us, but is looked upon more as a sign of weakness and want of self-control.

"Between husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, everywhere one sees a certain amount of formality, which to one who does not understand the English character might easily



be taken for a want of cordiality. But one has only to be in need, and at once the real friendliness and affection becomes evident in a practical manner. ‘Familiarity breeds contempt’ is a well-known English proverb; and although familiarity here means more a weak intimacy or a tiresome forwardness, much as one would expect from some one who has drunk too much champagne, still in one’s daily life one must never lose sight of this rule, and must always observe a certain reserve, which may sometimes appear like coldness or estrangement. If one follows this rule, one is often surprised by unexpected marks of friendship; but, on the other hand, if one follows the impulses of a susceptible nature, one prepares for oneself disappointment, and perhaps mortification.”

The following is such a pleasant description of Spain and the Spaniards, I must include it. It was written in 1841, after this Daniel had travelled in that country on business:—

“In Spain itself I was as happy and comfortable as it is possible to be. The country, climate, and people made a most favourable impression on me. The troublesome Spaniards of whom one reads in newspapers consist of those only who, through their vanity, mix themselves up in traitorous political matters. In our times civilisation and freedom make progress quickly enough without the interference of

restless men, and it is through their mistakes that revolutions arise, for which they only have to thank themselves. For all quiet citizens Spain is as safe as our own dear Bremen. I found everywhere hospitality, friendliness, and peace, such as ought to be found in such a beautiful country. The people want little, have few industries and few cares, work little, but seem to have fewer requirements than in almost any other countries. By night and by day I travelled alone from place to place, and with the exception of a few dirty fellows, I never saw a single unpleasant person ; in fact, the civility and kindness of the lower classes is quite striking. In Lisbon I spent only a few days, so cannot judge fairly perhaps, but the Portuguese made no such pleasant impression on me as the Spaniards, though my personal friends were extremely kind ! ”

Certainly old Frederick Huth did well to take this strong and capable young man into his business and into his family, for he found in him a pleasant-natured and helpful partner to carry on the big business he had made in his younger days. Frederick Huth was a bit of a tyrant both in the office and at home, and it was not everyone who could get on with him. At home he ruled supreme over his large family of sons and daughters. It was only the two youngest of these, Louis and Louisa, who dared stand up to him. He arranged all their marriages, and for the most part very happily they turned out. Each



FREDERICK HUTH

A Napoleon of the City





daughter was told when the time came to whom she was to be affianced, and none of them except the spoilt Louisa dared say “no.” It was all taken as a matter of course. Amelia, Johanna, Manuella, Anne, and Maria all weakly obeyed when the hour came. Only Louisa dared hold her own. She was one of the last two left when her father sent for her one day and said: “Louisa, I have arranged a marriage with Mr. C. for either you or Maria, which shall it be?” “I would rather it were Maria,” answered Louisa. “Very well, my dear, send Maria.” So Maria it was, and she made herself quite happy. Louisa remained at home to cheer her father’s old age.

Even the sons were arranged for in matters matrimonial, and told to what girl their father wished them to pay their addresses. But Louis, the youngest, managed to thwart his father’s plans till he was over thirty. There is a family story that then the father thought it was time to settle him for life, and fixing on a desirable match, he told Louis it was his wish he should propose without more ado. Louis, with a keen sense of humour, went off at once and told the young lady his father had sent him with that order, “but,” he added, “I should strongly advise you to say ‘no,’ as I shall make but a poor husband.” So he was refused, and returned lamenting to his father. But a few months after he announced his own engagement to a charming and beautiful young Scotch girl of seventeen, and his

father was well pleased. To such an extent did this iron-willed Napoleon of a man rule his family, that when one of his elder daughters was left a widow with eight children, and wanted to marry for a second time a man of her own choice whom her father had not seen, he never forgave her, but left her portion of his large estate to her children and not to her. With this man, his son-in-law, the fifth Daniel was always on the best of terms, and succeeded him in the control of their large business, to which the younger man added not a little to its world-honoured position.







DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, THE FIFTH OF THE NAME

## CHAPTER VI

### NORTH AMERICA IN 1842-3

Now for the last batch of letters. These are from North America in 1843. Not a very long time ago ; but still America has made some strides since then, perhaps as many as the old countries have done in a much longer period. There were slaves there then, but not so much lynching ; more Faith perhaps, and fewer Trusts. More Lincolns, Hawthorns, and Emersons ; and fewer Vanderbilts, Rockfellers, and Morgans. More hunting, but no Death Manufactories. Plenty of Log cabins (and so there are now), but no such colossal Skyscrapers. More work, for less amusement.

I had occasion to have some old books valued lately. One was a shabby old volume, and the story of no particular interest as far as I could judge : a *History of Daniel Boone*, who did not seem to be a personage of much importance, I thought. The man who came to value these books went through them muttering, " Face value, 6*d.*, 4*d.*, 3*d.*," but when he came to this he said, " 15*s.* or £1." I asked, " Why, who was Daniel Boone ? " " It is not the man," he answered, " it is the date, ' Cincinnati, 1842.' There were not many books written in 1842 in Cincinnati.



That will go to America.” So it did, and fetched its price. The same man put down *Herbert Spencer* and Grote’s *Greece* at “face value.”

So these views of American life in 1843 are interesting enough to print. I will give them as they were written by Daniel the fifth to his wife, who was at home nursing little Daniel the sixth, then a few months old.

The travelling companion on this occasion was young Louis Huth, or “Loo” as he was called, a young fellow of twenty-three, the one who stood up to his father on the subject of matrimony. He was a lively young man then, and continued to be a lively *young* man all his life, being still young when he died at eighty-three. He always said of himself “he felt the youngest man in the company whoever he was with,” and generally acted as such. Many will remember his attractive personality.

NEW YORK,  
29th December 1842.

You will receive by this opportunity a short letter which I wrote on the 19th in hopes of our meeting the *Columbia* steamer, and I have also sent you a few lines on the 27th by a sailing packet which will probably arrive after this. We arrived at Halifax on the 19th, but found that the *Columbia* had sailed the day before, which we all regretted very much, as you will now receive the account of our arrival some weeks later. Of our voyage I can tell you very little; it was upon the whole not unfavourable, but

dreadfully tedious, and I vowed many a time that when I once get back nothing but absolute necessity shall induce me to leave home again, unless it is to pay a visit to my parents. You may fancy that I take these things easily, but it is not so; I feel the absence more than I can say, especially as I cannot help being always uneasy about you and the children. As I am going to the south, I cannot expect to hear from you till the beginning of February, and this is really dreadful. You will perhaps see something in the newspapers about the stormy passage we have had, but this is exaggerated. The vessel rolled and pitched a good deal, and made us feel the sea-sickness with double force, but I never had any feeling of unsafety. On the ninth or tenth day we got entirely over the sea-sickness, and it never returned, though the wind continued very high. The meals were then the most amusing scenes; every now and then the plates, dishes, and glasses were smashed in all directions, the dresses were covered with soup and sauces, and to eat and drink with any degree of propriety was quite out of the question. In the midst of all this the best humour prevailed, champagne circulated freely, speeches were made and songs were sung, in fact, every one only appeared to think of contributing as much as possible to the general comfort and amusement. As we approached Halifax the cold was intense, and we found the whole country covered with ice and snow. It was dark when we landed, but Louis and I went nevertheless

to pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Grassie, who received us very kindly indeed. Mrs. Grassie looks very well and cheerful, and appears to be much pleased with America. We also saw Mr. Grassie's mother, a very nice old lady, and his two children by his first wife, a boy and a girl, who seemed as fond of Mrs. Grassie as if she was their mother. We afterwards supped with most of the other passengers at the hotel, and had a ride all round the town by moonlight in an immense sledge with four horses, which quite reminded me of Bremen. At half-past nine we embarked again, and left the port in a dreadful storm of snow. On awaking the next morning we found the whole ship covered with large pieces of ice, which all along the sides was a foot and a half in thickness, and made the ship so heavy, that she went two feet deeper than before. It looked like a scene among the Esquimaux. On the 21st the weather became all at once quite mild, and we arrived at Boston in a pouring rain. The hotel to which we went is the finest I had ever seen, and we lived like princes; in the first restaurants at Paris the dinner could not be better, and there are sometimes 300 persons sitting down to the table d'hôte. We spent a day at Boston, paid some visits, saw the lions of the town, and then went by railroad to New Bedford. The railroad carriages are very wide, with seats for two persons on both sides, and a space in the middle which permits the passengers to walk up and down; there was a stove in the centre, in which the conductor



kept up a nice fire, so that it was really quite like a comfortable room ; newspapers were lying about for those who chose to read. There were about sixty persons, ladies, gentlemen, and children, all in the same carriage. At New Bedford we found another very good hotel, but could not help laughing at the rapidity with which the meals were despatched. The dinner only lasted a quarter of an hour, and among a hundred persons who sat down at the table d'hôte, we were the only ones who drank anything but water. When we observed it, we actually felt quite ashamed of ourselves. We afterwards heard that the temperance societies are quite the order of the day, and that there are no public houses at all, nor are any spirits of any sort allowed to be sold in the town. Our correspondents, the Messrs. Hathaway, received us in a very friendly manner, and we spent the evening with them. The houses all seemed immensely pretty and comfortable, many had gardens attached to them, and it appeared altogether a most pleasant and happy place. The next day we again started by railroad, and in the evening got on board an immense steamboat, in which we got to New York in the morning at seven o'clock. Here we are now at the celebrated Astor House, probably the largest hotel in the world, at which 500 persons frequently sit down to dinner ; we have dined twice at what they call the " ladies' ordinary," with a great number of families, amongst whom we have already found some acquaintances. Many of the

ladies are very beautiful ; they dress very well indeed, and seem altogether very pleasant ; in fact we have not yet met with anything disagreeable in America, and if all places were like these great northern cities, every one must be pleased with it. I understand, however, that things are very different in the interior, and you must not always expect such flourishing accounts. The weather is very cold, but most beautiful ; the street in which we live (the Broadway) is one of the finest one can see, and crowded with fashionables. On Sunday we went to one of the principal churches, where the service was chiefly chanted, and we were delighted with the singing, which could not be better at any oratorio in England. The sermon did not please us much, as the preacher gesticulated and thumped most vehemently, but the people here appear to like this. Louis has been to the play and a concert, but I confess I felt not the least temptation to accompany him. I dare say you would like me to tell you something more of the dresses of the ladies, but this you know is not my forte ; all I can say is that I have seen in a newspaper that there is a new fashionable bonnet come out called “ kiss-me-quick,” and there is another variety of it called “ kiss-me-quick-my-mother-comes.”

I was going to continue this letter to-day, 30th December, but my room has been full of visitors all day, so I must close. We are on the point of starting for Philadelphia.

Many kisses to the children, and a happy New Year to you with all my heart.

WASHINGTON,  
5th January 1843.

I wrote to you by the *Britannia* from New York, since which we have seen Philadelphia and Baltimore and are now at Washington. I found poor Mr. Perit very much fallen in health and spirits; the daughter who was with him in England has lately died, and of his thirteen children he has now only five left; two unmarried daughters reside with him, and are very amiable girls, much more agreeable than the elder one.

Here at Washington we have found much to interest us. We were introduced to the President of the University, invited to dinner by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, but unfortunately we could only spend one day in the town, as we must hurry towards the south. Poor Loo was rather disappointed. We have both continued remarkably well in health; Loo has had a slight cold in the head yesterday, and wanted something warm to perspire. We asked for elderflower tea—no! for blackcurrant jelly—no! At last the nigger said, “Why, sir, the people in this country never takes anything but whisky toddy when they catches cold!” Apropos of niggers, I think I have not yet told you anything about them; nearly all servants are black, and in Baltimore and Washington they are all slaves; they are a wretched set, but we cannot help pitying them. Tell dear Mar that in one of the hotels there was a



little girl just about her age, and dressed like a lady's child, but quite black, and with thick, woolly hair, who used to come into our room to ask for sugar-plums.

Now, my dear old girl, I want very much to know how you are going on, how the baby behaves at night, whether Nurse Morris is gone; whether you go out much, where you go, how the children are; how John and the other servants go on; in short, everything that occurs. I am so busy from morning till night, that I am in a constant whirlpool; we shall now soon get to the Mississippi, and be four or five days on board the steamer. I shall then sit down quietly and give you a full description of our progress, though as you do not know any of the people here, there is not much to say that interests you. I shall be constantly travelling south for the next twelve days, so that it will be some time before you can receive my next letters, but after that I shall be able to write regularly.

Many kisses to the dear children; I hope they will not forget me.

LOUISVILLE (KENTUCKY),  
18th January 1843.

As we are detained here for some days by business, I send off a letter for the steamboat of the 1st of February from Boston; may it find you and the dear children in good health! In a week I hope to be at New Orleans, and in the first days of February I expect to receive your letter of the

1st January, to which you may fancy I look forward with great anxiety. Mr. Burnley, the American gentleman with whom we have come from Liverpool, found his family here, and I could not help envying him the pleasure of the meeting. He has also got one son and three daughters, the youngest of whom is a month old, just the age of our baby when I left. Mrs. Burnley is a very nice lady; and we have also become acquainted with a sister of hers, a Mrs. Lynch, and their father, Judge Bibb. We spent the evening yesterday with all of them, and the ladies played on the guitar and piano and sang; Loo also performed, and the time passed very pleasantly. We continue to have the most beautiful weather, and the country is really magnificent. We descended the Ohio River from Wheeling in a steamboat, and the scenery all along fully equals the finest parts of the Rhine. We were two days and two nights coming to Cincinnati, and a long day from thence to Louisville, and we have now 1500 miles more to New Orleans, which are performed in four or five days. These large river steamers exceed anything we see in England; the saloon is like a beautiful drawing-room, 100 feet long and 20 feet wide, about as high as our dining-room, with tables, chairs, carpets, chandeliers, &c., and on the sides are the sleeping-rooms, with one door to the saloon and another door to the deck, which makes them very airy. The ladies have a separate drawing-room, into which those gentlemen who are acquainted with

them are admitted, thus forming a select party. At breakfast, dinner, and tea-time the ladies are conducted to the table with the greatest formality, and no gentleman would think of sitting down until the ladies are all comfortably seated; in fact, the respect shown to them everywhere in the country almost borders on the ridiculous. This is the only distinction they have, for the men are all considered equal; gentlemen, pedlars, pig dealers, coachmen all sit down together, shake one another by the hand, and it is truly astonishing to see how they all enter into conversation. One of our fellow-passengers was a farmer from the heart of the State of Indiana, who had driven his cattle to Philadelphia for sale and was returning home; well, this man talked as well on all questions concerning America as any members of Parliament in England. Even on the subject of England they are remarkably well informed, and know more of our institutions and history than most well-educated Englishmen. All the popular English works are reprinted here as soon as published, and at so low a rate that all classes can read them. At Wheeling, a small, dirty little country place, I walked into a bookseller's shop, and found all English standard works in abundance; Walter Scott, Mrs. Hemans, D'Israeli, Bulwer, and Dickens are great favourites, and there is hardly a boy in the streets that has not read some of them. At Cincinnati, which is a very large, handsome town of 6000 inhabitants, we saw the house built by order of



Mrs. Trollope for a bazaar, the ill-success of which is supposed to have made her so venomous. The house belongs to the mechanics who built it, and who were never paid a farthing; they let it out for concerts, lectures, &c.

In business we have not yet made much progress, but the prospects are not altogether unfavourable. I do not know whether I mentioned in my last letter that we were obliged to leave Funes at Philadelphia, which we much regretted, as he was a very cheerful and pleasant companion. I forgot to tell you that at New York I saw Miss Meynen's brother, who appears to be in a very comfortable situation; and his principal, Mr. Noltemus, spoke highly of him (Miss Meynen was the governess at home); he looked in very good health indeed. By-the-bye, after my return we must pay Miss Meynen a visit now and then in her room, and try to make it look more neat and comfortable. Just before I left I happened to see the door from the nursery open, and it seemed as if the children had been playing at battledoor and shuttlecock with the various articles of dress; some were lying on the floor, some on the chairs, some on the table, some on the bed, quantities of dresses were hanging up as in a pawnbroker's shop, the drawers were half open, handkerchiefs and aprons were peeping out as if they wanted to participate in the game, the paper near the washing stand appeared to have got a new pattern by means of soap and tooth-powder, the table was dotted with ink, in fact

the room did not look at all as if it belonged to our house. I am afraid my good countrywomen do not attach so much importance to these little things as you English people do. I cannot help thinking that if Miss Meynen, instead of going into her room to pop into bed, made herself more at home in it, as you do in yours, things would soon look more snug and tidy. I know you frequently prefer having her to sit with you in the drawing-room when I am not at home, yet upon the whole I question whether this is the best plan, and whether it would not be better to let her have a comfortable fire in her own room to work there. I know this is the usual way at Bremen, and for that purpose I had bought the tea-things in case she should want to take anything after the last meal with the children, and I had also given up my little green lamp for her use. In fact, if you see no particular objection, I should wish you to make this change, and before you do it, it would be well to have the room freshened up a little, covering the stained part of the wall with a piece of new paper, and having the table scraped. You will both laugh at my writing from Kentucky about all these little arrangements, but during these long steamboat trips I have much time on my hands, and my thoughts naturally dwell upon you and all that surrounds you; indeed I am brimful of all sorts of plans, and long to carry them into execution. So I beg you will not omit to talk to Miss Meynen about all these things and look frequently into her

room, seeing that it is airy, tidy, neat, and comfortable, so as to be a good example to the nurses and the children, who are but too apt to become careless when they see others so. At the same time make my best compliments to her, and tell her that all this is truly meant *in kindness*.

Your family have now probably returned to Harley Street, and I shall be glad to know how Edward gets through the winter. Pray tell me all that happens, whether you have had a Leese or Castellain or two to stay with you, whether you ride out when the weather permits, whether you pay frequent visits to Harley Street, Nottingham Place, York Terrace, and your neighbours, and whether the children are getting more sociable. Tell dear Mar and dear Hermine that there are two little girls here a little older than they who dine at the large table with us every day, and behave so well that it is quite a pleasure to see. Give them each a kiss from me, and also one to dear Johanna, and one to the little baby. I should be so glad if Mar would write me a letter, and tell me how she gets on with her German and her music, and how her dolls are.

Louis sends his love; both he and I enjoy uninterrupted good health.

See what devoted creatures we husbands are!

A "Pattern" Husband.—"It is related that Lady Arden, having the toothache, and all the usual remedies having been applied in vain, she at length decided on sending to Edinburgh, a distance of fifty



miles, for a dentist to extract the recreant tooth. When the 'extractor' arrived, however, she declared that her nerves were unequal to submitting to the operation, unless she at first saw it performed on her liege lord. He, good soul, after a few involuntary wry faces, submitted, and a fine sound tooth was extracted from his jaw, after which Lady Arden declared that she could not undergo a similar operation ! ”

NEW ORLEANS,  
2nd February 1843.

I last wrote to you from Louisville, closing my letter on the 21st of January, and on the same day I embarked in the *American Eagle* steamer and proceeded down the Ohio and Mississippi; with the exception of the company, among which a young Frenchman was the only sociable person, the passage was quite pleasant; and as I could mostly sit in my room with the outer door open, I whiled away the time tolerably well by reading *Vivian Gray*, *The Nabob at Home*, and *Tom Jones*, which books I had bought at Louisville. In *Vivian Gray* I was much disappointed; the other two are very amusing, though *Tom Jones* is certainly rather rough for the present delicate and polite times. Strange enough I did not remark any sensible difference in the climate during the seven days and seven nights we were on the river, though we were all the time going from north to south at the rate of ten to fifteen miles an hour. About fifty miles above New Orleans, where we took

in wood, one of the passengers went on shore, and returned with a large branch of an orange-tree with half a dozen most beautiful oranges on it which he had picked in the field, and this was the first, and I may say the only, symptom of a southern climate which I saw and have as yet seen. We arrived here on the 28th, and ever since the weather has been as raw and cold as on a fine February day with us, and I am now sitting by a brisk fire warming my hands every ten minutes. New Orleans is altogether a very curious place, one part like a new American town, and the rest like an old French Ville de Province, French shops, French cafés, restaurants, theatres, and French spoken by all the people in the streets, black and white. The black appear to me greatly to preponderate, and every now and then you come to a shop full of them for sale to the highest bidder. There they are clean washed and well fattened, the men with white shirt collars turned over, and round hats; the women in clean print dresses and gaudy handkerchiefs round the head, with a profusion of white about the neck, so as to form an agreeable contrast. When I pass they all look at me as if saying "Do come and buy me!" and I was almost tempted to buy a baby about six months old, for which they ask thirty dollars. Ask Mar whether I shall bring her one to play with? By-the-bye, before I left Louisville I made Mrs. Burnley show me her little baby, just as old as ours when I left, and a very nice little thing it is, very nicely and

cleanly kept too. They do not let babies wear any caps at all, and the doctor, who happened to be there, assured me that this was considered much more healthy ; the arms were also bare, though the weather was very cold, and the little thing seemed to thrive upon it. On my return I think I shall take our boy in hand to harden him, and you will see the advantage of it.

The St. Charles Hotel at which I live is the most magnificent building of the sort I have ever seen, and on an immense scale. I have got a room on the ladies' side of the house, and take my meals at the "ladies' ordinary," where several hundred ladies and gentlemen always sit down at a most sumptuous repast. After dinner the company adjourns to a splendid drawing-room, where they generally have music, and every Monday evening a regular dance. One of the first things I mean to do on my return is to take dancing-lessons, so I shall be glad if you will look out for a master for me.

On my arrival I was very glad to find a letter from Mr. Kindermann, dated 10th December, in which he says that Manuela had had a letter from you saying that you were all well, and that Louisa was staying with you. This is the only news I have received yet, but I am now in hourly expectation of getting your first letter, I am so anxious to hear about you and the dear children. Do they sometimes talk of me ?



NEW ORLEANS,

15th February 1843.

I have written you once already from New Orleans. I think it was on the 2nd of February.

On Sunday the 5th, just as I was coming out of church, I received your kind letter of the 1st of January, and was so glad to hear that you were all well; I did not know then whether you had written me before, but yesterday I was very much pleased to receive your nice, long letter of the 16th of December; these are the sort of letters I like, telling me all that has happened and speaking your mind freely.

That poor little baby, I should be so glad if he was quite well, and I am very anxious to hear about him. I am very happy to hear that you have been visiting, and that the children are becoming a little more sociable. I have written a letter to dear Mar, and hope I shall receive one from her. I am sorry to hear that you did not go to Brighton, but apropos of "freaks," my dear girl, if you have not been to Liverpool yet, I want you to postpone that "freak" till I return, that I may meet you there with as many of the children as you can take; I shall give you notice some weeks before. I am now going to Florida, and on my return to New Orleans I shall be able to determine something about my movements.

My heart melts when I read what you say of your anxiety about me, but be quite easy, my dearest girl, I am very careful when I am from home; I only

wish that you were in as good health as I am, but your not getting strength makes me quite uncomfortable. If this weakness should continue you must think of weaning the baby; you know many children are weaned at six months, and thrive very well.

By the *Chaos*, a vessel now about to sail for Liverpool, a Mr. Layton goes over with his lady and her sister, Miss Rasch; they are related to a friend of ours here, a Mr. Bohn, and have been very kind to us. So I should so much like that you would call upon these ladies when you hear that they have arrived, and try to amuse them a little; there is no stiffness about them, they are quite "Caseras," so you will get on very well with them. You might offer to show them the parks and the zoological gardens, and perhaps you might ask them to take tea with you, and have some of the girls to support you. Their stay in London will be very short.

I have sent you by the *Chaos* some pecan nuts, which I hope you will like. I could only get a very small barrel. I have also sent a box with some *articles de goût* for the children. I first wanted to send some toys, but could find nothing suitable. If the things are too large perhaps Blain may alter them, or else they must lie over till next year.

I enclose one of our daily bills of fare. These are the things I am now accustomed to, so I hope you will teach cook to prepare them properly when I come back.

NEW ORLEANS,

3rd March 1843.

I received this morning your letter of the 31st of January, and was as usual in a very nervous state on opening it, but never have I felt more pleased than on reading your excellent account of the dear children and yourself. When I receive a kind letter from you with something like what you say of my letters being your only consolation when I am away, I assure you that I feel quite melting, and I can then look upon all the unpleasant business matters by which I am surrounded with perfect composure; in fact, when something disagreeable occurs, which is but too often the case nowadays, I have only to think of your letter and I can bear it easily. I often wish that the counting-house was again in our house, and that you could come sometimes and be by my side in the evening, so as to gain an interest in the business; and I quite wonder we did not do this in South Street. Without this I fear you will never take an interest, for it is not in your family, and then I do not like to talk about it; however, we must see when I come back. I am very glad dear baby does not give extra trouble, but, my dear girl, you must not nurse him too long, and whilst you do nurse, if you feel weak you must try this or that which Mr. Kingdon may recommend, and also take regular exercise. It would be wrong to be too stingy about coaches; it would be much worse, and even more expensive, to get ill by staying too much indoors.



I am very much obliged to you for writing to my family. My father says they were quite delighted with your letter, and I see he burns to come to England again this summer, but at his age I am really afraid to encourage it. I shall be very glad to receive a letter from dear Mar; if you bought some of those books with lithographed specimens I think she might begin to learn in that way, and Miss Meynen would merely have to see that she does it exactly as in the book, drawing her lines, &c.

As to adventures, I really meet with none; I am not inclined for those sort of things, and look upon everything with so much indifference, that I never can recollect anything worth relating to you. On Monday evening there was again dancing at our hotel, and as one of the ladies had kindly sent me a ticket, I went in, and once this effort made, I quite enjoyed to see the dancing, regretting as usual that I could not dance myself. I have bought a little book *Hints for the Ballroom*, and shall see whether I can make anything out of that.

By-the-byè, the button-holes in my shirts become so worn out that the front always opens, so I have been obliged to buy a shawl-stock and a breast-pin to fasten it. It is a sapphire, but I am afraid it is not the right thing, for Loo has not said a word to me about it; however, you will tell me fast enough when I come back. Loo amuses himself very much, and is a general favourite. The American ladies require

a great deal of gallanting, and even he finds it sometimes too much.

Last week we went to Mobile, where we were much struck with the great numbers of Indians hawking about wood and some other trifles ; they do not speak a word of English, are draped in blankets, with bare heads and feet, and dark black hair. Loo went to one of their encampments in the woods, but found them as shy as when the Europeans first landed in the country ; the young men had bows and arrows, and they look altogether very wild, and appear not to make the slightest progress in civilisation. They are the Choctaw Indians. As to serving or working in any way they quite refuse it, and show an indomitable spirit when any compulsion is used towards them. The poor blacks look very mean in comparison to the Indians. I passed yesterday by an auctioneer's office, where a lot of negroes were just being sold. The auctioneer stood on a platform, and had a handsome young mulatto girl by his side, to whom he pointed with his wand, praising all her good qualities ; people now and then went up to examine and feel her ; she was dressed up for sale, and was watching the biddings with intense interest, being of course very curious to see who would be her master. "Four hundred dollars ! Going ! going ! Gentlemen, only four hundred dollars for this valuable young woman ! four hundred and twenty ! I thought so—going ! going ! four hundred and fifty—going, going, gone ! " The thing is really

horrible. Loo went to see the other day the sale of a lot of *damaged* negroes, one a cripple, another sick, and yet they were sold for labour ! It is true that upon the whole they are very kindly treated, and the old and weak are employed as nurses or to attend to household duties, but there must also be frightful abuses. We lately spent two days on a large sugar plantation about seventy miles up the river, where 560 negroes were kept, and they all seemed extremely comfortable in their little white-washed houses, but after all they are entirely at the mercy of their masters.

To-morrow we shall embark for Appalachicola in Florida, and thence proceed to Tallahassee ; we afterwards return here, and then shall be able to say something about my return to England, which will certainly not be delayed more than I can help, for I am heartily sick of this constant packing and unpacking and these begging visits from morning till night.

TALLAHASSEE (FLORIDA),  
20th March 1843.

I wrote to you last at the beginning of the month from New Orleans, since which I have not received any letter from you, and I now fear I shall not receive any till I return to New Orleans. I think I told you in my last that we intended to embark in the *Swallow* for Appalachicola, but the next day another little schooner, the *Van Buren*, offered to take us to Port Leon (St. Mark's), and this being so



much nearer to Tallahassee than Appalachicola, we determined to wait for her. Contrary winds and weather detained her till Friday the 10th of March, when we went on board, but were obliged to go to anchor that night about half-way down the Mississippi, where, it being very sultry and in a swampy neighbourhood, we were terribly bitten by the mosquitoes. We reached Balize at the mouth of the river on the 11th, but had again to go to anchor, and finally put to sea on Sunday the 12th with a favourable wind. This, however, did not last, and we suffered a good deal from sickness, especially as there was no room to move about, the whole deck and cabin being filled with goods. The provisions were of the worst kind, exceedingly dirty; in short, it was a regular penance, and I think everything will appear beautiful to us after this. On Thursday the 16th we reached the St. Mark's River, but could not get up on account of the strong tide, and after beating about in a little boat for a couple of hours in a piercing cold wind we were obliged to seek shelter at the lighthouse, where we were most hospitably received by the keeper and his wife, and first enjoyed a blazing fire, next a good supper, and then a comfortable bed, all of which we doubly relished after the chilly starvation time on board the schooner. Early the next morning we again embarked in a boat, and arrived at Port Leon about twelve o'clock. When we arrived a crowd of people on a small wharf attracted our attention, and as the circumstances

which had collected them are somewhat characteristic of the country, I will relate it. A man had the night before brutally ill-treated his wife, and she had died that morning; the fact becoming known, the principal inhabitants proceeded to his house, gave him a most dreadful beating, and were on the point of horribly mutilating him and then hanging him, when the magistrates interfered, and, with the assistance of some troops, got possession of the malefactor. Some other inhabitants had expressed their disapprobation of the ill-treatment so arbitrarily inflicted upon him, but the public feeling ran so high, that they also were immediately arrested, and only escaped very rough handling by agreeing to leave the country *within two hours*. The crowd, we observed on landing, witnessed their embarkation, and it was quite interesting to hear the remarks of the different people on their return; they were all respectably dressed, and all their proceedings were conducted very systematically, and had nothing of the character of a mob. Whilst we were still standing at the landing-place watching our luggage, a man went round to empanel a jury for the inquest on the body of the woman, who, of course, returned a verdict of wilful murder against the husband, who has been brought here, and will certainly be hanged either by the law or by the people. The case of the persons who were exiled within two hours for being rather too free in their remarks about lynch-law was a timely warning to Loo and me not to fancy

ourselves too free in this free country, and you can't think how well-behaved we have been ever since. We dined at Port Leon, and then came here in a railroad, on which, however, the cars are drawn by horses and mules. We reached Tallahassee about six o'clock, and were never more surprised than when this capital of Florida was pointed out to us. There was no appearance of a city at all, nor even of what we should call a good-sized village in England. If you can fancy such a place as Woodford, with only wooden houses in bad repair, many of them unfinished or tumbling to pieces, you will have a correct idea of it. The situation is elevated and rather pretty, and in summer it may be very cheerful; it is entirely surrounded by pine woods, abounding in magnolias of the size of our ash or plantain trees, and an immense variety of the most beautiful flowers, as well as with deer, bears, squirrels, birds, rattlesnakes, and many other interesting animals. We have as yet seen little of all this, for ever since our arrival the weather has been as cold as in England, more so than the oldest inhabitants have ever known it, and we are but too happy when we can get near a good blazing wood-fire. Our health continues excellent; in fact neither Loo nor I have had a day's indisposition of any sort since our arrival in America, notwithstanding the sudden changes in the atmosphere. We first went to a so-called hotel here, but found it very bad, and we are now at a boarding-house, a large wooden building with fireplaces and



comfortable rooms, and a decent table d'hôte. All the population of Tallahassee is rather excited at this moment by what they call a "revival" (described in Mrs. Trollope's book), which has already lasted for eighteen days, and is drawing large crowds every evening to the Presbyterian chapel. I attended a meeting on Saturday, when after sermon and prayers the minister invited those who felt religiously inclined to approach the table and join the church. A number of ladies and gentlemen of every class and age obeyed the summons, and were formally received into the congregation. Yesterday all the converts took the Sacrament, previous to which the clergyman baptized those who had not been christened when young, and the whole ceremony, at which Loo and I assisted, was very impressive. I hear that numbers of persons who had never before seen the inside of a church are now all at once seized with a pious fit. How long this will last it is difficult to say. I do not see that it makes the people any more inclined to pay their debts, and until they do I shall doubt whether they get any better. In one respect, however, I am assured that religion is doing wonders, for a year ago no man could walk about in Tallahassee at night unarmed, whereas now the roads are as safe as any in England; drunkenness has also very much abated, and we have not seen a drop of wine anywhere since our arrival in Florida. What increases the momentary excitement is the unexpected appearance of a large comet (said to be

twenty times larger than that of 1811), which coinciding, as it does, with the prophecies of Joe Miller about the approaching end of the world, causes considerable sensation. I am quite curious to see what the astronomers of Europe say about this comet, which is certainly the most remarkable apparition of the sort I have ever seen.

We shall probably stay here about a fortnight and then return to New Orleans, but I will write to you again before I leave.

I have now been longer away from you than ever before, and cannot yet fix the exact time of my return, but as soon as I have got through my business here I shall be able to judge, and will then let you know.

NEW ORLEANS,  
28th April 1843.

On the 21st I wrote you a few lines merely to announce our safe arrival, and I have now read and re-read all the delightful letters which I found here, and have hardly been able to think of anything else since. For the first two days I felt very miserable about this illness of poor baby, though I tried to console myself with what Mr. Kingdon and Nurse Morris had said about its not being dangerous, and I also recollected Manuela's children, who were so very bad in the same way, and yet became so robust afterwards, but on the third day your letter of the 15th of March reached me, and relieved me completely; so you see it is a good thing you wrote by

the packets, as the letters by the steamer of the 1st of April are not here. I do hope the accounts will continue to be good, and then I shall get very well through the remainder of my time of banishment, for I confess that in matters of business I have been rather fortunate, at least as far as our claim in Florida is concerned, which had weighed heavily on my mind. I have now determined to fix my return, if no new impediments intervene, by the *Great Western* on the 29th of June, and I mean to write to-day to Mr. Kruger to engage berths for us. The *Great Western* will go to *Bristol*, where I hope to arrive about the 11th of July, and I shall of course go up to London immediately, unless you should take it into your head to have a freak in that direction. I shall probably then have to go for a day or two to Liverpool, and perhaps to Paris, but this cannot be helped. Men of business must do what their business requires, or they will get into a mess, and, my dearest girl, comparatively, we have no reason to complain. How many are there who are obliged to absent themselves for years, or who have to travel about almost all the year round, and deem themselves happy if with all their exertions they can make the two ends meet! We have at least a prospect of being very comfortable after some more years of labour; to this period I assure you that I look forward with quite as much anxiety as you do. I do not mean to work always as hard as I have done, and when I have a little more leisure



I shall enjoy it doubly after having toiled for it so long. Your letters have quite cheered me, they are so kind and affectionate, and there is nothing that makes my heart swell so as any new proof or assurance of your affection. The bills which you mention are really alarming, but this was an accidental accumulation, and, my dearest girl, do not worry yourself about these things. Now that you have fine weather I wish particularly that you would not economise in carriages; in fact, I should wish you to take a regular excursion with the children at least once a week; pray make it a point to do this. Papa knows very well what the expenses in London are, and you need not fear any reproach from him. If I had foreseen these bad times I would certainly not have gone to the heavy expense of our house in Devonshire Place, but all the expense which we have to regret is now incurred, and I do not believe that with good management we need spend more hereafter than if we had gone elsewhere. I am very glad to hear that Mr. Kingdon is kind to you; I write a few lines to-day by way of encouragement. I see he manages the children very well, but that he does not manage you a bit better than anybody else can. Now this will not do; your favourite phrase is that it will "upset the whole house," but in this you are quite mistaken; the first thing is that you should be quite well and strong; with this and a systematic arrangement of all that is to be done you will do wonders, and be yourself surprised at the result.

I am sorry that nurse does not gain upon you ; if she should get too bad, I hope you will make Kate nurse, and take Miss Watson's niece as nursery-maid. Kate would do much better than either you or she herself have any idea of, for she will only display her qualities of management when she has responsibility thrown upon her ; in fact, I should be surprised if she did not turn out one of the very best nurses you could wish for. I know there is that James Smith in the way, but with a little coaxing I think she would consent to act as nurse, for after all she must be heartily tired of the drudgery, and would no doubt be much pleased to have somebody under her. I really cannot bear you to be insulted by that stupid nurse, and I never wish to see her face again.

As to my box, I confess I have some misgivings about it ; you know I am not a first-rate judge of what is becoming, and I should not be surprised to hear that none of the things will do for London, though they may do very well at New Orleans. If this is so, I know you will gild the pill a little, but I shall soon discern what it means ; your next letter will probably solve my doubts. I had thought of getting some nice things in Havana, but now we are not going there, as the yellow fever has broken out two months sooner than usual, and although I believe we could keep ourselves perfectly safe, I do not feel justified in running the risk. We shall make a short trip to Texas and then another one up the Mississippi, and then we shall move northward.

Our stay in Florida was upon the whole rather monotonous, yet it is an interesting country to see ; the forests are magnificent, and during the last few weeks we saw them in their full glory. Louis went frequently out shooting, and killed squirrels, rabbits, wild doves, and birds without number ; in fact you could hardly look up any tree without seeing a variety of animals of all descriptions. We saw neither alligators nor rattlesnakes, though both were said to be very plentiful. The society was very agreeable, and at Tallahassee Loo was quite the cock of the roost, a sort of Count d'Orsay ; whatever he did immediately became the fashion for all the bucks in the town, and when he noticed a young lady (of whom there were a number of pretty ones) her fortune was made, or at least her reputation for being pretty and *comme il faut*. Mrs. Chanderler, the lady in whose house we boarded, treated us very kindly indeed, and we were very sorry to part. Colonel Gamble and his family also were very kind to us ; they gave me the enclosed two letters for Miss Gamble, the eldest daughter, who resides in London, which I was to deliver on my return, but as this will be much delayed, I am really ashamed to keep them so long, and shall be obliged if you will deliver them some day when you go to the neighbourhood of Russell Square, telling Miss Gamble at the same time that we left her family quite well. When we left Tallahassee we crossed the Octoonee River, and had to drive about a mile through deep water. We



then got to Mount Vernon on the Chattahoochee, which river we intended to ascend to Colombu in Georgia and thence to return to New Orleans by way of Mobile, but we found no steamer going up, and so we descended to Appalachicola, and there embarked in the schooner *Lion* for New Orleans. We had a tedious passage of about six days, and at the mouth of the river we were dreadfully annoyed by mosquitoes and sandflies ; the latter are innumerable little insects, whose sting is not very violent, but they got into our ears, eyes, noses, and mouths, and were mixed with everything we ate, which was really exceedingly disagreeable.

I caught a bad cold in Tallahassee, and Louis a ditto during the passage, but we are now both getting well, thanks to constant profuse perspiration and regular diet. The heat here is excessive, but towards evening there is always a pleasant breeze, and upon the whole the present weather suits us both very well ; we have, however, been obliged to get light summer clothing, and I am now sitting in a blue gingham coat, no waistcoat, and blue-striped cotton trousers, which is more or less the dress of all gentlemen except when they go to parties.

I hope I shall soon get an answer from dear Mar. You may tell her and dear Hermine that when I come back I mean to speak nothing but German to them, and they must try and improve as much as possible by that time. Give them each a kiss, and

also one to dear Johanna and one to dear baby.  
My compliments to Miss Meynen.

NEW ORLEANS,  
17th May 1843.

Soon after I wrote you last I received your letter of the 23rd April, and on Sunday I also got the one of the 16th and 17th; both of them give such good accounts of you all, that I could hardly read them enough. I assure you that I am even more anxious for my return than you can be, for nothing is more disheartening than the life I lead. I have hardly anything but bad business to attend to, constant discussions with debtors and lawyers, and nothing very cheering from London either. However, as far as I can judge my journey will not have been made in vain, and upon the whole things are not by any means worse than we expected them to be. In Florida I have been rather fortunate in settling one of our heaviest claims, and if the result is such as I have every reason to anticipate, that will alone repay my trouble. In Fune's business, which was also a matter of great importance, though we have no direct interest in it, our prospects are also so far very favourable, and if we succeed it will be a great relief to all of us, and especially to your father, who feels almost as much for those people as for himself. In Texas I have also secured a small claim which we had considered as lost, and so I think I ought to be satisfied, though for my own part I would rather have given up my share

in all that property than submitted to this long exile.

We had a very pleasant trip of about forty hours to Texas, in a steamer which has better accommodation than any I have seen yet. It is quite astonishing how liberally and civilly passengers are treated in these countries, much more so than in England or on the Continent. We stayed for about two days at Galveston, and then proceeded in another steamer to Houston, a distance of about eighty miles up Buffalo-Bayou. As we were going up this beautiful stream our friend Mr. Burnley pointed out the estate of a Colonel Sherman peeping out of the woods, with a fine lawn in front of it. Mrs. Sherman and her sister, a Miss Cox, had been fellow-passengers of Loo's on board the steamer in which he came from Louisville to New Orleans, and he had quite made friends with them, Miss Cox being, as you may suppose from this, a very pretty and interesting young lady. So when we passed their house Loo was seized with an anxious wish to pay them a visit, just popping in upon them in the midst of the wilderness. It so happened that another passenger wanted to land at the same spot, and this made the temptation too great for Loo to resist. He accordingly started with his knapsack and stick, and it was agreed that he should join me again at Galveston two days later, but we waited in vain, and for aught I know he may be there yet. The steamer in which we went returned in proper time, but she had passed Colonel



Sherman's plantation in the middle of the night, and so I was not much surprised at his not coming in her. The next day another steamer arrived, but no Loo appeared. I then went on board and interrogated the captain, who had also passed the plantation at eleven o'clock at night. He told me that when near Colonel Sherman's he was hailed by an old negro with a fire who told him that Loo had stationed him there; the negro then went up and the steamer waited for a whole hour, when the negro returned stating that the young gentleman had after all determined to stay. Now whether he was in bed and could not summon resolution to get up, or whether his friends persuaded him to stay longer, I do not know; however, I was obliged to leave him behind, and I now expect him by the next Galveston steamer, probably with a very good story proving that it was not at all his fault! As this is something of an adventure, I thought I would tell you all about it.

Mr. Burnley and I, after staying some hours at Houston, proceeded about forty miles inland over primitive prairies without any road at all. We had a gig with one horse, one saddle horse, and a negro boy on another. I drove the gig with admirable skill and safety, and if you had seen me crossing streams and bays and bushes and swamps, you would have taken me for a first-rate "whip." After dark I did not dare to trust my eyes in the gig, and got on the horse, which is what is called a mustang,

that is, one of the wild horses of Mexico. I managed him equally well, and about ten o'clock we arrived at the house of a solitary settler, whom we asked to give us a night's lodging. He proved to be an old Irishman, who had taken part in the rebellion of 1791, and had fled to the United States, and afterwards moved to Texas. We had an excellent supper of bacon, eggs, and buttermilk, and the next morning another twelve miles' ride brought us to Mr. Burnley's plantation. We stayed there till the following day, and then returned to Galveston by land by way of Virginia Point, also without any road whatever. Once we were on the point of swimming over a deep river, and we were just going to undress, when an old negro woman told us of a fordable place some two miles off, which we preferred. The country in Texas has quite enchanted me; it resembles England more than any other I have seen, and appears to be a succession of noblemen's parks interspersed by fine meadows, in which herds of deer and the finest cattle are grazing; if I had had a gun I would have shot a buck and brought the antlers home as a trophy, but unfortunately (or fortunately for the buck at least) there was no gun in our gig. The cattle are so abundant that the Irish settler has 1200 of them, all in the finest condition. I found the people everywhere very hospitable, and though they also complain of bad times, they seem to enjoy every comfort; in fact, if we ever have to emigrate I should decidedly vote for Texas.

That boy of ours must really be a most remarkable child; I long to see him, for, I am sorry to say, I hardly recollect his face. By-the-bye, what shall we make of him? I think he is too clever for a merchant, decidedly! Now let me tell you how people manage with boys in this country. There is a General Combs here, a man of great eminence in Kentucky, and who lives in excellent style; he has a son and several daughters. The son being about eighteen, the father the other day launched him into the world; he told him that he must leave his money to his daughters who could not earn their own bread, and that he, the son, having now received a good education, must fight his way in the best manner he could. He then gave him twenty dollars, a negro, an axe and rifle, and a basket full of provisions, and embarked him in a steamer in the Mississippi, making him a present of about 160 acres of uncultivated land situated in a remote part of the river. There the boy was landed, and a few days ago the father received a first letter from him. He had slept the first night under a tree, the next day he had begun to construct a log hut, and had killed some game for his dinner; and he had already commenced the clearing of the land by cutting and burning down the trees, so as to be able to raise a small crop of Indian corn for next season. He writes in very good spirits (except that his hands had got rather sore by the use of his axe), and he talks already of selling some wood for fuel to the steamers passing



up and down the river. During the summer the young man will make himself a comfortable lodge for the winter, next year he will plant cotton, and in a few years he will in all probability become a prosperous settler, take a wife, and in due time launch his sons in the same way as he is now. In this manner these Americans acquire their hardy, industrious, and enterprising habits, and I do think it is an excellent plan. Indeed as I am going up the river in a day or two I mean to look out for a "location" for our boy when he is a little older; for aught we know he may become President of the United States some day. What do you say to this? And for you to be a sort of Reine-mère or Queen-Dowager—O my!

I am very glad that the things I sent were not found unsuitable; I thought they might do when you take the children out in an open carriage, it would look foreign. Tell dear Mar I am very glad to hear she behaved so well at the dentist's; if she is always such a good girl, we shall be so fond of her; give her a kiss from me, and one to dear Hermine, and one to dear Johanna, and one to the "President," and here is one for the "Reine-mère."

Loo has just arrived in excellent health and spirits, and has enjoyed his trip very much.

(The ship *Columbia* was wrecked in Fundy Bay, and the following is an account of the disaster.)

ON BOARD THE "MARGARET,"  
20th July 1843.

We are at last approaching the end of our voyage, and so I sit down to prepare a letter to be sent off the moment of our arrival, or at all events by the first train. Poor thing, I am afraid you will have felt very uneasy, and the idea of your suffering this additional anxiety makes me quite sad. We left Boston in the *Columbia* steamer on the 1st of July, and everything promised a speedy and pleasant trip. The next day (Sunday) we were, however, involved in a dense fog, which prevented us from seeing beyond a few yards from the vessel. In other respects the weather continued all that we could wish; the wind was favourable, the sea smooth. At a quarter-past one in the afternoon, when we fancied ourselves far out at sea, we were all at once surprised by two rather severe shocks, and we soon perceived that the vessel stuck fast. At first the consternation was very great, especially among the ladies, but as the ship remained very quiet, without showing any symptom of leaking, tranquillity was soon restored. We had one of the most experienced pilots on board, but he could not at all guess where we were. Alarm-guns were fired, but for some hours they remained unanswered, and in the meantime all efforts to get the vessel afloat again proved unavailing, and as the tide receded, we discovered we had stuck on some rocks, several of which were visible quite close to us. At last some people fancied they heard

musket-shots and the blowing of a horn, and after a while a fishing boat was observed to approach, which tended greatly to relieve our anxiety. We were then informed that we were wrecked on a rock called the "Black Ledge" or the "Devil's Limb," about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile from Seal Island, about 5 miles in circumference, situated at about 20 miles from Barrington, in the British Province of Nova Scotia, and 21 miles from Cape Sable, which is at the north end of the Bay of Fundy. As the tide continued to fall the vessel now stood with her front high above the water, lying a little on one side; the paddle-wheels were also soon one after the other out of the water, and it was therefore clear that there was no possibility of getting the vessel off before the next tide. The fear then was that she might either fall over or break by her own weight, or that the wind might rise, in which case she would have been knocked to pieces in a very short time. After some deliberation it was resolved that under these circumstances the ladies, of whom there were about fifteen, should be sent ashore, and they were accordingly embarked in a boat under the escort of some gentlemen and safely landed. The boat then returned, and the majority of the passengers (Louis and I among the number) also embarked for the island, and got safely to the landing place, heartily thankful for having escaped so great a danger. We found that the island belonged to two families, whose habitations were about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile apart, and were, of course, taken



possession of. Early next morning the communication with the ship was renewed, and it was soon ascertained that she could not be saved, as she had run with all her force (going 10 miles an hour) on a high ledge, just when the tide was nearly at the highest. The rest of the passengers and the luggage were consequently landed, and although the shore was exceedingly rocky, no accident occurred. About one o'clock on Monday afternoon the fog cleared off, and we then saw exactly where we were. It seems that the pilot had not sufficiently estimated the currents and indrafts in the Bay of Fundy, nor the speed with which we had advanced on our voyage, and that he had miscalculated our position by about 25 miles. All the passengers were greatly rejoiced to find themselves safe on shore, and proceeded to look out for accommodation with the greatest good-humour. Meetings were held, committees were appointed, supplies were landed, and all arrangements were made for a stay of at least a week on the island, which we thought we must at all events be prepared for. One of the houses was called the "United States Hotel," another the "Tremont House," and a shed near the shore the "Astor House." Some bedding had been got from the ship, which procured comfort to the ladies; the gentlemen lay down on the floors with their carpet bags for pillows and their cloaks or greatcoats for blankets. The weather was very cold, and a large fire in each house very acceptable. One of the boatmen was induced by the

promise of 100 dollars to sail for the mainland to take letters and forward the news of our accident to Boston and Halifax. I wrote two letters to you, but both will now come to hand after my arrival. Towards Monday evening a vessel was descried at a great distance; guns were again fired, and as the atmosphere was now remarkably clear, she heard and saw our steamer, and stood in for the island. She proved to be the *Arcadian*, a brig destined for Halifax, and consequently afforded an excellent and unhopedor opportunity to forward intelligence to that port. It was determined that no passengers should be allowed to depart (as many wished to go), but the third mate of the *Columbia* was sent on with instructions to send us with as little delay as possible the *Margaret* steamer, which we heard was kept at Halifax on purpose for such occasions. During the Tuesday and Wednesday the weather continued calm and fine, and the boats constantly went backwards and forwards, bringing supplies, blankets, bedding, and at last also the crew, stewards, &c. Considering that there were altogether 160 persons on board, it was really extremely fortunate that no accident occurred. One of the sailors who had gone off in a small boat in the fog was not heard of for some days, but after being out at sea for twenty-three hours he was picked up by a fishing vessel. On Thursday morning the *Margaret* steamer was seen from the top of the lighthouse, and at twelve o'clock she anchored opposite the island. In the meantime we had all got

ready with our luggage, and by great exertions we all succeeded in embarking before the evening closed in, and proceeded on our voyage. The next day (Friday evening) we safely arrived at Halifax, and landed amidst the cheers of the inhabitants. Mr. Cunard, the manager of the steamboats, then determined to send the *Margaret* on to England and let those who liked proceed in her. As she had not been built for voyages across the Atlantic, and is not much more than half the size of the other steamers, it was clear that she could not accommodate the whole of the eighty-five passengers, and that those who went could not expect much comfort; but as we ascertained that though slow she is considered quite safe, Louis and I determined to go on at all events. Some residing in America gave up their voyage altogether, others resolved to wait for one of the larger steamers, and the result is that our number is reduced to sixty-five, who have all got either berths or sofa-beds, for which lots have been drawn. At Halifax we were very kindly treated by Mr. and Mrs. Grassie, with whom we dined on the Saturday and went to church on Sunday. In the afternoon the *Margaret* was reported to be ready for sea, and we again embarked in her. Our voyage has so far been very favourable, though tedious, as the engines have not sufficient power. We expect to make Cape Clear to-morrow morning, and to arrive at Liverpool on Sunday. I shall send off this letter by the mail, and hope to follow on Monday morning,



so as to be with you at dinner. I am most anxious to see you all well. You will find this letter ill-written and ill-composed, but I have really not been able to fix my attention on anything, and shall be in a tremble till I get to Liverpool. My health is, however, thank God, excellent, and so is Louis'.

Good-bye, my dearest girl; many kisses to the children.

LINE OF  
CALIFORNIA



DANIEL MEINERTZHAGEN, THE SEVENTH OF THE NAME

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## THE END

A FEW farewell words and my task is finished. Some will think I have made rather a "mountain out of a mole-hill"; but it seems to me a fair-sized hill from which I get a good view over a pleasant country, quite good enough for a few hours' saunter. Sometimes a homely, quiet look-out is more to one's taste than a dizzy height, or a gorgeous sunset over mountains and water torrents.

I have done with the seven Daniels, and I hope they would forgive me if they were here if I have not said all that could be said about them, or said something I should not have said. I have done my best, and at any rate they will not be forgotten now by their descendants. I have done my pruning and choosing. The course is run, and I feel rather like a tired old horse who has cantered over a stiff bit of country, jumping over some unknown places, sometimes putting my foot into a hole, sometimes pounding over rather heavy ground, and then skimming over light turf, but with the race all to myself, with no other to dispute the stakes.

The dear ladies of Glemham have approved and encouraged me; and my children, when they come to that curious, psychological age when you dream

more of the ancients than of the moderns, will perhaps thank me.

They have known and loved two of the seven Daniels whose blood runs in their veins. With them the good German blood is somewhat diluted by that of the "astute foreigners," but we will hope they may be none the worse for that. Perhaps it will adapt them better for the ways of this "Blessed Island."

May another line of Daniels rise up to continue the race in England, and to these I would say in the words of the Bible: "Oh men, fear not. Peace be unto you. Be strong, yea, be strong."

THE END





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